

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



Canada at the Imperial Conference



Sir William Mackenzie, Individualist



The Assassin in the House



The Waking of the Great Lakes



Building Bridges on the G.T.P.

JUNE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE, K.B.

(See page 11) "The Individualist."

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto June 1911

No 2

Canada at the Imperial Conference

What Canada's attitude will be on the various questions of Empire to be discussed by the Six Premiers in London

By

Harry W. Anderson

London, May 21 (Special Correspondence).—"The Imperial Conference opened to-day."

IN a dingy, comparatively small, many-times-historic room in the Colonial Office on Downing Street, there met on May 22nd, a "Parliament" representing the entire British Empire. It is unique in world history; it is the latest development of monarchical democracy. Fourteen years ago it was first organized. Then it was experimental; now its practicability and permanence are assured. Its proceedings directly affect all that portion of the map which is painted red.

Canada has particular interest in the approaching Colonial Conference—this Parliament of Premiers of the Empire. Dean among the picturesque and noteworthy men who constitute its personnel is the Canadian Prime Minister. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the veteran—the senior member. He alone remains of the Premiers who attended the initial conference in 1897. For Father Time treats premiers as pawns. Some he has removed al-

together from the checkered board of finite affairs; others he has relegated into obscurity to permit successors to take up the foremost moves in the unending game. Four years ago, on the occasion of the last meeting, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman welcomed General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, as the "Benjamin of the Brotherhood;" to-day the erstwhile gallant leader of the Boers, now Premier of the South African Confederation, returns to the Parliament of Empire as one of the trio of "Elder Brothers."

The Brotherhood of British Premiers which meets this month will be composed of six members. Three of these have attended similar conferences before. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as has been said, is the head of the family. He has represented Canada at each of the preceding three conferences which have been held since the inauguration of this Imperial fraternity. Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zea-



THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH
PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

land, is second in seniority, having enjoyed the confidence of his islands at two of the series, while General Louis Botha, Premier of South Africa, returns now for his second participation in the organized affairs of Empire.

The three other Premiers will take their seats at the board for the first time. Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister of Britain, attended a former conference as Chancellor of the Exchequer and addressed the representative visitors. But on this occasion, for the first time, as head of the Home Government, it will be his portion to extend the official welcome of the Motherland. One of the most interesting figures, present for the first time, will be Hon. Andrew Fisher, the Premier of Australia. Mr. Fisher is the only Labor

representative who has thus far been delegated to a Colonial Conference. He succeeded Hon. Alfred Deakin, who was a man of distinctly conservative turn of mind, and his pronounced radicalism promises to find outlet in certain advanced proposals. Mr. Fisher, who is a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland, graduated from the school of manual labor. He was a molder by trade, emigrated to Australia when a young man, and has always been an adherent of the Labor interest in the antipodes. Sir Edward Morris, who replaced Sir Robert Bond in the premiership of Newfoundland, will be the third new figure at the conference. He, on the other hand, is of Irish birth, and was leader of an Independent party in his adopted island for a number of years.

The deliberations of these men will carry unusual weight. Each the chosen and accredited spokesman of his people, the comprehensive interests which, combined, they represent, and the varied principles for which they stand, give assurance that all matters under consideration will be viewed from every point of vantage. Scions of English, Scottish, Irish, French and Dutch blood, calling themselves Conservative, Liberal,

Liberal and Independent, representing so large a portion of the civilized world, they are meeting with the expressed object of "leading to uniformity, as far as is practicable, in national laws throughout His Majesty's Dominions." This parliament is not a mere assembling of individuals. It is, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed it in 1907, "not a conference simply of prime ministers of the self-governing colonies and the home representative, but a conference between government and governments." To Canadians, at least, the part the Dominion will play in such proceedings will have deep significance.

Canada's contribution to the approaching Imperial Conference is not to be measured by the official declaration of the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Earl

Crow), when he said: "I have received no information as to the proposals of the Dominion of Canada"; nor by the somewhat curt announcement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that "Canada has no suggestions to offer." The fact that the fourth "Parliament of Empire" will be, in a sense, preliminary to the Coronation ceremonies may rob it of some of the spectacular element. But the people of the premier Dominion are by no means lost to a sense of the significance of the conference, all the more so because of very recent developments in Canada's fiscal affairs.

The government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been attacked, both at home and in England, because of the absence of definite contributions by Canada to the agenda of the conference. In various quarters it has been suggested that the non-committal attitude of the Canadian premier is to be interpreted as another indication of the anti-imperial spirit which, by some, has been read into the reciprocity agreement with the United States. Evidence of a desire on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to participate more actively in the deliberations might have served to dissipate some of the misgivings inspired by that agreement and might have offset the effects of the annexation cry raised in the United States. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the ostensible aloofness of the Canadian premier has anything to do with the movement for better trade relations with the neighboring republic. As a matter of fact the intimation of the colonial secretary to the various governors and governors-general that he had received no information as to what Canada's proposals would be was given out several weeks before the reciprocity arrangement had been concluded at Washington.

If one were to look for an explanation of the apparently passive attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it would more probably be found in the fact that the British people, in two recent successive verdicts, have



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, P.C., G.C.M.G.
PREMIER OF CANADA

declared their unaltered adherence to the free trade position, and his oft-expressed conviction that the Mother Country must determine her fiscal policy for herself, freed from the embarrassment of meddling daughters. No one could read his great speech in the House of Commons a few weeks ago without feeling that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is as strongly Imperialistic as he ever was. If not, indeed, more so. In his glowing declaration that, rather than part with their national existence, Canadians would part with their lives, he struck a note which found an echo in every heart in the Dominion. One thing certain is that it will not be the fault of Sir Wilfrid Laurier if the conference passes without another full discussion of the question of the trade relations of the over-sea Dominions with the

Motherland. As the Premier clearly set forth in his speech a few weeks ago, Canada's policy to-day is the policy laid down at the Imperial Conference of 1902, and it will be the policy presented for the third time at the approaching session. That policy, it may be well to repeat at this juncture, was in these terms:—"The Canadian Ministers

to the British manufacturer some increased advantage over his foreign competitors in the markets of Canada."

If the Canadian Government has no resolutions to submit to the Imperial Conference about to be held, it will probably have something more substantial to offer. Though no official announcement has been made, there are indications that the



SIR JOSEPH WARD
PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

stated that if they could be assured that the Imperial Government would accept the principle of preferential trade generally, and particularly grant to the food products of Canada in the United Kingdom exemption from duties now levied or hereafter imposed, they (the Canadian Ministers) would be prepared to go further into the subject, and endeavor to give

ratification of the reciprocity agreement with the United States by the Dominion Parliament may be followed by a proposal to increase the British preference from thirty-three and one-third per cent. to at least forty per cent. That, in all likelihood, may be Canada's message to the Imperial Conference of 1911. Moreover, it has been intimated that the Premier may

take up with the Imperial Government the question of the revision or abrogation, as far as Canada is concerned, of the favored nation treaties with ten of the foreign countries affected.

But whether the conference, as a whole, deals with the question of preferential trade or not, the representatives of Canada and Australia will assuredly discuss it while they are in London. It is more than ten years since Canada, developing the policy of trade preferences within the Empire, initiated in 1897, made approaches to the Government of Australia with the object of securing the co-operation of that colony. The Dominion Government offered preference for preference, but Australia's response was not encouraging. In 1904, and again in 1906, the advances were repeated, and still without success. At the Imperial Conference of 1907 the question was discussed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Deakin, and, after the latter had decided to give a small preference to Britain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier renewed his offer, going as far as to specify the articles upon which Canada was prepared to grant and anxious to obtain a preference. The Deakin Government still dallied with the proposals, however, and was succeeded by the Fisher administration which contented itself with a sympathetic reference to a preferential trade arrangement with the Dominion.

In 1909, Mr. Deakin was back in office, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier called: "Can I hope Preferential Bill will be introduced this session?" To this the Commonwealth Prime Minister replied: "Unfortunately not; but desire to submit more extensive offer reciprocity next session." When the next session came, however, the Canadian Premier was assured that the political situation in Australia was not favorable to preferential discussions. Then the Hon. Andrew Fisher returned to power; the Canadian Government once more resumed negotiations, and the last word from Australia on the subject is that the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth will confer with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in London. What the result of the conference will be remains to be seen. It is known in Canada that there is a strong feeling in Australia in favor of reciprocity with the Dominion, but it is intimated that the attitude of the British Govern-

ment, combined with Mr. Fisher's advanced radical views, may prejudice the chances of an arrangement which might be interpreted as a step in the direction of preferential trade within the Empire. In any case, there can be no mistaking the position of Canada.

Next to the question of trade—indeed, allied with it—the proposal which appeals most strongly to Canadians of those submitted for consideration at the Imperial Conference is that of the All Red Route. Apart from the imperial consideration—which can be urged in favor of an All Red Line, Canada has very practical reasons for giving the scheme her heartiest support. The geographical position of the Dominion is such that it would form the central and most important link in the chain of transportation round the globe, and would become the highway, not only between Britain and her distant possessions, but also between Europe generally and the Orient. With his broad vision, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was among the first to recognize the commercial advantages of the proposal, and its importance as a factor in the welding of the Empire. It was he who fathered the resolution passed at the last Imperial Conference, and on his return to Canada he declared that he was "prepared to work with all my energy to further the cause." It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the proposals of New Zealand and Newfoundland will find a warm supporter in the Premier of Canada, provided they are not too ambitious, nor too costly.

Four years ago Sir Joseph Ward stated that New Zealand was prepared to pay \$500,000 for the establishment of a service on the Pacific equal to that on the Atlantic, in order that Auckland might be brought within ten or twelve days' distance of Vancouver. Though in fullest sympathy with the desire of New Zealand for the quickest possible means of communication with the Motherland, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was unable to share Sir Joseph Ward's sanguine view that the over-sea Dominions would be justified in embarking immediately upon an experiment involving such large subsidies for only one section of the route. For a number of years Canada has been paying a subsidy of some \$180,000 in aid of a Pacific steamship service between the



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
PREMIER OF SOUTH AFRICA

Dominion and New Zealand and Australia, and the prospect of having to increase that amount three or four fold, with the possible addition to the burden in respect of the Atlantic service, seemed to the Canadian Prime Minister to be beyond immediate consideration. At the same time Canada has already placed herself on record as being prepared to assume her fair share of the financial obligations necessary to the establishment of an All Red Route, and it is certain that the proposals of New Zealand and Newfoundland will receive the favorable consideration of her representatives.

The question of cheaper cable communication between the Mother Country and the over-sea Dominions has been engaging the sympathetic attention of the Post-

master General of Canada for some time, and, though he is not likely to be one of the Dominion's representatives at the Conference, the fact that his views are shared by the Government and are in hearty accord with Canadian sentiment, generally, may be accepted as a guarantee that New Zealand's proposal looking to the cheapening of cable rates will not lack Canada's support. For its supply of news from Britain the Dominion has to rely largely upon the services furnished to the leading newspapers in the United States, with results that are not always congenial to the loyal spirit of Canadians. But, while decidedly of the opinion that the matter is one calling for some action, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not likely to commit himself, without further consideration, to the establishment of a state-owned cable across the Atlantic, which is the solution offered by New Zealand and Australia. The Canadian Prime Minister is no champion of state ownership in any shape or form, and it will take a lot to convince him that the scheme is one upon which the component parts of the Empire would be warranted in embarking, at any rate at the present stage.

The idea of an Imperial Council of State, embodied in another of New Zealand's proposals, is, frankly, not one that finds much favor among Canadians, outside of a very limited circle. The general sentiment was very well expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the last conference, when he said: "We do not view it with much favor, but we approach it with an open mind." The average Canadian has yet to be convinced that an Imperial Council which would be fairly representative of all interests and prejudicial to none, is practicable. Canada is essentially loyal and British, but, more than any of the other over-sea Dominions, perhaps, she is passionately jealous of her liberties, and thoroughly determined not to relinquish the least particle of her autonomy. In

Parliament and out of it, whenever the subject of Imperial Federation or of an Imperial Conference is discussed, the fear which invariably intrudes itself is that the will of the Dominions would inevitably be over-ruled by the bigger and more powerful partner, and that the freedom of action which the colonies at present enjoy, and which is cherished as the cardinal principle of self-government, would be impaired. In the present House of Commons there is apparently only one member who openly and unreservedly advocates Imperial Federation.

"Co-operation between the naval and military forces of the Empire and the status of Dominion navies" is a subject upon which Canadian opinion may be said to be sharply divided. In its naval policy, adopted last year, the Dominion Government recognized the principle of co-operation with the British Admiralty in the event of war, but insisted that in times of peace the Canadian navy should be controlled by the Canadian Parliament—an insistence upon autonomous rights that was, and is yet, keenly resented by a proportion of the people who take the view that, if a local navy was preferable

to contributions in money or ships to the Imperial navy, it should be placed at the disposal of the British Admiralty at all times. However, having committed his Government to the principle of a local navy under local control, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not the man to go back upon it, and it is fairly safe to assume that he will inform the Conference that Canada's policy has been settled along definite lines, and is therefore not open to reconsideration. Being unalterably opposed to money contributions to Imperial defence, and a consistent advocate of closer trade development, it is certain the Canadian Premier would have strongly opposed the suggestion of Premier Botha in favor of substituting the one for the other, if it had not been withdrawn.



SIR EDWARD MORRIS
PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Emigration from Britain is naturally a matter in which Canadians are deeply interested, and their representatives at the Conference will watch closely the discussion of the proposals submitted by Australia. In this connection, too, the suggestion emanating from the British Government, touching the establishment of Labor Exchanges in relation to the Dominions, will receive the fullest consideration. Among Canadians who have given some study to the immigration problem the need for co-operation between the Home Government and the over-sea Dominions in the matter of regulation has long been felt, and any steps that the British authorities might see fit to take in the direction of conserving British emigrants for lands under the British flag would be cordially welcomed by Canada. But Sir

Wilfrid Laurier would not give his approval to any course which might suggest interference with the strictly defined immigration policy of the Dominion, or have the effect of restricting the flow of emigrants to Canada from the Motherland. At the last conference he declared that Canada, having undertaken to manage her own immigration, had no grievances, and the results of his policy during the past few years have confirmed him in the impression that, in this matter, the Dominion has every reason to be satisfied. It is not likely, therefore, that the Canadian representatives at the Conference will have much to say on this branch of the work.

There is, however, one matter that the Canadian Prime Minister has intimated his intention of bringing to the notice of the Home Government at the Conference which may have a wider significance than it carries upon its face. The diplomatic status of the consuls-general located at the Canadian capital was called in question a few months ago over a petty question of social precedence, and the advisability of securing some diplomatic standing for

these near-ambassadors was discussed. If the matter is dealt with by the Conference it may be that the larger question of individual representation by the self-governing over-sea Dominions in foreign capitals will be taken under consideration. Canada's primary interest in such deliberations would be the advisability of her direct representation at Washington. At the present time, however, there will be no disposition to urge this important recognition. Canadian Ministers who have recently visited the United States capital on international negotiations and arrangements have all returned with enthusiastic tributes to the services of Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador there, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has, on several occasions, expressed Canada's satisfaction with, and appreciation of, his services.

With so many outstanding matters of exceptional interest to the Dominion to be discussed and dealt with, Canadians will follow, earnestly and understandingly, the proceedings of the fourth Parliament of Empire in London.



The Doctor's Wife—Her Hour

By

Daisy Rinehart

IT was twelve o'clock at night, but the Manager's Wife, the Bookkeeper's Wife, the Doctor's Wife, and the Wife of the Night Foreman were still playing euchre in the shanty of Mrs. Harney, the Doctor's Wife, in the camp of the Cuban Construction Company; while the Wife of the Walking Boss was sitting on the lounge, nursing a very wide-awake baby.

It wasn't often that there was anything of sufficient interest going on in the camp to keep any one, except the night shift, out of bed until even nine o'clock; but to-night there was a ball-light in the City of Santa Clara, twenty-five miles away—the first that the American inhabitants of the camp had ever had an opportunity to see—to be followed by various exciting and unusual amusements in that provincial capital. The women had declined to countenance any such barbarity by their presence; so the Manager, the Bookkeeper, the Doctor, the Walking Boss, and all the other men who could by any possibility be spared from the works, had departed on the twelve o'clock train that day from the little town of Miranda, just a mile from camp, to return at one in the morning.

It was risky, of course, for every one knows the riff-raff of laborers that follows railroad construction, even in the States; but the Cuban Construction Company held their men with a firm grip, and also dealt justly by them, so were both feared and respected by the fifty-odd inhabitants of the two long shanties some two hundred yards away from the main body of the camp. The greater part of the laborers were native negroes, though about a dozen

of them had been brought over from Louisiana by the company for this work.

So a very grouchy Night Foreman out on the works with the night shift, and a small, rabbit-faced clerk in the commissary, were in charge of the camp; and the five white women who inhabited the five little shanties opposite the commissary, at the end of the long clearing in the cane, were whiling away the time very pleasantly. There was just that little touch of excitement about it that comes always from doing the unusual—enhanced in this instance by the presence of five pistols lying in a row on Mrs. Harney's muslin-draped dresser, each woman having said, as she placed hers there, that her husband had laughed at her for saying she was going to bring it.

"I pass," said Mrs. Wales, the wife of the Night Foreman, with a deprecatory glance at her partner.

"You would if you had both bowers and the king! I knew I ought to order that trump up, but I thought I could trust you this time, after all I've coached you, when you know they're four to one!" said the Bookkeeper's wife, looking disgustedly over her hand.

Mrs. Harney took up the trump card, giving her partner a triumphant glance.

Suddenly the wife of the Night Foreman sprang up wildly from her seat, clutching the top of her head with her hand. She was a little, delicate thing, and had been married only a few months. "Something dreadful has just happened!" she gasped.

The other women stared at her in amazement. "What is the matter? What are you talking about?" they exclaimed together.

"Something dreadful has just happened—I feel it!" she reiterated, looking around upon them with dilated eyes.

"Nonsense! It's that coconut pie you had for supper—it's terribly indigestible," said the Bookkeeper's wife, who had supped with her.

"How do you feel it?" asked Mrs. Harney, looking at her curiously with her big, mysterious eyes.

"I felt just as if some one had struck me a heavy blow on the head, and then my hair all rose up on end!" exclaimed Mrs. Wales, hysterically.

"You're nervous. I used to be always having notions like that before baby was born," said the wife of the Walking Boss, from the lounge.

Mrs. Wales hesitated a moment, looking apprehensively around, and then, mindful of the impudence of her partner, sat down again and took up her cards. "Well, it ain't pleasant," she remarked shiveringly; and the game went on.

There was silence in the room except for an occasional word about the game, and the gurglings of the baby, who, having partaken of a midnight lunch, positively declined to go to sleep, but was performing all the gyrations of an inverted beetle, lying flat on his back across his mother's ample knees.

"Well, it is just my nerves agin, or is it really getting dark in here?" asked Mrs. Wales plaintively at length, after two more hands had been played.

"Why, surely it is—the lamp's going out. I forgot to fill it to-day," said Mrs. Harney, rising hastily. "I'll just light this candle while I fill it now;" and she brought out half an inch of candle and set it in the middle of the table. Then she went into the little kitchen back of the front room, whence a scratching of matches soon ensued. Presently she came back, laughing a little nervously. "I'm dreadfully sorry," she said, "but there isn't a drop of oil in the can, and that's my last candle!"

There was a chorus of "Ohs!" from the three women.

"We can get some from my house," said the Bookkeeper's wife, rising.

"No, indeed!" cried Mrs. Wales hastily.

"Why not? It's only two yards away, and Mrs. Harney and I will go after it, and you three can stay here."

"Oh, no, please don't! Don't let's open the door for anything till the men come back."

"Well," said Mrs. Harney soothingly, "we won't, then. It won't be much over half an hour now, and we can talk until then."

The Bookkeeper's wife, who had lived in railroad camps long enough not to be afraid of many things, said something about a "frind-cat!" which the Doctor's wife tried to suppress by making a noise with her chair, and the five women sat around quite close together and watched the half-inch of candle dissolve to a quarter of an inch, and talked—at first continuously, then desultorily.

Presently the candle sputtered and went out, and Mrs. Harney, who was sitting by Mrs. Wales and was beginning to be telepathically affected, drew a sharp breath.

"How noisy the niggers are to-night!" said the wife of the Walking Boss, after a pause. "I never knew them to make such a fuss before."

"Well, goodness knows, they're had enough all the time, down there whooping and gambling and drinking all night," said the Manager's wife. "My house is closest to them, and sometimes I can scarcely sleep at all. Tom has spoken to them about it time and again, but they don't seem to remember after he gets out of their sight. I don't believe they'll ever do any better as long as that one they call Buck Carter is here to lead them into all sorts of things. He's the worst darter we've ever had, and the Cuban negroes just do everything he tells them."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper's wife, springing up violently.

"What is the matter?" cried the other women, jumping up also.

"Something fell on my head and ran down my face!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper's wife, clawing frantically at her face.

"I guess it was one of those little red spiders," said Mrs. Harney apologetically. "There seem to be so many of them in the shanties—I can't get rid of them. They're perfectly harmless, you know."

The Bookkeeper's wife, whose one weakness was spiders, harmless little red ones not being excepted, shook herself violently. "I wish we had a light," she said discontentedly.

"Why, you all aren't really afraid here with me, are you?" asked the wife of the Walking Boss complacently. She was an Irishwoman of comfortably large frame and great muscular capabilities.

"No, we never heard of your hurting any one," said the Manager's wife, with a delighted little chuckle at her own wit.

The wife of the Walking Boss paused for a full minute until she had quite taken in the humorous nature of this remark; then she laughed explosively. The other women laughed feebly.

There was silence for several minutes. "It seems to me I never knew the moon to be so bright before," said the Doctor's wife at length. And, indeed, the room was becoming much lighter, though the heavy shades were pulled down over both windows.

She went to the front window and pulled up the shades, and a fierce red glare rushed in and smote them all in the eyes. Then she gave a wild exclamation and jerked down the shade quickly. "Oh, my God!" she cried. "The commissary! The negroes!"

There was a chorus of exclamations inside as the others rushed to the window. At the other end of the long clearing, surrounded by flames, stood the commissary, before which a number of black figures with knives in their hands were running to and fro. Just then came a low knocking at the back door.

Mrs. Harney started forward. "Don't open it, on your life!" cried all the other wives frantically.

Mrs. Harney went to the kitchen door and peered fearfully into its semi-darkness. Then she went to the back door and listened. The knocking was repeated, and a voice outside cried beseechingly, "Miss Amy, Miss Amy! For God's sake, let me in, Miss Amy!"

The other women protested, but Mrs. Harney unlocked the door and opened it a foot, letting in another flood of the red light and a shaking colored girl, who was blanched a sickly green. She was the cook whom Mrs. Harney had brought with her from the States.

The cook slammed the door and fell up against it, her eyes rolling hideously in her head. "Dey's comin'! Dey's comin'!" she gasped as soon as she could speak.

"Who's coming?" demanded five shaking voices.

"Buck Carter an' de Cuban niggers from de long shanties. Dey's done bu't de commissary an' killt Mr. Anderson an' de Night Fo'man!"

"What?"

"De Night Fo'man he got mad wid Al Carter ferassin' him, an' knockt him in de head wid er pick-axe, an' den Buck Carter an' de night shif' dey ris up an' chase de Night Fo'man inter de commissary, an' de Cuban niggers dey hear de fuss an' come out an' june in, an' dey killt Mr. Wales wid er cane-knife, an' den dey killt Mr. Anderson, too, 'case he's tryin' ter save him, an' dey got hold er de whiskey an' sot de commissary on fire, an' dey swars dey's goin' ter kill ev'ry white pason, man, 'oman, an' chile, on de weeks! O-oo-oo!"

The words which had been tumbling out of the girl's mouth like grit from a mill ended in a long-drawn howl, indescribably horrible.

Mrs. Harney waited in time to see Mrs. Wales falling slowly. The Bookkeeper's wife caught her and shook her. "You musn't do that! There isn't time! You've got yourself to save—and the baby!" she whispered. "Do you hear?" But the Night Foreman's wife was past hearing. The Manager's wife was running around the room, wringing her hands; and the Irishwoman rose and folded her shawl around her baby and held it to her breast.

"Fannie," said Mrs. Harney, taking the girl by the arm, "you must get away to town and send help."

"Lord, Miss Amy, I can't, I can't! I meaned the girl. 'Dey'll catch me an' kill me ef I stir outen here!"

"No, they won't—they won't pay any attention to you outside; but they'll certainly kill you if you stay here with us." She took a bottle from the mantel and held it to the girl's aching lips. "Drink this," she said sternly, "and run as fast as you can! Run, Fannie, run, and bring the first people you can find!"

She listened a moment at the back door of the kitchen, opened it cautiously a few inches, and shoved the girl out, locking the door after her; then she stood with her head upon her breast. She was a tall, beautiful woman of thirty-five, with a

dead white face and big, hypnotic, black eyes. She had been raised on a Louisiana sugar plantation that worked three hundred negroes.

Her chest began to heave. Suddenly she lifted her head, went to the front room, took down a long black cloak from the back of the door, and put it on over her light dress.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Bookkeeper's wife, who was still holding Mrs. Wales moaning against her neck.

Mrs. Harney appeared not to hear her, as she hurriedly shook down her long black hair till it fell below her waist.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the Bookkeeper's wife again, watching her breathlessly.

"Going to talk to them," replied Mrs. Harney, in a strange, colorless voice.

"To talk to them, you fool? Don't you know they're not men now? They're just beasts, crazy with whiskey and blood. We must take our pistols and keep them out as long as we can, and see that they don't take us alive—that's all, unless the men get here first!"

The manacerv's wife, who had lifted up a corner of the shade and was peering out, now began to scream. "They're coming! They're coming!" at the top of her voice; but the Irishwoman clapped a large hand over her mouth, cutting off all sound.

Mrs. Harney made no reply whatever, but turned up the whiskey bottle from which Pannie had just drunk, took three swallows, and started towards the door. Then she came back, took her pistol from the row on the dresser, and slipped it into her cloak pocket.

The Bookkeeper's wife watched her with dilated eyes until she had reached the hall, then she laid her burden gently down and came forward. "I'll go with you," she said, swallowing hard in her throat.

But Mrs. Harney merely waved her back with a gesture of her hand, and the Bookkeeper's wife, looking into her eyes fearfully for a second, recoiled from what she saw there. As she stood hesitating, Mrs. Harney, moving calmly and slowly, unlocked the front door and stepped out. It hadn't been five minutes from the time the girl knocked at the back door.

Half way down the long green rectangle which the shanties of the camp cut off

from the surrounding came a number of black figures, colossal against the light, were running towards the little shanties in which the white people lived.

The woman shrunk back a little as the long red fingers of firelight caught her and dragged her into the glare; then she stepped firmly off the little porch. When a shout showed that she was seen, her steady, vacant gaze shifted for a moment and took cognizance of Buck Carter in the lead, looking like a giant baboon against the light, and she caught her lower lip fiercely between her teeth, looked straight ahead of her, and walked slowly towards them, her arms hanging limp by her sides, and her long black hair waving a little in the flame-heated breeze.

As the negroes came closer they slackened their pace somewhat, but Buck Carter, stripped to the waist, his white cotton trousers splashed with ugly red stains, ran up close to her, a long cane-knife in his right hand, his black eyes and white teeth gleaming horribly, and caught her by the shoulder. Her right hand slid half way out of her pocket, but her white, set face never moved, and his hand dropped and he recoiled a little before the wide, strange eyes that seemed to look through him and for a thousand miles beyond, without ever seeing him. His followers halted uncertainly in mid-course, staring at her curiously. There was something eerie and mysterious in the still, automatic figure advancing so steadily upon their noise and violence.

The pause was so tense that it seemed as if the air must crack with it; then one or two of the men began to move restlessly.

At last the woman turned her eyes slowly from the unseeing contemplation of Buck Carter up to the sky, gazed fixedly for a moment, and then began to speak.

"I can see straight up into heaven," she said in a high, clear voice. "I can see the Lord God Almighty sitting on his great white throne; I can see the golden streets, and the angels with harps in their hands, standing on each side of the throne."

It was impossible not to believe that she saw these things. Involuntarily, the semi-circle of black faces around her turned up fearfully to the sky and stared at

the clouds of black, spark-laden smoke rolling overhead.

The woman gave them no heed. "Over there," she went on, pointing realistically towards the burning building, "I can see down into Hell, and the Devil and his angels a-walking round with pincetors in their hands."

The half-witted negro water-boy who was standing on the outskirts nearest to "Hell," suddenly gave a fearful look around him and moved up close to Buck Carter.

As she went on, there came to her the strange phonology and the high, half-channelling tone of the negro preachers to whom she had so often listened in her childhood, her voice keeping the same pitch for a whole sentence, and then falling suddenly as a single word.

"Up in heaven I see a long line of folks with white robes an' crowns on their heads, a-stan'in' on the right han' side of the throne, an' a line of folks without any robes an' any crowns a-stan'in' on the left han' side of the throne; an' I see the Angel Gabriel with a flaming sword in his han', stan'in' befo' the throne. An' I hears the Lawd God Almighty a-sayin' to the Angel, 'Who are these without my robes or any crowns?' An' I hears the Angel Gabriel a-sayin', 'Lawd, these are the bad men that did evil to thy neighbor, that burned up their neighbor's property and spoiled his goods and put him to death. An' I hears the Lawd God Almighty a-sayin', 'Cast 'em out into hell fire, where there shall be wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth.'"

At the last words the high voice fell with an indescribable accent of finality and doom, and the Cuban negroes, most superstitious of their race, drew closer together, shivering; but Buck Carter shifted restlessly from one foot to the other, a black scowl of recollection on his face.

"De Night Fo'man he hit de faw lick," he said defiantly.

"Dat's so!" "Dead he did!" exclaimed several other voices exultantly.

Then some stragglers from the burning house came running up with half-empty whiskey bottles in their hands.

"What's de matter here?" "Whatcha wadin' for?" "Whyn' yer go on ther de

white folks' shanties?" they asked, shoving their way curiously into the group.

Buck Carter's eyes rolled back around his followers to gather his scattered resolution, and the ends of the semi-circle drew together and closed ominously around the central figure. The unwavering eyes in the white marble face did not see, but the watchful subconscious mind, which was in control, took note of it.

"An' I see the condemned sinners begin to wring their han's an' sing." Suddenly she lifted up her voice and began to sing. Ordinarily, it was a voice for the murmuring of contralto love songs to the accompaniment of a guitar on a summer's evening, but now above the noise of the flames it rose clear and strong as that of a prima donna over the footlights:

"Oh, Lawd, have mercy on me,
For Gabriel's trump does blow
To call yo' sinners to eternally.
An' I ain't made ready for ter go."

"I got no oil for ter make te light,
I'm 'n' need too dark an' am,
An' Gabriel's rooster will call his night—
Oh, Lawd, have mercy on me!"

It was a camp-meeting song known to every negro in the Southern States, and the tune was weird enough to raise goose-flesh on a marble statue.

As she sang, her body swayed gently to and fro. When she got to the second verse the half-witted water-boy behind Buck Carter began to swing in time to the music:

"I got no robe, an' I got no crown,
Ter wade through eternity.
Saint Peter's key to 'n' me down—
Oh, Lawd, have mercy on me!"

A low, mournful humming began to be heard around the circle.

"Sing!" said the woman imperatively to Buck Carter. He hesitated for a moment, and then suddenly his great bass voice broke out:

"I want to be rock for to hide my face
From de terrible right I see,
But de rock erud out 'n' de little place!"
Oh, Lawd, have mercy on me!"

It was the last verse. The whole company were rocking back and forth and singing.

Secretly had the last notes of the song died away when their leader, without pausing for breath, began another, of entirely different character—the triumphant song of one who has "come through" in a religious revival:

"I gotta robe, an' you gotta robe, all of God's children gotta robe;
When we git ter heaven gwine ter put on my robe,
Gwine ter shoot all over God's heaven, heaven,
heaven!
Everybody talkin' 'bout heaven sn't got' them-
heaven, heaven, gwine ter shoot all over God's
heaven."

The women kneeling, pistol in hand, at the window of the shanty, clutched one another convulsively when they heard this song; for it was one that they had often heard the negroes from the States sing as they sat out in front of their shanties of a Sunday night, and they knew that it had many, many verses. The ever watchful subconscious mind outside had remembered this also. The women listened with renewed hope as it rolled along in heavy chorus:

"I gotta shoes, an' you gotta shoes, all of God's children gotta shoes;
When we git ter heaven gwine ter put on my shoes,
Gwine ter shoot all over God's heaven, heaven,
heaven,
Gwine ter shoot all over God's heaven."

When, hopeless and vengeful, the men of the Cuban Construction Company broke around the corner of the little shanties, they brought up so abruptly that the citizens of Miranda, most of whom were following close behind, were precipitated headlong upon them. The circle of black devotees, swaying and singing

around the strange priestess, stood out strongly against a background of flame.

The white men passed irresolute, trying to read the meaning of the scene. The negroes, seized by their own varying emotions of the past hour, and swept along by the torrent of sound, looked at them uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then back to their leader; but the gleam of firelight on gun and pistol barrel finally bore its warning and familiar message to their confused senses, and those on the outskirts began to steal away towards the friendly shadows of the tall cane. Then some one gave Buck Carter a warning jerk, and he turned and saw the last of his followers running tumultuously, and with a last lingering look at the woman he, too, ran for the cane.

But the Doctor's wife never turned her head. She took no note of flying feet nor pursuing bullets. When the women rushed out and threw themselves upon her, when the Doctor tried to take her in his arms, she brushed them all aside as if they had been so many flies, and, looking straight before her, went on insistently:

"I gotta song, an' you gotta song, all of God's children gotta song—"

They talked hysterically of her courage and devotion, but after two hypodermics of morphine had reduced her to something like quiet, the Doctor, who understood better about these things, stood looking down upon her, with the tears streaming down his face, and desperate fear in his heart; for he knew that when the subconscious mind once gets the upper hand it is never in a hurry to let go.

Sir William Mackenzie —Individualist

By

P. C. Cherry

THERE is bound to come, some day, a great struggle between things socialistic and things individualistic, in Canada. I am using the word socialistic in a very wide sense.

Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, and the farmers of the western plains, are the "Socialistics" of Canada. Neither may admit it, and neither would agree with any one of the scores of words called Socialism. But they believe in Public Ownership—which is a step in the direction of Socialism insofar as it is a step against Individualism.

Sir William Mackenzie is the greatest Individualist in Canada. And this is no small statement, for although the western farmers insist that the grain elevators must be operated by the Government, although they demand public ownership and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway, and although Sir James Whitney playfully presses Honorable Adam Beck's finger against the various buttons which turn Hydro-Electric Power Commission power into the circuits of different Ontario cities—nevertheless the Dominion of Canada is the nation wherein "Individualism" flourishes and is more abundantly blessed than anywhere else. And of all the men who have taken advantage of the opportunities, Sir William is the chief and best.

Six or seven years ago a man of thirty-five was declared a failure by the people in the town where he lived—Chatham, Ontario. He had been a school teacher and had tried a small business enterprise "on the side." He went to "the wall."

He borrowed fifty dollars to make up enough money to take himself and his family west. To-day, in the west, in a certain well-known Saskatchewan city, which is only seven years old, he ranks as almost a millionaire, does a million dollars' worth of business in his store every year, and drives a seven-seated car with a Cadillac's horn that cost all sorts of money. When first he arrived in that town, he nearly starved to death—there was not much market for the cakes which his wife baked and he peddled. But he came out safely, because Individualism comes to its finest maturity in this country.

Another man five years ago was a clerk in a warehouse in Montreal. He grew tired of his salary, threw up his position and went down to Halifax to see whether, out of the few hundred dollars he had saved up, he could not "get away" with a scheme he had in mind. He saw that the Canadian public needed a certain service. He saw how to give it. And his enterprise was rewarded by the country which fosters—Individualism.

Men in the clubs could talk all night of such instances. Some might say that Canada was no better—or worse, as the Socialists might say—than the United States or England in this regard. But the majority would point out the greater degree of freedom which a man has in this country to work out his ideas. There are no serious Trades to reach out and destroy budding competition; there are, as yet, few social restrictions, such as in England operate against ambitious Jasons. The laws of the land do not operate

BEWARE of the eye that droops.

MOST men are slaves, but the poet is lord over his soul

DOLLARS beget dollars, but contentment begets a spiritual wealth.

against private rights, and, on the other hand, they afford a maximum of protection for such rights. In short, no door is locked to anyone in Canada, who, by enterprise, good judgment, self-control and intelligent exertion, wishes to impress his Individualism upon the country of which he is an inhabitant. His aim may be selfish or otherwise; provided that he is governed by the rules of the game, he has his chance, and a good one.

Once upon a time two towering country roads, traversing at right angles a piece of high, rocky country between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, met and crossed, and marked the event by the birth of a village. On two corners are hotels; on a third corner is a house; on the fourth is a general store with soap pictures in the window and piles of straw bales swung from the ceiling inside, steeped in the odor of matches, candies and summer savory. The rest of the village trails off in the four directions. The place is called Kirkfield, and its only claim to glory is the fact that it loaned William Mackenzie the space to get born on, that the corner store, to which we have already referred, was the first stage for the embryo Individualist, and that now, having grown a bit seedy and a trifle out at the elbow, and having—as it were—lost its teeth and its youth, it is content to sit dozing and mumbling all day and all night around the house which this, its greatest son, has built in its midst, while the wife of that son, Lady Mackenzie, decorates its old age with brand new school houses, brick houses for the Gospel, and avenues of trees. It is like an old man, having in poverty been the father of a prodigy, being heaped with honors wrested from the world by his matured offspring.

Fifty and sixty years ago there was a premium on Individualism in Canada. The country needed, not so much "population" as "men." It needed the Individuals to construct things before it could have the masses to use them. Today, certain Toronto newspapers prophesy a fight between the Ontario Government and the Mackenzie electrical interests. The Government power system and the system of which Sir William is the head, are to come to blows, they say. It may be so.

We cannot argue it, although there is reason to believe that Sir William could not very well afford at this moment to offend the Ontario Government. But the fact that the Ontario Government, whether right or wrong—and many people differ with popular opinion on this score—has entered into competition with a private company, or, in other words, has begun competing with private interests, shows that conditions have changed since the old days; that the cry is not so much for Individuals to exercise their enterprise and intelligence in developing, at any cost, the resources and the traffics of the Dominion, but that the interests of the many are being brought in sharp contrast with the interests of the few who have hitherto profited by supplying the many with their necessities; and that Individualism, as opposed to Public Ownership, is coming to a struggle, in the brunt of which shall stand Mackenzie.

Mackenzie did not become interested in public service companies until the later years of his activity. First he taught school—a dolorous little building up near Cambridge sheltered him when first he took to earning his living. Colonel Sam Hughes, who is said to get choice morsels of lucrative work east his way once in a while by the M. & M. interests, made the acquaintance of Mackenzie when he attended school in Lindsay. Perhaps that was the seed for the harvest which now he reaps, or is alleged to reap.

Even when school-teaching became too small for so strenuous a spirit, Mackenzie did not at once launch into the career which was waiting for him. But he took up general store keeping, in the store already mentioned. It is said that at one time a lumber jack, being somewhat excited by the application of precious liquors to his digestive system, tried to pick a fight with Mackenzie, the store-keeper, and that he came all the way down the road from the adjacent lumber camp to do it.

The story goes that he stood out in front of Sir William's shop and shouted epithets and epigrams into the shadowy recesses wherein the budding Sir William was cutting cheese with a wire and two clothes-pins, until at last, Sir William came out of his store with a quick, decided little trot, to see whence the insults came.

"Ya!"—or at least this is what the historic lumber jack is reputed to have said, "Ya! Wipe the cheese off y'r hands and come out an' lick me, will y'?" Come on, store-keeper, till I maul y'."

And then, the story goes, Mackenzie, sardoniously, turned, disappeared and came out again with a clothes line, with which he proceeded to tie up the inebriate—said inebriate being overcome with the sheer audacity of the storekeeper. Of course, this story may have become exaggerated in the course of its reticulation in the village of Kirkfield. The old men who sit under the trees in front of the two hotels and who swap gossip across the street with the Saturday night shoppers coming out of what used to be Mackenzie's store, have turned it on their tongues and blown it out with the smoke several thousand times. Nevertheless, there must be a little truth in the story. There is something familiar in the way in which Mackenzie is alleged to have walked up to the lumber jack—who was spoiling for a fight, ehing for it, crying out for it—and to have quietly roped him up. The City of Toronto is forever and a day hawling defiance at Mackenzie, and every once in a while he steps out to see what the trouble is, and ties it up in a new place.

Of course, there were marked evidences of "Individuality" in the young "Bill Mackenzie." There is no question but that he had plenty of it, even when he was school-teaching. It persisted in his make-up down to the days when he and his brothers owned the saw mill in the village, and when, later, they accepted contracts for cutting cordwood for the engines of the old Victoria & Halliburton Railway. At all events, from cutting cordwood for the road he took up carpentering on the railroad stations which were being built at that time. From this he drifted into all sorts of "odd jobs" on Ontario railroads, until he came to meet James Ross and other people who now live in palaces in Montreal and read the financial pages of the newspapers.

The story goes that young Mackenzie, who by this time wasn't so young after all, and who had paid back the money he borrowed from the tavern-keepers and others, for his education, went west, to take part in the building of the C. P. R.,

and that his going was the result of an invitation from James Ross, who was at that time laying the foundation for all the anecdotes which have since been told about him and his work in the west.

At all events, Mackenzie went west. What he did there is an old story. There isn't more tie; contracts and then more contracts, losses on some and profits on others; those were Mackenzie's experiences. But, by and by, with his experience with losses made him very cunning. He began to over-reck the things that caused him to lose, and the conditions under which he profited. He became a skilled appraiser of railroad construction costs.

When he was working on a contract for snow-sheds in the mountains, it is said that he met Mann. At least, Sir Donald, when asked by the writer, where he had first met Mackenzie, reverted to the days when he was working on snow-shed contracts, and Mackenzie was doing something in the same line, nearby. There must be a good story in the meeting of these two men, because Sir Donald chuckled and went off into a reverie, from which he emerged five minutes later, only to say, "I'd like hell to tell you—" and then he went off into another reverie and forgot about the interviewer's original question.

To follow Mackenzie from his milroad days in the west down to to-day is to get a great deal of Canadian Railroad History mixed into the story, and to be forever juggling with the names of Ross and Holt and other men of familiar fame. From one contract to another Mackenzie & Mann progressed. They undertook contracts for all sorts of lines. They became masters of the art of laying steel rails—anywhere. M. & M. worked on the C.P.R. short lines through Maine. They lost money at first, but won out in the end, and tackled something else. Then, after dabbling in a street railway or two, Mackenzie—with Mann—started buying "second-hand" railways.

In the west, it is one of the first things any child is taught:—Which was the first road purchased by the Great Mackenzie & Mann? That is the question.

Answer—The road to Dauphin.

Question—Was that road on a paying basis?

Answer—No.
Question—Did they make it pay?
Answer—You bet.

Half the children in the west think Mackenzie & Mann invented wheat—which is the greatest thing on earth to them. The other half think that the C. P. R. did. The next generation will learn that it was the G. T. P. But this is anticipating.

M. & M. had bought their first second-hand road. The staff was thirteen men and a boy. After that they attended the auction sales of other railways which had been built by overly sanguine gentlemen. They bought, for instance, the Ft. Arthur, Duluth & Winnipeg Railway, which had fallen upon such evil days that its initials were interpreted, "Poverty, Agony, Distress and Wretchedness." But the poverty soon vanished. Mackenzie & Mann inoculated it with the germs of Life and Earning Power.

It might be said that Mackenzie, as president of the Canadian Northern, was a Prince of Second-hand Dealers—second-hand on a large scale, of course. Even yet, his transcontinental road is in tatters and patches, and it will be a long time, according to some people's experience, before a train can travel at more than three miles an hour on some of the back stretches of Saskatchewan and Alberta without wrecking all the glassware in the dining car and painting the interior of the coaches with the thinking organs of the passengers, minced. The track in certain parts, such as referred to, is balshungry. It heaves and sags, it is so distressed. But there is some sort of an explanation for it. The C. N. R. officials from Head Office will explain it all away to the satisfaction of the most diligently inquiring bondholder. But they cannot keep their trainmen from crying and cursing—or the glasses on the table.

Sir William Mackenzie has become identified with public interests everywhere. A transcontinental; a street railway in Winnipeg and another in Toronto; these are the works by which he is most readily known. His timber interests in British Columbia, his whaling interests in the Pacific and his mining companies might, by Socialist persons, be said to be "Public Interests" insofar as they are part of the

country which is the heritage of the Canadian people. In Mexico and South America, Sir William dominates organizations which sell very Existence itself to the natives, namely, water and light, and, less important, but none the less valuable, tramways and power. Sir William would tell you, if he cared enough, that he was giving these people better service at less cost; that he was developing things which would not otherwise have been developed. Socialists would say that this sort of service and development should be carried on by government. They would remove the element of individual enterprise which Sir William injects into all situations.

In recent years the president of the Canadian Northern Railway has become the head of the Electric Ring in Ontario. At least, it is called "Ring." It is really nothing more than—William Mackenzie. Some years ago there was a great rush to develop power from Niagara Falls. Several companies erected great engineering works on the Canadian side. One of them, the Electrical Development Company, came "a cropper." Its works were offered for sale. The Whitney Government, contemplating Hydro-Electric Power Commission, decided not to buy—until afterward, when William Mackenzie had bought the concern: another case of a second-hand deal. Then, the Whitney Government did what all Ontario people know it did—built a second line of transmission towers and came into competition with the Mackenzie line. Very recently the City of Toronto had an opportunity to buy the Toronto Electric Light Company, instead of building a duplicate system to compete with it. But the city failed and Sir William bought it.

Thus are his interests being brought to bear directly against the Ontario Public Ownership Movement. It will be the same when he secures the operation of the Government-owned Hudson's Bay Railway, which the west demands must be operated by the Government. He may not make the competition in Ontario electrical matters seriously active. He may have reasons of his own for being "kind and patient" with that Government. But whether he declares war or not, there is war in Sir William's heart. For he is a

champion of private enterprise, especially his own.

Some years ago the Toronto Globe conceived the novel idea of asking various public men within reach of Toronto, what each would do if he were Czar of Canada. What would be the first thing he would do? Some said they would wipe out the bars; their answer was obvious from the first. Some wanted single tax, some votes for women, some technical education, or more public lavatories, or a higher tax on dogs. Sir Edmund Walker had a benevolent, but practical, scheme in mind, and he understood the humor of the newspaper's needs so far that he wrote out his answer and so saved himself from being misquoted. William Mackenzie gave the reporter who happened to see him—an hour and a half of solid talk against Pub-

lic Ownership. Had he been Czar, in effect, he said, he would wipe it out.

It may be depended upon that Sir William will do all in his power to preserve the hunting grounds of individual initiative in Canada. He will do everything possible to overcome the various movements—such as Public Ownership—which are liable to upset the confidence of the English investor in the ability of such gentlemen as himself to carry out plans for profit-making. Whether to condemn him for, even in his heart, opposing the Public Ownership movement, or whether to approve him for championing the rights of Individualism and guarding the open doors for the young Canadian to find his task, write it with it, and become a Man, may be hard to decide. But Sir William is not affected one way or another by what anybody thinks.

THE PASSING

I saw a rich man buried yesterday
And all the breathless street stood whispering,
What time he passed from sunlight to a tomb,
Rank upon rank, a curious populace
Computed his possessions, tearless, cold;
Till durance spake with grim insistency,
Drove them reluctant to the counting-house,
The market place, the engine and the forge;
Some to austere pain-ridden hospitals,
Some to the wrinkled river with its ships;
Till the black cortege was a memory,
And the dull roar of commerce thrashed again,
But in a quiet hollow of a hill
Lay the lost leader, and his mighty brain
Slept on and on, nor heard, so deep the sleep:
He had embarked, this lone itinerant,
Upon so vast so limitless a tide
That time nor tears set any boundary
To mark its far immeasurable margin
Thus when my soul turns in upon itself,
The ending of the last laborious day,
Rings coin, este balances and reckons up
The cash and credit of my treasure house,
May I not be as one who, dumb and blind,
Gropes in the earth with gauged and crooked hands;
But from the shadow of his own desire
Lift Thou Thy child, nor leave him desolate,
Naked—afraid—and dreadfully alone.

—Alan Sullivan.

The Opening Game

By

William Banks

"I'll not be at the office after 2.45. The—er, I mean I have a most important engagement at—oh, well, never mind the rest." Thus Mr. George Dalhousie, a junior partner of the great brokerage firm of Dalhousie Brothers and Company, to his confidential clerk. His hair was well sprinkled with grey; he had the reputation on "the street" of being safe and sane, and his firm was well known to be eminently successful.

The clerk nodded understandingly, and there was a ghost of a smile about his mouth; a mouth that in business hours, at any rate, was never unnecessarily opened. He fingered a little, apparently busily engaged in sorting the letters and papers that had been turned over to him, and his employer smiled. "And there'll be no need for you to stay after 2.30 to-day, Dickson. How's the weather?"

"Fine and warm."

"Did you ring up the observatory?"

"Yes, sir. They say there's no chance of a change this afternoon, the outlook is for two or three days of fine weather."

"Good. Send Thomas over to the restaurant. He knows what I want—I'll take luncheon here to-day."

A few minutes later Mr. Dalhousie was slowly disposing of his luncheon, and at the same time poring over the sporting page of a city daily newspaper. "Hums—going to put a left-wheeler in the box, after all, eh? Well, I hope he stays to the finish. Many a good lefty blows up in the seventh. Blinkskey at first—wow, he's a hummer. Homerun Blinkskey. Will I ever forget that last game with Jersey City in 1908—no, by George! it was only last year. Two on bases, nobody out, Blinkskey to the bat, three runs wanted to

tie the score. Oh, joy!—oh, something else," he said, as the door of the office opened and his brother Thomas, the head of the firm, walked in, a human machine whose first and last love was business.

"I see the Lordstone is down a quarter," he said abruptly, "and you're carrying a good deal of it, George."

"Sure. But what's the use of worrying? It's a good thing. To-morrow it's likely to be up again."

"I'm not so sure. The market all round is inclined to be saggy."

"Let her sag. I'm not going to look for props to-day. I'm off to . . ." he checked himself, and furtively hurried the newspaper he had been reading among a pile of letters and documents.

"Doran will be over at three o'clock about that bond issue he wants us to handle," said his brother. "I suppose you'll be on hand."

"Guess again old—I mean I'm sorry Tom, but I can't; most important engagement. You can do all that is necessary. I —"

A sharp ring on the telephone interrupted him. He answered promptly. "Well, well," and then gave vent to a loud "What?" at the same time glancing guiltily at his brother. The latter sat down near the desk, obviously impatient, and heard this: "Me! Why, you old wind-jammer I haven't done anything like that in twenty years . . . You did! . . . You're kidding me . . . Sure I will, if you do . . . All right. I'll come at once."

He was grinning rather foolishly as he hung up the receiver and reached for his hat. "You'll have to excuse me, Tom," he said, "but I've got to go now. See you to-

morrow. Drop the catch on the door, as you go out, will you?" and he fairly ran from the room, a bright and airy apartment with windows overlooking the main street. His brother sat there for some time afterwards, with pad and pencil, making notes, adding, subtracting, sometimes frowning, and sometimes getting as near to snuffing as he had known how for years past.

The blare of a brass band disturbed him. He did not recognize the tune, though any boy could have told him that it was "His Anybody Here Becs Kelly." With an impatient gesture he threw down the writing pad and walked to the window. The band that had disturbed him occupied seats on an electric trolley. There followed a number of carriages the first two or three of which contained well groomed, well dressed, and undeniably well fed gentlemen, vainly endeavoring to assume a blasé air. Their efforts utterly failed to counteract the importance they felt to be theirs. If Mr. Thomas Dalhousie had kept in touch with other matters as closely as he had with the business world he would at once have told himself that these were "The officers and directors." Thereafter came other carriages containing unbrowned gentlemen wearing peaked caps, and a sort of uniform, and Thomas Dalhousie muttered sarcastically "baseball players." He loathed himself for having spent so much time watching the procession, and was about to turn from the window when he caught sight of a familiar face looking up at him from a carriage in which were some of the players. Yes, and the owner of the face was waving a hat at him. "George!" he snapped, and this time he fled from the window and rushed to his own room, locking the door behind him.

He was angry, very angry. George was disgracing the firm; his actions were absurd, undignified, unworthy. To-morrow he would take him sharply to task; he— and then he became angry with himself, for in the very midst of his thoughts as to what he should say to George and how he should say it, this question dashed across his mind: "I wonder who'll win?" He stamped one heavy foot, and spurned the question, but it wouldn't take a spurn. It mocked him, it brought other questions in its train. "How long since you took a

day off? * * * Do you remember when a seat on the sunny side of the bleachers was good enough for you because you couldn't afford one in the grand stand? * * * "How about the day you saw the pennant won?" * * * He tried to concentrate his mind on business. He wondered what the "street" would think if it were known—and his wondering was cut short by the entry of a boy with an envelope addressed to him, marked "urgent." He tore it open quickly, and read the enclosure. It was from Moran, and curt enough.

"Dear Dalhousie—

Please cancel appt. Will see you to-morrow a.m. Off to the opening ball game. Haven't missed one in ten years."

He tore the note into shreds and expended unnecessary energy in throwing them into the waste paper basket. Then, he so far forgot himself as to viciously kick the basket over, instantly, however, placing it upright and hastily glancing around as though afraid that someone had noticed this unusual exhibition of feeling on his part, for above all else he prided himself on his self-control.

But the questions would not down. They were thronging his brain; he almost fancied voices were uttering them, "Do you remember the days when 'What's the score' was a pregnant question to you, if you could not afford to go to the game?"

"Have you forgotten how your first employer once took you to the game, and you sat in the grand stand among the mighty?" * * * "Do you—" He rose suddenly from his chair glanced hastily at the clock, and then taking up a newspaper turned to the sporting page. A rapid perusal of one item, another glance at the clock, and then the pressure of a call button on his desk, brought a chief clerk to him.

"I'm going out for the afternoon, Joseph," said Mr. Thomas Dalhousie. "Mr. George will also be away—Er—You might, that is—well if any of the staff desire to go to the ball game and you find that it will not interfere with the other—well if you can spare any of them let them go, Joseph."

Joseph fought hard against a desire to smile and lost, but he was immensely relieved to find Mr. Dalhousie's mouth drawn up in what was at least an attempt

to smile. He left the room in undignified haste, but not so fast as his employer who passed him in the corridor and made a dash for the elevator. Meanwhile Joseph spread the news in the office, whereupon the switchboard girl being the first to recover from the shock, frantically demanded of central a certain number and after a few brief and almost hysterical remarks through the "sender" declared, "It's true Gus; I'm leaving now. Meet you at once," and thereupon she made a new record in departing in a few minutes without even asking any of the typewriter girls if her hat was straight.

Half an hour later Mr. George Dalhousie, sitting with a group of friends in the grand stand, joined with them and all the rest of the "fans" and "fanesses" in a mighty roar signalizing the first hit of the game made by a member of the house team. As the shouting died away and in silent eagerness all were leaning forward to observe the fate of the next batsman,

somebody slapped George on the back with a "Have I missed anything good, old man?"

George turned a face marked with surprise, wonder and disbelief toward the speaker, gasped once or twice, and then managed to blurt out, "No—no, Tom. First innings for our fellows."

"I'm glad of that," answered Tom, "I'm lucky usually. Guess this is our day."

"Sure," answered George, "sure," and then he stood up and relieved himself of some remarks in a tone that startled the grand stand and stirred up the bleachers. "Soak it, Jimmy boy"—to the batsman, "Soak it good. We've got the only original horseshoe on the stand. This is our day."

And it was. But only Mr. Thomas Dalhousie understood the reason for his brother's outbreak at the moment when no one else saw anything to break out about.

AN IDYL OF THE IDOL OF THE KING

I idly set myself to sing
An idyl of an idle King.
An idyl is an idle song
That's sung to please the idle throng.

I found his ancient idol, Jing,
Was twice as idle as the King—
There I've begun my idyl wrong;
I find that idol's name was Jong.

This idol, Jong (or was it Jing?)
Was certainly an idle thing.
(No matter whether Jing or Jong)
He had been idle ages long.

As idle I who sit and sing
As was that idol of the King,
As idle as this idle song
About that idle idol, Jong.

For surely 'tis an idle thing
To idly sit and idly sing
Of Idol Jong (or was it Jing?)—
No matter which is right or wrong,
The world will idly jig along
(Or is it Jog?)—What boots this song?

James P. Haverson.



LOADING AT FORT WILLIAM

The Waking of the Great Lakes

By

Britton B. Cooke

A ROBIN appeared in a Montreal back-yard one day, and throwing out his chest, announced to all and sundry, but particularly to a lady of his acquaintance, that he had secured a suitable telephone pole from which to disgorge to the earth beneath upon the delicacy of spring worms.

A slant of sun struggled over a British Columbia mountain top, and, touching a piece of ice that lay sheltered high on the great hill, waked it and sent a stream of silver water swinging now like a thread, now like a wind-tossed curtain, from one dizzy ledge of rock down to another, and so into the Kicking Horse.

A crow toiled heavily across an hundred acres of Manitoba farms, underneath

which the germs of Number One Hard were waiting, like actors in the wings, for the Sun to give the cue for their appearance over-ground.

A steer in Alberta, answering some new impulse within himself, bawled lustily. A farm wife in Quebec prepared a row of sugar sap pails and set them out in the sun. A habitant whistled. An Arendian looked at his apple trees; and a man in Halifax forgot his law books—for they breed great lawyers in that country—and nodded to a Conservative across the street with whom he had not been on speaking terms for twelve months.

And it was Spring.
And the same mysterious impulse that prompted the robin and the man in Hali-



A GROUP OF FREIGHTERS JUST BEFORE NAVIGATION OPENS

fax, revived life in an hundred grimy docks, a score of reprobate coal chutes, a hundred rusty freight hoists, stone hookers and sailing schooners, and waked again—the traffic of the Great Lakes.

The Great Lakes themselves need no waking. There is a time of frost around their edges while the winter lasts. The ice hummocks on the shore rise higher and higher with each christening of spray or each snow fall. But out beyond the edge of the shore ice, the lakes are never done tossing, and only the absence of the freight hoists and passenger steamers shows the difference between winter and summer. It is only the shore that has to be awakened where the wharves are deserted. The funnels of the most intrepid vessels on the lakes are covered with boards to keep out the snow. The captains are scattered. The mates and wheelmen have melted away inland. The engineer and his others are not to be seen. And the stevedores have gone the way of the deckhands, and the waterfront saloons of the Great Lakes languish.

But the same fire that unbinds the purse of Nature and losses upon the world the vernal rhythm, that lights the black places under the leaves with the light of arbutus and hepatica, restores life to the lake shipping, lifts the lids from gallant funnels and recalls the wandering sailor to his place.

I met a mate in MacDonald's saloon by the waterfront in Montreal, who was having a last taste of refreshment before putting aboard his vessel.

"I've been clear around the world this winter," he said, setting down his glass with just a slight thump. "An' I tell y' there ain't no place I care about sailin' on more than these here lakes. I shipped aboard a' Empress at Halifax and worked m' way across, for'd. When I struck Liverpool I had a bit of money in my pocket but I met some green onions and that was the end of m' pile. I got a job on a dock, handlin' cut'n' and that fed me for a week. I got another job slingin' hash in a cheap feedery and made enough

to get t' London. But London got my goat. Couldn't stand it. I got a deck hand's job to Brindisi. Got from there to Alexandria. Pretty near got knifed in a row there one night, and I beat it for Cairo. Met a fellow in a dump in Cairo. He was in a fair way to gettin' beat up and we stuck it out together. He had a little herd of simoleons and offered to go halves till I could get some wind. So we paid our fare to Calcutta and worked our passage on a Blue Funnel from there around to Vancouver. I made enough at Black Jack in Vancouver to square up and we beat the C.P.R. to Montreal. I've been driving a cab in Montreal fr three weeks—fr a lady frien' of mine," this with a leer, "and now, by — I'm goin' to clear out. I'm back at my proper job which is connected with the lake freightin' business and let me tell you boys, lake freightin' got 'em all beat. I'd be a damn oiler on a stone-boat on the great lakes 'fore I'd sail on the other water."

"Who's the mat'r with sail wat'r?" growled a voice farther down the long

shining bar, "I wam' t' know who's you said about sail wat'r. You hear me?" "I say," called back the mate, "I say it's rotten. It's too long between ports on the crews is dirty."

His interlocutor seemed satisfied. He quieted down, with a grumble or two. "That's right," he said, "I shou'd p'raps you said so'thing else. If—if—" unsteadily, "if you'd 'a said any diff'runt, I reckon I'd maybe 've had t' kill you, Old Boy."

Whereupon the two lake sailors fell into an unusually friendly conversation.

Later that night I groped my way along a dock, felt around in the darkness for the ladder and crawled cautiously up on the deck of a freighter upon which I was to be a passenger on the first trip of the season. The ship's dog bounded up to me like a cat in the darkness, but when I stood still and it came near enough, it recognized a person who had been given the privilege of travelling on the same vessel with himself, and let me pass. I lifted my foot carefully so as to avoid



A PIONEER OF THE LAKES—ONE OF THE LAST



AN OLD WIND-JAMMER BEING LED OUT OF THE RIVER INTO THE OPEN LAKE BY A TUG

stumbling and breaking my neck on the cables that creaked between our steel decks and the snubbing posts on the wharf. I walked forward down the long length of open deck which lies between the galley, which is aft, and the bridge and officers' quarters, which are in the bow. And finally I reached the captain's rooms.

"Did you mail 'em?" he demanded, as I stepped over the high sill of the door into his room.

"Yes. They'll go out on the morning train for Toronto."

He seemed satisfied. He had referred to the picture post cards which he always sent to his wife, up in Bruce county, on his first trip.

"I've had a lot of mail," he said, after a considerable pause, "I got a post card from Tommy Perkins and another from Watson of the Nevada and a whole bunch of others. They're all back again. All but McGridge and he's quitin' the sailing business and going in for keepin' a candy store in Guelph. Peters has been changed from the Wadonah to the Abaris. 'Baris's a better boat. He won't have so damn much worry about comin' down the Lime Kila Crossings with a vessel that can't be relied upon to steer any more than you could rely on an old sow to steer by her tail. He'll be glad of that."

"I was in MacDonald's saloon for awhile to-night."

"Y' were where?" bawled the skipper, sitting up with a start, in his Morris chair, "Y' were where, did y' say?"

"A saloon—MacDonald's!"

"MacDonald's! You're a fool."

"Why?"

"Got any money left?"

"All I had with me."

"Well," he ruminated, settling back, "There sure is special winds made fr fools and child'n. That was a fair to middlin' low dive you were in, young man. Next time, don't go pokin' around so brash. What'd you see?"

"Mostly drunks."

"Hmph!"

"And there was a mate there who said he'd been all around the world this last winter. He started to slam salt-water sailing and I thought there was a row comin'. But there wasn't. These fellows seem to do a lot of travelling in winter when the boats are laid up."

"Yes. They do do some," echoed the Old Man, "but what was that mate like?" He asked the question almost curiously.

"I described him."

"Sure he had a birthmark on the side of his face?"

"Sure."

"Well, don't you know that that was the mate of this damn vessel and that I've been sittin' here for two hours waitin' for him to come aboard with my papers? That's our mate. MacDonald's, did you say?"

"I said it."

"I'll send Fogarty (the purser). No I won't, I'll go m'self. Want to come? If y' do I'll show y' the town good and proper."

So we went forth to see the town and find the mate.

The waterfront of Montreal, that part of it where the lake boats are concerned, was teeming with the re-awakened life of



A TURRET BOAT PLOUGHING A PEACEFUL COURSE THROUGH SUPERIOR

the docks. French deck hands, Cockney dockhands, wheelmen, mates, second mates, and even some captains, were to be found in every bar, every favorable street corner and some even were gathered under the arc lights on the docks, leaning against cables or snubbing posts, talking.

One place was an Irishman's little gambling house. We were still on the hunt for Macey, the mate, having failed to find him at MacDonald's, and the skipper thought there was a chance of finding him at Dennis's. The skipper's face was passport enough for himself and for me too. We stood in a convenient corner and watched the little groups clustered about the wheels.

"They're a sober bunch here, d'ye see?" said the Captain, "Dennis isn't lookin' for trouble and when a man's drunk he makes it risky for Dennis. I didn't think Macey 'd be here but it was worth tryin' and I'll leave word with Dennis to send him aboard if he does come."

"Are these mostly sailors?" I asked.

"Mostly. That little fellow over there is a newspaperman, reports the shipping news for one of the Montreal papers. Once, when Old Dave MacPherson had had a row with his wife and he wanted to get even, he got the newspaperman to fix things so that his vessel wasn't reported. The owners knew, but Old Dave got a yarn into the paper that his vessel was ten days overdue from Hamilton. It humbled his old woman first rate."

"Whose the old man?"

"That one? That's Flerk. Meanest man on earth. Sails the Serpentine—wooden girl with a high stern painted

green and yellow, tied up across from us in the slip we're in. He never drinks, never got nitty over a woman in his life, even when he was young. Just grabs his money and puts it up in little bets on the wheel. Never loses anything worth while. Thinks he can beat the bank by making poker's bets. Oh, he's an old son of a gun."

We went out. Two blocks farther along we met a little French-Canadian policeman expostulating with a tipsy sailor. It was Macey. The Skipper took him with us.

"Y're drunk," said the skipper, scolding as we went along, "and you've been tellin' y're usual lies. Y' been givin' people that song and dance about bein' 'round the world again. Why can't you stop lyin' and drinkin' so heavy, y' fool. Y' know perfectly well that y' weren't any farther out of Canada than bein' night watchman at a saw mill in British Columbia. What makes you lie so?"

But Macey was oblivious.

* * *

The lakes are like five cups overflowing from one into the next and from the last one into the St. Lawrence. Superior gathers the water from thousands upon thousands of square miles of soil, swallows rivers and takes tribute of a thousand lesser lakes. Then at Sault Ste. Marie she thrusts what she has thus collected into Huron and so, into Erie and Ontario. The traffic at Sault Ste Marie has long since ceased to provoke wonder. Tonnage figures no longer impress the blasé Canadian. He looks for greater ships, deeper water-



A STORM CLOUD

ways, stronger engines and cheaper freight rates.

Yet the waking of the lake traffic renews one's ability to wonder. From Montreal to Toronto, to Kingston, through the canal, across to Cleveland, thence to Windsor and Detroit, the Sault, Fort William and Port Arthur—these are the ports, and in each the spring revives the shipping, one of the vital elements in the business life of each port.

From scores of slips the lake freighters poke out their noses. A few new lines, a little point and some new parts in the engine, and again they are ready for sea. The scattered crew drifts back. Some have been around the world. Some have been working on ocean liners. Some have been doing laborers' work in inland towns. Captains have been idling at home with their families—jording it over their wives and the kitchen range. Engineers have been similarly recuperating, or perhaps tending the engine in the home town's pumping station. Oilers have been doing all sorts of odd jobs and studying for their

promotion. One at a time, or in two or three, they drift back to the harbor where they expect to ship again. Some take to strange vessels, under captains they did not know before. Others return to the same old berth, the same old wheel house, the same room with the dead-light that won't close properly, the same old engine to watch with the same—trick of trying to break the propeller blades in a dirty sea.

The first boats to clear with a cargo are a bit proud of themselves. There is a spirit of rivalry between the boats. The Captain makes a few resolutions as to how he is going to save time in getting his cargoes aboard. The purser is going to be on watch for all the tricky bits of work the stevedores or the shippers may put upon him. But in the end they settle down to a regular jog trot. The round becomes the same pleasant old round that it has been for years.

There are the sunny days when the sun glisters on the deck. The Captain reclines on a stool behind the binnacle and specu-

lates through the binoculars what that far ship in the offing is carrying. The mate chews luxuriously. The purser decides to desert his books in the chart house, and fishing out his camera, takes more pictures of the ship's dog or the cook. The engine paws along at the same old rate. There is a splash astern as the bilge water goes overboard or the cook throws out the potato peelings. Behind trails a long stain in the water left by the submerged ash-ejector.

Evening drops along. The dark closes in from all around. Perhaps the shore is not too far away and the purser yawns as he contemplates the peaceful stone-hookers, manned by a man and a boy, a loaf and a jug of milk, lying flapping idly in an inshore breeze. Then the night falls swiftly and there is nothing between the bridge forward and the galley aft, but the signal lights and the shadows of steam wanches, masts, hatches and deck cargo—if there be any—mixed up between.

Then there is night on the Detroit, when the freighter lies snugly beside the spring-gates on the Windsor side. Vague shapes are sketched on the water. Stout cries from laboring hulks, ask for port or starboard. Somewhere out 'here the launch of the United States mail boat from Detroit is darting out, to meet up-coming vessels and give them their mail in a bucket over the side. The ferry boats between Detroit and Windsor signal to

strokes on certain bells, mounted on their bridges. The lights of Detroit flare high against the sky and yonder a black bulk pushes its way with a sizzling noise from its bows, upstream, with a cargo of frightened freight cars huddled together on its ample deck.

There is the misty day on the River Ste. Marie, when the fog quivers with shuddering dissonant voices of freighters feeling their way. There is the clean, wet, whistling day when the gale is from behind, and the cook, seeing a following wave behind, is behooved to pray lest the great green and white crest should topple over on the galley and ruin the day's cooking. There is the night when the wind is ahead and the heaves of her bows threaten to turn her cargo loose inside the hold, and give her a list to starboard.

And finally, toward the end of the season, or just before the insurance is up in December, there is the gale with snow accompaniment, when the passage between Isle Royale and Presque Island, outside of Thunder Bay, is none too wide, when the Old Girl gathers tons of ice on her bows, on her very decks indeed, and when the skipper, being a daring man, curses a little harder because he doesn't like the weather and declines to let it, or anything for that matter, see that he cares how hard she blows.

But that is the end of the season. Navigation has just opened. This last that I have been talking about has yet to come.



A FREIGHTER WITH A DOUBLE TOW ENTERING THE ST. CLAIR RIVER FROM LAKE HURON

A Wireless Tragedy

By

Molly Elliott Seawell

ON a bright June morning, the big liner *New York*, held in leash at her pier, was trembling and palpitating, the mighty heart of her engines beating fiercely, ready for the word to begin her quick dash across the Atlantic.

Up in the chart-room, Captain Inness sat at the table with Roger Fosbrooke, a keen-eyed, well-set-up man who was one of the lawyers for the company, and Dixon, an extraordinarily dull-looking fellow, shabbily dressed, yet who was one of the most capable men in the detective service of the *New York*.

"They're on board, sir," said Dixon, laying a slip of paper on the table, "and here are their real names, besides their stage names on the steerage-list: Montecori and Spagnola. I call 'em Macaroni and Spaghetti, and two more determined criminals and scoundrels I never came across. Mr. Fosbrooke here can tell you something about 'em."

"I assisted in their prosecution," Fosbrooke explained. "I discovered one alarming fact: they had the command of money, a very unusual thing with criminals of their type. They had an Italian lawyer over here to help in fighting extradition proceedings. After a long tag of war, we succeeded in deporting them, and they are to leave the ship at Cherbourg, where the Italian police are to take charge of them. As I am also one of the counsel for the steamship company, I was asked to cross with them in case they should make trouble for the corporation. I think the Italian lawyer sailed Thursday, and will probably board the ship at Cherbourg."

"Nobody boards this ship at Cherbourg until he has undergone a civil service ex-

amination at the hands of the purser," asserted the captain, a big, handsome man, fine in his "leaving port full-dress."

"There is one precaution I request you to take," said Fosbrooke to the captain. "It would be just as well to direct the wireless operator to let you see first every message that is taken from either side while we are crossing."

"Certainly," the captain replied.

"And it would be well, too," put in Dixon, "to look after their baggage. I saw them aboard, and, besides a lot of boxes and bundles, they put two boxes in the hold. Now, men working on infernal machines, like these fellows, got very reckless about explosives, and they would no more mind stowing away a few sticks of dynamite or some bottles of high explosives in the hold of a big ship, than a pious, church-going lady would mind smuggling in a fifty-thousand-dollar string of pearls, under the nose of custom-house officers."

Captain Inness gave a little jump. His interest in the extradition and capture of a couple of desperate ruffians was purely academic, but when it came to high explosives packed in the hold of the *New York*, his feelings at once became personally involved.

"I'll have the boxes opened and overhauled," said the captain, touching a bell.

"And I'll be present at the overhauling," answered Dixon. "I have opened a good many dangerous packages in my time, and I think I can do the trick safely."

Fosbrooke went down the ladder with the detective and stood on the promenade-deck, watching the animated scene of a June sailing-day. Suddenly, on the crowd-

ed deck, his eye fell upon Elizabeth Campion, conspicuous for her height, her fairness, her slenderness, and that air of distinction which is worth beauty ten times over.

Fosbrooke was forty-one years old, and thought that the time for palpitations and agitations with him ought to be over. But in that moment he realized it was not any more over for him than for his twenty-two-year-old nephew and namesake, Roger Fosbrooke. It was this boy who had come between Elizabeth Campion and himself. A year and a half before, people were speculating how soon Fosbrooke's engagement to Miss Campion would be announced. In a moment of good nature, Fosbrooke, who really loved the junior Roger, took the boy, then a Yale senior, to call upon the Campions.

A perfectly grotesque thing followed. The junior Roger fell violently in love with Elizabeth Campion, who was exactly six years older than he. To make matters worse, he took his chum, Geoffrey Todd, who was but a trifle older than himself, to inspect the adorable Elizabeth. And what should Geoffrey do but also fall in love with her!

The rivalry between these two young men had passed from a joke into a serious matter. From friends, they became rivals, and from rivals, they became enemies with the strong enmity of two strong young natures.

When Fosbrooke dined at the Campions' two or three times that winter, each time he found one or the other of these youngsters among the guests. He did not even know Geoffrey Todd's name. The suspicion that both these youngsters were stop-gaps did not occur to him. He dropped in at the opera two or three times, and, looking up, saw one of the two young men in the Campions' box. He did not suspect that they haunted the footsteps of Elizabeth, and that after they had slipped into the box, neither she nor Mrs. Campion, an amiable and well-bred woman, nor her father, who liked the society of young men, had the heart to turn them out. Fosbrooke was annoyed and displeased with Elizabeth for permitting these young men to hang about her. He realized for the first time that the heir was growing thin on the top of his head, and he was trifling with a pince-nez before

coming to downright spectacles. Elizabeth Campion, although only twenty-eight, was mature beyond her years, and Fosbrooke was so piqued at her permitting the public attention of these two boys, that he quietly withdrew from her circle, and ceased his visits to her house.

One is easily lost in the whirlpool of New York, and he had not met Elizabeth Campion for a year, until he saw her standing on the deck, holding her mother's arm. Then Fosbrooke knew that he had not forgotten her; he never could forget her. Perhaps he had been a fool to forego her sweet society because he was bothered by seeing his nephew and another youngster dancing attendance on her—there is no age-limit on fools. While these thoughts were passing through Fosbrooke's mind, the two young men—Roger Fosbrooke, junior, and Geoffrey Todd, whose name Fosbrooke neither knew nor wanted to know—marched down the pier and met at the gangway at the same instant. Each carried a monstrous bouquet of roses; Geoffrey Todd's was white and Roger Fosbrooke's red. As they caught sight of each other, each sprang up the gangway into the great ship and dashed, neck and neck, to the promenade-deck, and at last, at last, the same moment greeted Elizabeth Campion and presented their bouquets. The passengers saw the state of affairs, and an audible smile went round, while a couple of deck-stewards snickered openly. Elizabeth herself, while smiling and self-possessed, could not wholly mask a shade of annoyance that passed over her face; she did not relish being made ridiculous in the presence of several hundred passengers. It was, therefore, with a strictly impartial smile that she accepted the two bouquets.

"So kind of you," she murmured. "Such lovely flowers. I never could tell which I liked better, red roses or white."

The two young men were fine specimens of well-bred young Americans. Geoffrey Todd, on the strength of his twenty-five years, and his being a salaried clerk for a big law firm, assumed the air of a man of the world. Roger Fosbrooke was a magnificent type of robust, clean young manhood. He had rowed strokes in the university boat race, and carried off university honors, and was at that moment con-

sidering where he should bestow his talents. He thought perhaps he might bestow them on his Uncle Roger, a very decent old chap, who had a thumping law practice.

Young Fostbrooke's fixed intention had been to follow Elizabeth on her European trip. He had, however, been so thoroughly sat upon when he made the suggestion to his inamorata, that he proposed to his ex-chem that they call a truce, and that neither should follow Elizabeth abroad. Geoffrey Todd, who did not have the money to go, agreed to this proposition with a lofty air of magnanimity.

Elizabeth's manner toward them had in it a species of frozen sweetness, which was not encouraging. By way of showing his superiority over Roger Fostbrooke, Geoffrey Todd said good-by first and went to his place of business. Roger, however, had to be dragged away by his uncle and fairly thrown down the gangway, when the cry resounded:

"All ashore that are going ashore."

Meanwhile, the elder Fostbrooke, with something like smiling malice, had greeted Elizabeth. If anything could have been annoying to her, it was that Fostbrooke should have been on hand at that moment. It looked exactly as if she were playing these two boys off against each other.

Elizabeth soon sought the seclusion of her deck-cabin, and did not go out on deck again until they had passed quarantine and the *New York* was rushing straight for Rotterdam. Presently Fostbrooke came up and greeted her and her mother. Nothing could have been easier than the attitude of Elizabeth and Fostbrooke toward each other. Nevertheless, he had been perilously near proposing to her the year before, and he resented bitterly, after the manner of men, that she had not read his mind, and had not thrown herself at his head.

When luncheon was served—that first luncheon on board, at which everybody is in great spirits and has a good appetite—Fostbrooke found himself seated on the captain's left, while the vice-president of the steamship company, Mr. McMichael, an insignificant-looking but highly important person, was on the captain's right. Some distance lower down sat Elizabeth and her mother. Fostbrooke and the vice-president were talking together when

Captain Inness came in and took his place at the head of the table. Scarcely had he unfolded his napkin when his boy appeared and whispered something in his ear. The captain rose at once and walked quickly out of the saloon up to his room. There Dixon, the detective, and a worried-looking baggage-master, awaited him.

"As I told you, sir," said Dixon, "these two blasted anarchists came brought a box on board with him, and they were stowed away with the other storage luggage in the hold before I could notify the baggage-master. Now, it ain't safe to put anarchists' luggage in the hold of a steamer, and I asked the baggage-master to look out for those two boxes, but he hasn't been able to find 'em. They certainly haven't been thrown overboard, because I have kept my eye upon Macaroni and Spaghetti, and they haven't had a chance to do it."

"You have not had time to give as thorough a search as you should," answered Captain Inness tartly. "Those boxes must be found or accounted for. You go yourself"—to the baggage-master "Don't trust anybody else, and report to me whether those two boxes are on board or not."

The captain returned to the dining-saloon, and the baggage-master, looking more worried than ever, went back to begin again his search among the luggage of the storage passengers, while Dixon watched Macaroni and Spaghetti.

After luncheon, Dixon, who was of a responsive nature and yearned for sympathy, came up to Fostbrooke as he was smoking aft.

"You see, Mr. Fostbrooke," said Dixon, "them boxes may be collapsible, and those two rascals may have got dangerous things out of them, and the boxes say this minute be in use as checker-boards. You ain't got an idea what devilish tricks Black Handers are up to?"

"A couple of Black Handers, as you call them, with disappearing boxes, are certainly not good company," answered Fostbrooke, offering Dixon a Reina Regente cigar; "but I have got used to the Black Hand and the Mafia, too, in prosecuting this type of criminal. I suppose I have had a dozen threatening letters about these same fellows, promising me death

in various unpleasant ways, if they were deported."

In the course of the afternoon, Fostbrooke, with a man's revenge, watched his chance to speak to Elizabeth Campion while her mother was present; but when Mrs. Campion went to her room for a siesta, and the chair next Elizabeth was vacant, Fostbrooke chose to devote himself to another lady, whom he disliked extremely, and afterwards walked the deck for an hour with McMichael, in full view of Elizabeth. Miss Campion, on her part, appeared entirely absorbed in a novel.

Fostbrooke was late in dressing for dinner, and, going out upon the deserted deck, in the soft June evening, he saw a solitary figure sitting on a camp-stool in a sheltered corner. It was Elizabeth, her fair head bare, a crimson mantle wrapped about her slight figure. She was looking with darkly meditative eyes at a young moon trembling in a sky all rose and amethyst. Fostbrooke felt himself irresistibly drawn toward her, but vengeance was still in his mind.

"I congratulate you," he said, sitting on the edge of a steamer-chair. "I don't think another lady in the ship received two such hay-stacks as you did from my small nephew and the unknown kid."

Elizabeth turned her glance upon him with perfect calmness.

"I never felt so ridiculous in my life as when those two boys put those haystacks, as you call them, in my hands. I like both of the boys extremely, you understand, but the bouquets were much too large."

"It represented their feelings," declared Fostbrooke, with cool malice. "It has been a question for the last year as to which one your engagement would be announced."

A deep flush poured into Elizabeth's face, and the light of anger burned in her eyes.

"I hardly supposed," she said in a voice of suppressed indignation, "that any one could think me capable of such folly. I am twenty-eight years old, and I thought I conducted myself so that no one could imagine me capable of acting in an undignified manner with two college youths."

Fostbrooke's heart smote him, but he continued, like the lizard that in its rage stings itself:

"I am forty-one, but I am not bragging about it. I feel myself, however, very much in the way with university heroes."

Elizabeth's face remained warmly flushed, but most unaccountably and unexpectedly, her eyes filled with tears of mortification. She rose with dignity, and, brushing the tears away, said simply:

"I feel mortified at what you have said."

Those two or three beautiful, bright, unexpected tears were the undoing of Roger Fostbrooke. Five minutes before, when he was tying his white cravat in his room, he had no more intention to ask Elizabeth Campion to marry him than he had of taking a fly in an aeroplane. But his quick lawyer's mind, accustomed to read the thoughts of others, put together a rapid hypothesis which was not far from the truth. Perhaps, after all, he had misjudged her; his words had certainly brought her to tears, and she could not therefore be wholly indifferent to him.

"Elizabeth," he began, and stopped short, appalled. He had not meant to use her first name, a thing he had never done before.

He expected her to turn upon him in wrath. Instead, her eyes, which had been upon him, suddenly fell. There was a quiver of her lips and of her dark lashes, that halted Fostbrooke's heart out of his body. The same strange force that had brought tears to Elizabeth's eyes unde Fostbrooke take her hand in the presence of an industrious snail sweeping the deck, who considerably turned his back upon them.

"I have thought of you many times in the past year, but I have not seen to see you because—"

Elizabeth, who was as quick of wit and as courageous as Fostbrooke, suddenly broke into a ravishing smile, and let her hand remain in his, as she said in a low voice resolute with laughter:

"You thought I liked those boys? I didn't in the way you thought."

"Good Lord!" said Fostbrooke. "If I had but known!"

"You would have known if you had not been very stupid," murmured Eliza-

beth, returning the gentle pressure of Fosterbrook's hand.

It was not much, but it was enough. The sailor sweeping the deck wrinkled at a passing steward, who returned the wink with a grin. They both saw what was up.

When Fosterbrook and Elizabeth Campion entered the big, resplendent dining-room, they were practically engaged to be married.

An hour later, in New York, Geoffrey Todd was finishing a melancholy dinner at the Yale Club. The only consolatory thought he had was that Roger Fosterbrook, who usually sat at a table offensively near, was absent. Clean-shaven, well-set-up youngsters passed back and forth and spoke to Geoffrey Todd, but got short answers in return. When his coffee came, he put his hand in his pocket to find his cigarette-case and with it drew out a passenger-list of the *New York*. Idly he began to read it. When he came to the F's the first name was "Roger Fosterbrook."

Geoffrey jumped to his feet. So the infernal cad and liar had gone back on his word, and had sailed upon the same ship as Miss Campion! The thought made Geoffrey Todd grind his teeth. It was not in human flesh and blood to stand this sort of treatment calmly. He darted out to the telephone exchange and demanded to know the nearest wireless station. It was given him. Two places down by the Battery and close to the steamship office.

Geoffrey Todd jumped into a taxicab, and half an hour later the wireless operator, in his eyrie, turned to see an infuriated young man marching in.

"Are you in communication with the *New York*?" asked Geoffrey.

"Yep," replied the wireless man.

"Then send this," said Geoffrey, handing out a message he had written during his spin down-town. "How much?"

"Seven dollars and sixty cents," said the wireless man, after counting the words.

Geoffrey handed out the money with the one word:

"Rush."

On board the *New York*, all the persons at the captain's table, including McMichael and Fosterbrook, were seated when Captain Inness appeared.

He succeeded this time in unfolding his napkin and taking a spoonful of soup before his boy again gave him a whispered message. The captain excused himself and left the table.

In his room, awaiting him, were the baggage-master and Dixon.

"I have examined every piece of luggage in the hold of this ship, sir," said the baggage-master, "and I can't find these boxes. They aren't aboard the ship."

"The boxes may not be aboard as boxes," suggested Dixon, advancing the same theory that he had to Fosterbrook that afternoon, and in the same words. "They may be collapsible, and then two anarchists may be at this blessed minute playing checkers on them boxes, and what was inside of 'em may be stowed away somewhere in the ship."

"I never thought about the boxes being collapsible," said the worried baggage-master. "I will look and see if I can find anything that might once have been a box."

Three hours later, when Fosterbrook had said good-night to Elizabeth, he and Mr. McMichael were sitting up with the captain in his room, enjoying a friendly smoke. Suddenly the baggage-master appeared at the door. He carried in his hand some pieces of black leatherette covering a board, which had evidently once been a box. Dixon was looking over his shoulder.

"Here is what I found, sir," said the baggage-master.

Then Dixon, beaming with professional pride, took the centre of the stage.

"It is just as I thought, sir," he told the captain. "By some means, them fellows got the insides out of those boxes, and the Lord knows what them insides are made of—gun-cotton, or maybe nitroglycerine. I got a friend of mine to get them two Eysenlains into a discussion on the rights of man, and while they were discussing about and calling him a thief, a rogue, and a liar for saying that the law of property should be respected, I managed to examine every one of their dirty bundles and bags, and didn't find anything that could ever have been inside one of those boxes."

Dixon handed a piece of the box to the captain, and pointed out that it might

once have held a large camera. The only thing which could possibly identify them was a name written in ink on the inside, and partly erased, of which the three first letters were T O D.

"As I supposed," said Mr. McMichael, lighting another cigar, "we have a couple of desperate anarchists on board, who brought something in boxes, which they managed to abstract, and then break up the boxes. The contents can't be found, and may be dangerous explosives or an infernal machine."

"Just so," assented Dixon.

Captain Inness's ruddy face turned a trifle pale. Storms and fogs and icebergs had no terrors for him, but the thought of two boxes full of high explosives in the hands of a couple of anarchists on a crack liner was disturbing to him.

At that moment the wireless operator on board walked in and silently laid before the captain a message written out. It was addressed to Roger Fosterbrook, and read as follows:

You are a liar and a thief, but I will get even with you yet.—Tone.

The captain read it and passed it over to Fosterbrook, who also read it, and passed it to McMichael, who in turn gave it to Dixon.

"I got a horse-load of these things during the extradition proceedings," said Fosterbrook coolly. "They don't amount to anything."

Dixon pointed out the letters T O D on the broken box. McMichael looked a little startled, and so did the captain.

"I don't know anybody named Todd," said Fosterbrook. "But this evidently comes from somebody who can afford to pay for wireless messages. I shall reply to it, and the operator here will signal the man on shore to keep watch on the sender of this message, and to send every one he wants to send. We may trap him that way, you know."

Dixon beamed on Fosterbrook:

"You oughter been on the detective force," he said with admiration.

Then Fosterbrook wrote out carefully and attended at the suggestion of Captain Inness the following reply:

I don't know who you are, and don't care. If you feel like threaten-

ing me, write by wireless, send all you want, and I will pay the bill.—ROGER FOSTERBROOK.

The wireless man counted the words and said briefly: "Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents," which Fosterbrook paid.

At twelve o'clock that night, just as Fosterbrook had turned in, the wireless man came to his room, and handed him a message which read:

As you are a second-rate and a liar, I do not suppose you would pay a dollar for any thing you promised. But just to prove that you are a liar, and a second-rate, I send you this message collect, and have left the money with the operator to pay for it when it comes back unpaid.

"Thirty dollars, even," said the wireless man, and continued: "The man at the other end says that the fellow who is sending this doesn't seem to understand in the least that he is walking into a trap, and he can be arrested at any moment. The police are on to him."

"We won't arrest him yet awhile," said Fosterbrook. "I'll give him a little more rope."

The room in that particular gangway were occupied solely by men, every one of whom was awake and heard this mysterious conversation. Fosterbrook then wrote out his reply:

You can call for your money at wireless station number three. Your lying dispatch is received, and it really gave me pleasure to pay for it. I don't know who you are, but I hazard the assertion that you are a rogue of the first water. Send all you want, and I will pay for it.

"Twenty-eight dollars and forty cents," said the operator.

Fosterbrook fished out the money and turned over and went to sleep, to dream of Elizabeth Campion.

The next morning Elizabeth breakfasted in her room, and Captain Inness, McMichael, and Fosterbrook had breakfast together. The day was a glorious one, the ocean all blue and silver, while not a single cloud flocked the sunlit sky.

The captain's soul, however, was not as placid as the exterior conditions. Foe-brooke or McMichael feel entirely at ease. It costs only a two-cent stamp to send a threatening letter, but so far the mysterious Todd had put up many good American dollars for the pleasure of making threats against Foe-brooke. A criminal with money is twenty times as dangerous as a criminal without.

Once on deck, however, and walking up and down with Elizabeth in the first secret rupture of an acknowledged love, Foe-brooke put all sinister thoughts behind him.

Meanwhile, something had leaked out. The wireless man was a bridge-superintendent with a wife on board, and the lady was a chatter-box, and had promptly established friendly relations with the second-cabin stewardess, whose sister was a first-cabin stewardess, and whose daughter was a storage stewardess. It was plain to everybody that something mysterious was going on in connection with the wireless service. The story ran that there were on board a couple of anarchists, who had in their possession several infernal machines, which nobody could find, and which were likely to explode any moment in the steamer's hold.

The psychology of a shipload of people is peculiar. Mental phases are as contagious as measles or scarlet fever. It was in vain that the stewards and stewardesses, after they had had a fierce wiggling in the purser's office, went about, pooh-poohing these tales, but as they themselves were not convinced, they could convince nobody else. The purser, a handsome, dark-eyed, resolute Scotchman, lied vigorously, but found no one who would believe him. A couple of clergymen, coming to inquire of the purser about the disquieting reports, were told to go to Gehenna. Instead, they went to the captain and complained of the purser. Captain Inness promised a reprimand, which was never delivered. Nevertheless, whenever the captain thought of the contents of those broken boxes concealed somewhere about the ship, and of the strange threats by wireless, he felt hollow inside. The passengers were more difficult to pacify, because so many had witnessed the proceedings at the captain's table. Half a dozen men had heard

the wireless message delivered on Saturday night to Foe-brooke. The doctor, a little little man, talked soothingly to the ladies, assuring them that the wireless messages received by Foe-brooke all related to some legal business he had left behind unfinished in New York. His lies were as unavailing as the purser's. Foe-brooke, himself, with his ready lawyer's intelligence, concocted, with the assistance of the wireless man, a series of forged messages, which he declared to be those he had received and sent, but not even Elizabeth Campion believed him.

Dixon's and the baggage-master's search went on quietly but ceaselessly in the hold, and among the steerage passengers' luggage, but nothing was found. Macaroni and Spaghetti added to the quota of lies, and swore that they had not brought on board any such boxes, and when confronted with the broken pieces professed not to have seen them before.

It would seem as if a malign destiny brought every message at a time when it was sure to be noticed. Just as the passengers came up from luncheon on Monday the operator met Foe-brooke with Elizabeth, and handed him another message. It read as follows:

You think yourself safe in your villainy. Just wait and see. You can't be put in jail, but there are some things a good deal worse than going to jail. I have it in for you, and don't you forget it. And I am not the only one either.—TODD.

This message cost thirty-two dollars, which had been paid. Foe-brooke concocted the following reply:

Go to the devil.

However he might make light of the messages he was receiving, they were not without an unpleasant effect. His coming aboard seemed to have brought terrible danger to everybody on the ship. This of itself was a cruel reflection, but when Foe-brooke thought of Elizabeth Campion, his heart was like to break.

The wireless man told Foe-brooke:

"The man at the other end says there won't be the least difficulty in nabbing the fellow who sends these messages. He is a smooth-faced, handsome young chap, the last man on earth one would suppose

to be mixed up with a gang of undesirable citizens. The police department is completely puzzled why this young man should be used as a tool by an anarchist group."

The excitement in the ship steadily grew, nor was it in the power of any one to calm it. The subtle atmosphere of danger affected every one, although some managed to conceal it. Among the latter were Foe-brooke and Elizabeth Campion. The forward rail of the promenade, which looked down directly upon the steerage, was always crowded with anxious faces. The two Italians, Montecori and Spagnola, otherwise known as Macaroni and Spaghetti, were avoided by their fellow steerage passengers with superstition as well as actual fear. A fellow-countryman credited them both with having the evil eye, and predicted that, even if no actual explosion occurred on the ship, disaster of some sort was impending.

The usual wireless message came to Foe-brooke on Tuesday. It ran:

You are an infernal cur, cad, and coward, but you will yet pay dearly for your scoundrelly conduct.

To this Foe-brooke's reply was:

You are the most infernal cur, cad, and coward that walks the earth.

These messages doubled in expense, as they came through two ships. The transmitting operators inquired of the wireless man on the *New York* what it all meant, but the *New York's* operator was able to put up an effective and substantial bluff.

On Wednesday, Foe-brooke's wireless cocktail and appetizer for luncheon ran as follows:

You think yourself safe in your villainy, but look out. I am on your track.

To this, Foe-brooke replied:

All right. See if you can make good.

Thursday's message was transmitted through three ships. It was:

So far you are slightly ahead in the game, but wait.

Foe-brooke answered:

At present, the game appears to be mine.

On Friday, the inevitable message from the mysterious "Todd," was more expensive, as it was cabled to the other side, and came by the wireless station at Farnet. Apparently, "Todd" had run out of epithets, for he merely sent a quotation:

Justice moves with a leaden heel, but strikes with an iron hand.

To this Foe-brooke replied, by the same roundabout and expensive method:

You stole that remark. Apply it to yourself.

On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, came the serious business of handing the two anarchists over to the Italian police at Cherbourg.

As the great ship steamed into the splendid roadstead, the tender put off from the jetty, and made like an arrow for the big, black hull, panting and trembling after her three-thousand-mile sprint. A great many passengers had suddenly made up their minds to get off at Cherbourg, and the deck was piled high with luggage.

Every place that came up from the hold was handled tenderly by the stewards, and there was so little concussion as possible. Hanging over the rail of the storage deck, were the two Italians. They made no motion as if to leave the ship, but as soon as the lower gangway was open a couple of brawny quartermasters laid their heavy hands on the Italians' shoulders, while Dixon gathered their bags and bundles and stood behind them. Macaroni and Spaghetti began a shrill protest, but at that moment they caught sight of a couple of fellow countrymen in police uniforms on the tender's deck. Instantly they grew quiet. As they were marched off toward the gangway, they came face to face with Foe-brooke.

"Here," said he, holding up two gold pieces, "are a couple of American eagles. Can you produce what was in those boxes that you brought aboard and broke up?"

The sight of the money seemed to reanimate the two Italians. They looked at each other, and their mouths came open as if they were on hinges.

"Yes, sir," said Macaroni. "If the detective gentleman will go and look behind a big green trunk in the forward hold, he will find a bundle of New York newspapers. We brought them aboard to sell, but the steamer passengers would not buy, and so we threw them in the hold, and broke up the boxes."

Then Spaghetti added, with a still broader grin:

"We saw that the detective gentleman was very agitated, so we broke up the boxes, and put them where they would worry the detective gentleman."

Dixon disappeared at this point, and the two Italians, the two big quartermasters, and Foshbrooke, with his gold pieces, remained in *stefe quo* for five minutes, until Dixon returned, bearing the bundles of New York newspapers, dated Saturday, June 5, the week previous. With a smile that rivalled in width and intensity those of the two Italians, Foshbrooke gave each a gold-piece.

"Now," he said, "clear out."

The quartermasters marched then over the gangway, where they readily and affably joined the two Italian gentlemen in police clothes, who exhibited a mysterious badge that had a thoroughly subduing influence upon both Macaroni and Spaghetti.

In ten minutes the story was known over the whole ship, and several passengers changed their minds about going ashore at Oberhourg. A feeling of hysterical relief seized everybody from the captain and Mr. McMichael, down to the ship's boys. People laughed and protested that they had never believed in the infernal machine theory at any time. Dixon was a pitiable sight, as he sat, his ears in his hands, and bewailed himself.

"Then durned scoundrels played a dirty game on me. They didn't even make a row about going ashore," he lamented. "And all that wireless stuff, that cost a mint of money, was nothing but hot air!"

"It seems to me just like the threatening letters that were sent to me during the prosecution of these men," replied Foshbrooke.

When the tender had steamed away, and the New York turned her nose once more toward the wide, bright ocean, Foshbrooke said to Elizabeth:

"I have sent a good many disagreeable things by wireless, but I should like to send something a little different. Will you allow me to send the announcement of our engagement so it can appear in Sunday's newspapers? You see, I am not taking any chances this time."

"I shouldn't mind," said Elizabeth, with a blush.

Twelve hours later, when it was seven o'clock in New York, Geoffrey Todd was sitting down to a solitary dinner in the dining-room of the Yale Club. It had been a week of strenuous emotions to him. The more he brooded upon Roger Foshbrooke's treachery, the more infamous it appeared. He raised his eyes, and there, sitting at the next table to him, was the junior Roger Foshbrooke.

Geoffrey Todd was so staggered that for a minute or two he could neither move nor speak. Then, as in a dream, he noticed Roger Foshbrooke unfold a newspaper, glance at it, and, with an exclamation, dash it down on the table, and half rise from his chair.

Geoffrey Todd got up and went over to him. Astonishment so possessed Geoffrey that he scarcely knew whether he was drunk or sober, awake or asleep. Roger's expression was one of woe, pure and simple. He pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper. It read:

The engagement is announced of Mr. Roger Charlton Foshbrooke to Miss Elizabeth Campion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campion, of Fifth Avenue and Campion Hall, Westchester County.

"That is my uncle," said Roger, with tears in his eyes. "I always liked the old fellow until now. He got on that steamer, meaning to play it low on me. He is a confounded old sneak, and I shall tell him so. I'll cable it to him."

"No, don't," said Geoffrey, dropping into a chair, his usually fresh-colored face quiet white. "Look here. I thought Roger Foshbrooke was you, and here is what has been going on by wireless."

Geoffrey Todd took from his breast pocket a bunch of telegrams, all neatly written out. Roger blinked the tears away, and read the telegrams carefully. As the two

young men sat, their heads close together over the small round table, each grew limp and pallid.

"I see it all now," said Geoffrey, mopping his forehead. "Just as you say, your uncle is an infernal old sneak. The idea of a man of forty-one marrying a girl of twenty-eight. It is perfectly disgusting. That is all I can say."

"But what are you going to do about it?" asked Roger forcibly.

Geoffrey pondered a moment.

"Have some champagne," he said. "Get all the fellows here and treat 'em. Take two boxes at the theatre, and march all the fellows up to see the giddy girls dance, and send our warmest congratulations to the happy pair—ha! ha!"

On Sunday, in London, Foshbrooke received the following cablegram:

We desire to offer you our sincerest felicitations upon the prize you have won. We foresaw it long before it happened, and very much regretted what seemed to be a temporary estrangement between you and the lady. Best wishes.

It was signed "Roger Foshbrooke and Geoffrey Todd."

The name "Todd" startled Foshbrooke. He took the cablegram to Elizabeth Campion, in her sitting-room, as she sat at the open window, looking out upon the green stretches of Kensington Gardens, and thought herself the happiest woman in the world.

"Who is Todd?" asked Foshbrooke. "The other boy," answered Elizabeth. "Do you know they actually wanted to sail on the New York? But I put a stop at once to their nonsense."

A light was dawning upon Foshbrooke. "And Todd found out that a Roger Foshbrooke sailed with you."

He struck his forehead. "I see it all now. Oh, Lord! I shall have to cable back to the Police Department at New York immediately."

This he did, together with another cablegram addressed to Roger Foshbrooke and Geoffrey Todd at the Yale Club.

Many thanks for your kind wishes. Todd seems to have made a mistake in my identity. Wireless comes high, but we must have it.





A FALLS ON THE NEMAXAN OVER WHICH FIVE MEN WENT TO THEIR DEATH IN THE OLD FUR-TRADING DAYS

The Lost Trail

By

James Grant

BETWEEN Winnipeg and Port Arthur, coming down on the railway which George Hanu of the C. P. E. says was built by "Two (K) nights and a Night Mare"—but, of course, Mr. Hanu only said that for fun—you fly past one of the hundred lost trails of Canada without so much as knowing what you are passing. The Pullman aways and swings with gay hilarity. The engine shrieks. The porter offers you your change from the last round, deferentially, knowing full well that, being from the West, and not just going to the West, you won't need the paltry few bits of silver that lie on

the tray. The bell-rope swings recklessly hither and yon, and you, pressing your hand against the window pane so as to keep the reflected glare of the car lights from dazzling you, try to make out what sort of country you are passing through.

All you see is trees and darkness. That is all anybody can see from that particular night train. You are aware that it is hilly, almost mountainous, country, that you cross numerous rivers on bridges that rumble briefly, that the train, drunkenly, takes curve after curve as though it did not care one single exclamation in Gehenna whether you saw the country

or not, its chief interest being centred in getting you to Port Arthur on time. You seem always to be just at the foot of hills from the sides of which, above you, the trees stand in never ending files, shrouded in the darkness, wrapt in a grave disapproval of the profanity of the engine. Here and there great rocks thrust boldly out from the sides of the hills, but retire in time to avoid being hit by the sides of the car. The engineer, suddenly smitten with remorse, and seeing a curve ahead, puts on the air with a jerk. Your suitcase lands in your lap. Your magazines slide off the velvet to the floor. The brake shoes scream from under the floor and then the brake exhaust sighs musically and you feel the wheels leaping again as they round the curve, to be "On! on! And out of this!" After awhile you have another round, and go to sleep. Your curiosity concerning the country through which you are passing has abated. As you cross, from island to island, a narrow part of Rainy Lake, wherein the stars look to arrange themselves, or over which the night wind rides, you are either asleep or listening, not to the sound of the waves lapping at the foundation of the bridges, but to the porter softly brushing shoes down in the deserted smoking room. In the morning you leave the train at Port Arthur, in a disguise, if possible, so as to avoid buying real estate.

You have passed through the country of the Lost Trail, or as perhaps one might better call it, the country where one of the lost trails of Canada lies. For there are scores of them. Scores of old trails that were once arteries of the life of the country, but which have been superseded by the Trail of steel, and the Iron Windigo that whisks you across the long portages between Halifax and Vancouver faster than the swiftest canoe could take the White Horse Rapids on the way to Hudson's Bay.

Before there was a steel rail on the north shore of Lake Superior, before there was a steel rail in existence or even dreamed of, the Old Dawson Trail lay between Canada East and Canada West. It was not always called by that name. But now-days, to remember it, one must recall the hero of the trail—for every trail has its hero. If Hiawatha ever saw the Western plains, this must have been

the trail that he took, between Lake Superior and Fort Garry. If there was war between the tribes at the head of the Great Lakes and the Plains' Indians, it was by this trail that they traveled, and along its length that they fought. When the French came, and sought to go further West in the interests of the fur trade and of exploration, they followed this old route from Lake Superior. And later, when the English traders came, when the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Trading Company were at war with one another, it was along this trail that they came in conflict. Then, in the end, it was the means by which Wolseley's soldiers reached Fort Garry to quell Louis Riel, and a few years later carried immigrants, by canoe and scow and wagon, over the first all-Canadian route into the North West.

But for forty years it has been useless. The C. P. E. put an end to its usefulness, as it has put an end to the usefulness of many things in different ways, and now the trail lies out of sight and out of most people's minds. It was the first door from Old Canada to the Canada that is. Like a disused gate in the heart of the woods, it lies, over-grown with green things, with its latch, so to speak, rusted and broken, and the key lost.

I have been over only a part of the route, coming west from Port Arthur as far as the town of Fort Frances. Of the balance of the way, from Fort Frances to Winnipeg, I have no direct knowledge, beyond that the route followed the Rainy River from Rainy Lake to Lake of the Woods, and thence by the large rivers into the lakes of Manitoba and the Red River. We put in at Brûlé Portage, half a day's run on the Canadian Northern up from Port Arthur. The train stopped on a high embankment. On one side was bush; on the other water; and at the edge of the bush, a tiny house where the combination section man and telegraph operator lived. He spoke French. This we learned in bargaining for a frying pan to replace the one which we found we had left behind. The baggage man dumped our canoe out on the wrong side of the train, but that did not matter. Our two Indians we prodded out of a sound sleep



BREAKFAST TIME IN CAMP

in the second class and found the old Indian, the one who had been over the trail with Wolsley, and who was to find the road for us, embarrassed with too much G & W, which somebody in the smoking car had given him for a joke. But we camped and ate and slept, and the same Canada song sparrow that had been singing, Sweet! Sweet! Canada-Canada-Canada! when we dropped asleep on a bed of spruce—the best we could find—was at it again when we waked.

Any trail in the hush is good, and there are some that have the same wealth of fish and big game to offer as the Dawson trail gave us. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Quebec, or Algonquin Park, the trail to Moose Factory or Churchill, or the trails of British Columbia—all have their charms. Most of them have their share of flies, in season and out, and their share of nasty rivers and lighted portages.

But the Dawson trail as we saw it, wore, not the air of a virgin trail, but of a hard-used old trail that has mellowed in forty years of idleness into deeper silences, richer shadows, more wonderful colors than she had known before, like an old woman who has found peace and philosophy in a corner of an Old Woman's House after a strenuous life. The broad-cut portage roads were almost overgrown with woods again. Ferns and

bushes grew out of the rotting timbers of dams which had been built by the Government to improve navigation in certain of the lakes and rivers, at the time when the Government expected to make a permanent route, via this trail, between Prince Arthur's Landing and Winnipeg. Loons were fighting beside the half-submerged boiler of what had been a tug, employed to tow barge-loads of immigrants and their effects across some of the larger lakes which went to make up the trail. A moose was browsing beside an old barrel, sunk in the ground beside the trail, which had served to preserve a spring for the use of the passing immigrants. Over the whole trail brooded a reminiscent air, disturbed only on the merest fringe by the shriek of the passing railway locomotives.

Some years ago, an old man died in Ottawa and was buried without much fuss in one of the cemeteries there. The quietness of the funeral was not because he had no friends, but because he had no widow, no family. His mourners were men who had sat with him in the House of Commons, or who had known him as old Sam Dawson in the building of the Dawson Route, so the trail came to be known after its improvement by the Government.

Our senior guide, Johnny Finn, aged eighty, told us bits of stories about this

REMAINS OF ONE OF THE BOATS USED BY GENERAL WOLSELEY
IN TRANSPORTING TROOPS TO RED RIVER

great man, under whom he had worked in the transporting of Wolsley and his soldiers from Lake Superior through to the West. Snorkling beside a smudge at Dore Lake, we watched the sun falling, listened to the loons shrieking under the shadow of the far shore, and observed the waters of this little lake, transformed by a mere sign from the approaching night, and to the accompaniment of a drumming partridge, from clear amber, into ink, and heard Johnny relate fragments of his memory touching the great man Dawson.

Johnny had known in all his life only one great man. This was he, an engineer whose history is hard to discover, but who appears to have been more than an ordinary man. He told how Dawson was a father to the Indians; how he could go alone, and unnamed for that matter, into places where, in those days, no other white man dare venture; how when the Government had trouble with the Indians, Dawson could settle it.

Some things of Dawson we knew ourselves, as for instance how, when Wolsley's engineers, confronted with the task of portaging guns and supplies of the army up and over a waterfall, gave it up, Dawson built a great skid-way from the bottom of the fall, over the top, and haul-

ed the boats up by means of cables hitched to trees above the fall. We had heard Don McKellar of Fort William tell the story of how by his ingenuity and perseverance, and in the face of great obstacles, he built dams that backed the water on certain lakes and rivers in order to overcome rapids and bad current. But old Johnny, in a mixture of French and English and Indian, assisted by the younger guide, Joe Charlie, let drop facts occasionally, which revealed more intimate things touching the valour, the kindness and the quaintness of the only great man Johnny had ever known or had cared to know.

I remember that it took an afternoon to cross the long portage—French portage—for we had to cover it twice—seeing that some of us were unbroken to stump-lines and could carry only a fair-sized load. The trail had been at one time wide enough to accommodate teams and smooth enough for wagons. But the bush had healed it over, so that it was almost obscured in places, and hard to follow. It led, now up over hot shoulders of smooth rock, now on high wooded ground, and at other times through a muskeg which had been, and still remained, paved with logs. But as we passed, the logs crumbled into red powder under the green moss



IN A STRETCH OF QUIET WATER

which covered them in places. Once, a black bear scuttled across the trail. In the sun-lit tops of the trees birds were discoursing, and somewhere, never very far off, the partridge were drumming.

Many rivers and many smaller portages; moose swimming from point to point ahead of us; the troling line tugging gently from one's hand as one paddled; fair weather or half a gale, and a lake to be crossed against it; these and the varying moods of summer weather succeeded one another, and brought us to the mouth of the great river, the Namekan, by descending which we added a little element of danger to the trip.

There was an Indian encampment on the shore of Lac LaCroix, where the river begins. We visited it in order to secure additional guides to assist our men in descending the Namekan. None in the mission could speak English, and yet the young Indians were engaged in a game of baseball as we landed. Johnny Flan, who had been married several times, found relatives of his in the camp, and completed negotiations for two extra guides down the river. We camped that

night on an island close to the shore, and in the morning set off down the river; two Indians and one white man in each canoe. The new guides brought their own lunch bark.

It does not matter how we went down the Namekan. Nothing happened. We did it in a day and dismissed the additional guides the next morning. But there is a story about the Namekan which lends interest to the trip, and assists one to a proper appreciation of Snake Falls, as some say they are called.

In the days when the North West Trading Company and the Hudson's Bay Company came in conflict in this part of the country, the Namekan River was, so they say, used only in times of emergency, as a short cut into Rainy Lake, via Namekan Lake. It was considered too dangerous a river for the transportation of furs.

One evening a Hudson's Bay canoe, deep with pelts, appeared in Lac LaCroix, eager to get on, via the Vermilion River—the usual route—into Rainy Lake. But as it lurked under the shadow of the trees near the point where the Namekan River flows out of La Croix, the five men in

charge of the craft and its cargo were soon by a larger party of North West Trading Company men. To escape, the Hudson's Bay canoe turned down the Namekan. And the others, in two canoes—although the story sometimes varies in these details—gave chase.

Not far down the Namekan is a bend in the river, and a tremendous chute which terminates in a lake-like expansion of the river. The pursued portaged into this lake safely, after felling trees across the portage trail so as to embarrass their pursuers. From portage to portage, and through several small rapids they kept a safe lead on their rivals, and so at length came to the one danger spot on the river.

The Namekan at this point is cunningly fashioned to entrap the unwary. The current continues smooth and apparently slow. The banks are low—with flowers growing upon them in season—but as they get farther down the stream they rise and take on a character which makes it impossible for a canoe to land, except at one place, and this place is a narrow ledge of rock about a hundred yards above Snake Falls. Between the ledge and the falls there is no hope for anything in the current.

The story goes, therefore, that the Hudson's Bay canoe, coming down this stretch of smooth water, came too swiftly, missed the landing and was swept over the falls.

The falls are not of a great height, nor wonderful for their beauty. But they represent the whole force of a great river pouring over a fifteen or twenty-foot drop, upon great pieces of rock which lie below. There could be no salvation for any that went over, and it was with just a little feeling of satisfaction that one stepped out of the canoe, lifted out the dunnage and climbed up the bank to the camping place.

The last two days of the journey was on Rainy Lake. The second day was windy and we sighted fish launches, deserted gold mines, and, as we neared Fort Frances, the Canadian Northern bridge from island to island across the lake. But the day before was different. There was no sun and the sky was the color of rain. The lake was so still that the canoe seemed to float between two firmaments, as though there were no earth. Once an Indian in a birch passed—a white ship with a red passenger floating in the blue grey water—and yet it didn't look at all like



MORNING LUNCHEON ON A PORTAGE



A HIGH SPOT ON A PORTAGE

water. Another time a red deer swam not far away from us. The ripples from its nose quivered and melted into the stillness of the lake again. Looking for a place to camp, we realized we were lost among the islands. One might have been a thief, so oppressive and accusing was the

silence among them. At last we gave up the search, and were content to land on a bit of rock that bore enough timber to light a fire, but not enough soil to support a tent. We slept on folded canvas and woke in the morning with the sun in our faces and pools of dew in our tarpaulins.

By noon we were at Fort Frances.

THE millennium will begin in the kitchen.

AMBITION is a handicap unless it is productive.

OBJECT to the man with the large stomach and the small soul.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK III.

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CHAPTER XVI

WE made McCrimmon comfortable.

We kept no whiskey in the cabin, but we gave him some hot coffee, which he drank with great satisfaction. Then he twisted a cigarette, lit it, and looked at us keenly. On his brown flatish face were remarkable the impassivity of the Indian and the astuteness of the Scot. We were regarding him curiously. Jim had regained his calm, and was quietly watchful. The Prodigal seemed to have his ears cocked to listen. There was a feeling amongst us as if we had reached a crisis in our fortunes.

The halfbreed lost no time in coming to the point.

"I like you boys. You're square and above-board. You're workers, and you don't drink—that's the main thing."

"Well, to get right down to cases. I'm a bit of a mining man. I've mined at Cassiar and Caribou, and I know something of the business. Now I've got next to a good thing.—I don't know how good yet, but I'll swear to you it's a tidy bit. There may be only ten thousand in it, and there may be one hundred and ten. It's a gambling proposition, and I want partners, partners that'll work like hell and keep their faces shut. Are you on?"

"That's got us kodaked," said the Prodigal. "We're that sort, and if the proposition looks good to us we're with you. Anyway, we're clams at keeping our food-traps tight."

"All right; listen. You know the Arctic Transportation Co. have claims on upper Bonanza—well, a month back I was working for them. We were down about twenty feet and were drifting in. They set me to work in the drift. The roof kept sloughing in on me, and it was mighty dangerous. So far we hadn't got pay—dirt, but their mining manager wanted us to drift in a little further. If we didn't strike good pay in a few more feet we were 'to quit."

"Well, one morning I went down and cleaned away the ash of my fire. The first stroke of my pick on the thawed face made me jump, sure, stand stock-still, thinking hard. For there, right in the hole I had made, was the richest pocket I ever seen."

"You don't say! Are you sure?"

"Why, boys, as I'm alive there was nuggets in it as thick as raisins in a Christmas plum-duff. I could see the yellow gleam where the pick had grazed them, and the longer I looked the more could I see."

"Good Lord! What did you do?"

"What did I do! I just stepped back and picked at the roof for all I was worth. A big bunch of muck came down, covering up the face. Then, like a crazy man, I picked wherever the dirt seemed loose all the way down the drift. Great heaps of dirt came in on me. I was stunned, nearly buried, but I did the trick. There were tons of dirt between me and my find."

We gasped with amazement.

"The rest was easy. I went up the shaft groaning and cursing. I pretended to faint. I told them the roof of the drift had fallen in on me. It was rotten stuff, anyway, and they know it. They didn't mind me risking my life. I cursed them, said I would sue the Company, and went off looking too sore for words. The manager was disgusted, he said he would throw up the work at that place; the ground was no good. He made that report to the company."

The half-breed looked round triumphantly.

"Now, here's the point. We can get a lay on that ground. One of you boys must apply for it. They mustn't know I'm in with you, or they would suspect right away. They're none too scrupulous themselves in their dealings."

He paused impressively.

"You cinch that lay agreement. Get it signed right away. We'll go in and work like the devil. We'll make a big clean-up by spring. I'll take you right to the gold. There's thousands and thousands lying snug in the ground just waiting for us. It's right in our mit. Oh, it's a cinch, a cinch."

The half-breed almost grew excited. Bending forward, he eyed us keenly. In a breathless silence we stared at each other.

"Well," I objected, "seems to be putting up rather a job on the company."

Jim was silent, but the Prodigal cut in sharply:

"Joh nothing—it's a square proposition. We don't know for certain that gold's there. Maybe it's only a puffing pocket, and we'll get souped for our pains. No, it seems to me it's a fair gambling proposition. We're taking all kinds of chances. It means devilish hard work; it means privation and, maybe bitter disappointment. It's a gamble, I tell you, and we are going to be such poor sports as turn it down? I for one am strongly in favor of it. What do you say? A big sporting chance—are you there, boys, are you there?"

He almost shouted in his excitement.

"Hush! Some one might hear you," warned the half-breed.

"Yes, that's right. Well, it looks mighty good to me, and if you boys are willing we'll just draw up papers and sign an agreement right away. Is it a go?"

We nodded, so he got ink and paper and drew up a form of partnership.

"Now," said he, his eyes dancing, "now, to secure that lay before any one else cuts in on us. Gee! but it's getting dark and cold outdoors these days. Snow falling; well, I must dash to Dawson to-night."

He hurried on some warm, yet light, clothing, all the time talking excitedly of the chance that fortune had thrown in our way, and gleeful as a schoolboy.

"Now, boys," he says, "hope I'll have good luck. Jim, put in a prayer for me. Well, see you all to-morrow. Good-bye."

It was late next night when he returned. We were sitting in the cabin, anxious and expectant, when he threw open the door. He was tired, wet, dirty, but irrepressibly jubilant.

"Hurrah, boys!" he cried. "I've cinched it. I saw mister manager of the big company. He was very busy, very important, very patronizing. I was the poor miner seeking a lay. I played the part well. He began by telling me he didn't want to give any lays at present; just wanted to stand me off, you know; make me more keen. I spoke about some of their ground on Hunker. He didn't seem enthusiastic. Then, at last, as if in despair, I mentioned this bit on Bonanza. I could see he was itching to let me have it, but he was too foxy to show it. He actually told me it was an extra rich piece of ground, when all the time he knew his own mining engineer had condemned it."

The Prodigal's eyes danced delightedly.

"Well, we sparred round a bit like two fake fighters. My! but he was wily, that old Jew. Finally he agreed to let me have it on a fifty-per-cent. basis. Don't faint, boys. Fifty per cent., I said. I'm sorry. It was the best I could do, and you know I'm not slow. That means they get half of all we take out. Oh, the old shark! the robber! I tried to beat him down, but he stood pat; wouldn't budge. So I gave in, and we signed the lay agreement, and now everything's in shape. Gee

whis! didn't I give a sigh of relief when I got outside. He thinks I'm the fall guy, and went off chuckling."

He raised his voice triumphantly.

"And now, boys, we've got the ground cinched, so get action on yourselves. Here's where we make our first real stake at fortune. Here's where we even up on the hard jobs she's handed us in the past; here's where we score a bull's-eye, or I miss my guess. The gold's there, boys, you can look on that; and the harder we work, the more we're going to get of it. Now, we're going to work hard. We're going to make ordinary hard work look like a summer vacation. We're going to work for all we're worth—and then some. Are you there, boys, are you there?"

"We are," we shouted with one accord.

CHAPTER XVII

There was no time to lose. Every hour for us meant so much more of that precious pay-dirt that lay under the frozen surface. The winter kept on us with a swoop, a harsh, uncomplaining winter, that made out-door work an unmitigated hardship. But there was the hope of fortune nerving and bracing us, till we lost in it all thought of self. Nothing short of desperate sickness, death even, would drive us from our posts. It was with this dauntless spirit we entered on the task before us.

And, indeed, it was one that called for all in a man of energy and self-sacrifice. There was wood to get for the thawing of the ground; there was a cabin to build on the claim; and lastly, there was a vast dump to be taken out of the ground for the spring sluicing. We planned things so that no man would be idle for a moment, and so that every ounce of strength expended would show its result.

The half-breed took charge, and, recognizing it was his show, obeyed him implicitly. He decided to put down two holes to bed-rock, and, after much deliberation, selected the places. This was a matter for the greatest judgment and experience, and we were satisfied that he had both.

We ran up a little cabin and hanked it nearly to the low eaves with snow. By-and-bye the snow fell on the roof to the depth of three feet, so that the place seem-

ed like a huge white hammock. Only in front could you recognize it as a cabin by the low doorway, where we had always to stoop on entering. Within were our bunks, a tiny stove, a few boxes to sit on, a few dishes, our grub; that was all. Often we regretted our big cabin on the hill, with its calico-lined "den" and its separate kitchen. But in this little box of a home we were to put in many weary months.

Not that the time seemed long to us; we were too busy for that. Indeed, often we wished it were twice as long. Snow had fallen in September, and by December we were in an arctic world of uncompromising harshness. Day after day the glass stood between forty and fifty degrees below zero. It was hatefully, dangerously cold. It seemed as if the frost-fend had a cruel grudge against us. It made us grim—and careful. We didn't talk much in those days. We just worked, worked, and when we did talk it was of our work, our ceaseless work.

Would we strike it rich? It was all a gamble, the most exciting gamble in the world. It thrilled our day hours with excitement; it haunted our sleep; it lent strength to the pick-stroke and vigor to the windlass-crank. It made us forget the bitter cold, till some one would exclaim, and grudgingly knead the fresh snow on our faces. The cold burned our cheeks a fierce brick-red, and a frost-bite showed on them like a patch of white putty. The old scars, never healing, were like patches of lamp-black.

But neither cold nor fatigue could keep us away from the shaft and the drift. We had gone down to bed-rock, and were tunnelling in to meet the hole the half-breed had covered up. So far we had found nothing. Every day we panned samples of the dirt, always getting colors, sometimes a fifty-cent pan, but never what we dreamed of, hoped for.

"Wait, boys, till we get a two-hundred-dollar pan, then we'll begin to whoop it up some."

Once the company manager came down on a dog-team. He looked over our shaft. We wore a con coat, with a cap of beaver, and huge fur mits hung by a cord around his neck. He was massive and imposing. Spaky icicles bristled around his mouth.

"What luck, boys?" His breath came like steam.

"None, so far," we told him, and off he went into the frozen gloom, saying he hoped we would strike it before long.

"Wait a while."

We were working two men to a shaft, burning our ground over night. The Prodigal and I manned the windlasses, while the old miners went down the drifts. It was a cold, cold job standing there on that rugged platform turning the windlass-crank. Long before it was fairly light we got to our posts, and lowered our men into the hole. The air was warmer down there in the drift; but the work was harder, more difficult and dangerous.

At noon there was no sunshine, only a wan, ashen light that suffused the sky. A deathlike stillness lay on the valley, not a quiver or movement in leaf or blade. The snow was a shroud, smooth save where the funeral pines pricked through. In that intensity of cold, that shivering agony of desolation, it seemed as if nature was laughing at us—the Cosmic Laugh.

Our meals were hurriedly cooked and bolted. We grudged every moment of our respite from toil. At night we often were far too weary to undress. We lost our regard for cleanliness; we neglected ourselves. Always we talked of the result of the day's panning and the chances of to-morrow. Surely we would strike it soon.

"Wait a while."

Colder it grew and colder. Our kerosene flowed like mush. The water froze solid in our kettles. Our bread was full of icy particles. Everything had to be thawed out continually. It was tiresome, exasperating, when we were in such a devil of a hurry. It kept us back; it angered us, this pest of a cold. Our tempers began to suffer. We were short, taciturn. The strain was beginning to tell on us.

"Wait a while."

Then, one afternoon, the Something happened. It was Jim who was the chosen one. About three o'clock he signalled to be hoisted up, and when he appeared he was carrying a pan of dirt. "Call the others," he said.

All together in the little cabin we stood round, while Jim washed out the pan in snow-water melted over our stove. I will never forget how eagerly we watched the

gravel, and the whirling, dexterous movements of the old man. We could see gleams of yellow in the muddy water. Thrills of joy and hope went through us. We had got the thing, the big thing, at last.

"Hurry, Jim," I said, "or I'll die of suspense."

Patiently he went on. There it was at last in the bottom of the pan. Sweeter to our eyes than to a woman the sight of her first-born, there it lay, glittering, gleaming gold, fine gold, coarse gold, nuggety gold.

"Now, boys, you can whoop it up," said Jim quietly; "for there's many and many a pan like it down there in the drift."

But never a whoop. What was the matter with us? When the fortune we had longed for so eagerly came at last, we did not greet it even with a cheer. Oh, we were painfully silent.

Solemnly we shook hands all round.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Now to weigh it," said the Prodigal. On the tiny pair of scales we turned it out—ninety-five dollars' worth.

Well, it was a good start, and we were all possessed with a frantic eagerness to go down in the drift. I crawled along the tunnel. There, in the face of it, I could see the gold shining, and the longer I looked the more I seemed to see. It was rich, rich. I picked out and barnished a nugget as large as a filbert. There were lots of others like it. It was a strike. The question was: how much was there of it? The halfbreed soon settled our doubts on that score.

"It stands to reason the pay runs between where I first found it and where we've struck it now. That alone means a tidy stake for each of us. Say, boys, if you were to cover all that distance with twenty-dollar gold-pieces six feet wide, and packed edge to edge, I wouldn't take them for our interest in that bit of ground. I see a fine big ranch in Manitoba for my share; ay, and hired help to run it. The only thing that sticks in my gullet is that fifty per cent. to the company."

"Well, we can't kick," I said; "we'd never have got the lay if they'd had a hunch. My! won't they be sore."

Sure enough, in a few days, the news leaked out, and the manager came post-haste.

"Hear you've struck it rich, boys."

"So rich that I guess we'll have to pack down gravel from the benches to mix in before we can sluice it," said the Prodigal.

"You don't say. Well, I'll have a man on the ground to look after our interests."

"All right. It means a good thing for you."

"Yes, but it would have meant a better if we had worked it ourselves. However, you boys deserve your luck. Hello, the devil—"

He turned round and saw the halfbreed. He gave a long whistle and went away, looking pensive.

* * * * *

It was the night of the discovery when the Prodigal made us an address.

"Look here, boys: do you know what this means? It means victory; it means freedom, happiness, the things we want, the life we love. To me it means travel, New York, Paris, evening dress, the opera. To McCrimmon here it means his farm. Each according to his notion, it means the 'Things That Matter'."

"Now, we've just begun. The hardest part is to come, is to get out the fortune that's right under our feet. We're going to get every cent of it, boys. There's a little over three months to do it in, leaving about a month to make sluice-boxes and clean up the dirt. Now we've got to work like men at a burning barn. We've worked hard, but we've got to go some yet. For my part, I'm willing to do stunts that will make my previous record look like a plugged dime. I guess you boys all feel the same way."

"You bet we do."

"Well, nut nod; let's get busy."

So, once more, with redoubled energy, we resumed our tense, unremitting round of toil. Now, however, it was vastly different. Every bucket of dirt meant money in our pockets, every stroke of the pick a dollar. Not that it was all like the first rich pocket we had struck. It proved a most erratic and puzzling paystreak—one day rich beyond our dreams, another too poor to pay for the panning. We swung on a pendulum of hope and despair. Perhaps this made it all the more exciting,

and stimulated us unaturally, and always we cursed that primitive method of mining that made every bucket of dirt the net result of infinite labor.

Every day our two dumps increased in size (for we had struck pay on the other shaft) and every day our assurance and elation increased correspondingly. It was bruited around that we had one of the richest bits of ground in the country, and many came to gaze at us. It used to lighten my labors at the windlass to see their looks of envy and to hear their awe-stricken remarks.

"That's one of them," they would say; "one of the lucky four, the lucky laymen."

So, as the facts, grossly exaggerated, got noised abroad, they came to call us the "Lucky Laymen."

Looking back, there will always seem to me something weird and incomprehensible in those twilight days, an unreal, a vagueness like some dreamy, feverish dream. For three months I did not see my face in a mirror. Not that I wanted to, but I mention this just to show how little we thought of ourselves.

In like manner, never did I have a moment's time to regard my inner self in the mirror of consciousness. No mental analysis now; no long hours of retrospection, no tele-a-tete interviews with my soul. At times I felt as if I had lost my identity. The gold-lust had dispossessed me of myself. I was a slave of the genii Gold, releasing it from its prison in the frozen bowels of the earth. I was an automaton turning a crank in the frozen stillness of the long, long night.

It was a life despotically objective, and now, as I look back, it seems as if I had never lived it at all. I seem to look down a long, dark tunnel and see a little machine-man bearing my semblance, patiently, steadily, wearily turning the handle of the windlass in the clear lincinating cold of those sunless, silent days.

I say "bearing my outward semblance," and yet I sometimes wonder if that rough-bearded figure in heavy woolen clothes looked the least like me. I wore heavy sweaters, mackinaw trousers, thick German socks and moccasins. From frequent freezing my cheeks were corroded. I was miserably thin, and my eyes had a wild, staring expression through the pupils

dilating in the long darkness. Yes, mentally and physically I was no more like myself than a convict enduring out his life in the soulless routine of a prison.

The days were lengthening unrelentingly. We noted the fact with dull joy. It meant more light, more time, more dirt in the dump. So it came about that, from ten hours of toil, we went to twelve, to fourteen; then, later, to sixteen, and the tension of it was wearing us down to skin and bone.

We were all feeling wretched, overstrained, ill-nourished, and it was only voicing the general sentiment when, one day, the Prodigal remarked:

"I guess I'll have to let up for a couple of days. My teeth are all on the ham. I'm going to town to see a dentist."

"Let me look at those," said the half-breed.

He looked. The gums were swollen, unwholesome-looking.

"Why, it's a touch of scurvy, lad; a little while, and you'd be spitting out your teeth like orange pits; your legs would turn black, and when you squeezed your fingers into the flesh the hole would stay. You'd get rotten, then you'd mortify and die. But it's the easiest thing in the world to cure. Nothing responds to treatment so readily."

He made a huge brew of green-spruce tea, of which we all partook, and in a few days the Prodigal was fit again.

It was mid-March when we finished working out our ground. We had done well. Not so well, perhaps, as we had hoped for, but still magnificently well. Never had men worked harder, never fought more desperately for success. There were our two dumps, pyramids of gold-permeated dirt of whose value we could only guess. We had wrested our treasure from the icy grip of the eternal frost. Now it remained — and O, the sweetness of it — to glean the harvest of our toil.

CHAPTER XIX

"The water's beginning to run, boys," said the half-breed. "A few more days and we'll be able to start sluicing."

The news was like a flood of sunshine to us. For days we had been fixing up the boxes and getting everything in readiness. The men bent strongly on the snow,

which almost visibly seemed to retreat before it. The dazzling white surface was crisp and flaky, and around the tree boles curving hollows had formed. Here and there brown earth peered nakedly through. Every day the hillside runnels grew in strength.

We were working at the mouth of a creek down which ran a copious little stream all through the spring-time. We tapped it some distance above us, and ran part of it down our long line of sluice-boxes. These boxes went between our two dumps, so that it was easy to shovel in from both sides. Nothing could have been more convenient.

At last, after a day of hot sunshine, we found quite a freshet of water coming down the boxes, leaping and dancing in the morning light. I remember how I threw in the first shovelful of dirt, and how good it was to see the bright stream discolour as our friend the water began his magic work. For three days we shovelled in, and on the fourth we made a clean-up.

"I guess it's time," said Jim, "or those rifles will be getting choked up."

And, sure enough, when we ran off the water, there were some of them almost full of the yellow metal, wet and shiny, gloriously aglow in the morning light.

"There's ten thousand dollars if there's an ounce," said the company's man, and the weigh-up proved he was right. So the gold was packed in two long huckaback boxes and sent into town to be deposited in the bank.

Day after day we went on shovelling in, and about twice a week we made a clean-up. The month of May was half over when we had only a third of our dirt run through the boxes. We were terribly afraid of the water falling us, and worked harder than ever. Indeed, it was difficult to tell when to leave off. The nights were never dark now; the daylight was over twenty hours in duration. The sun described an ellipse, rising a little east of north and setting a little west of north. We shovelled in till we were too exhausted to lift another ounce. Then we lay down in our clothes and slept as soon as we touched the pillow.

"There's eighty thousand on our credit in the bank, and only a third of our

dump's gone. Hoorsay, boys!" said the Prodigal.

About one o'clock in the morning the birds began to sing, and the sunset glow had not faded from the sky ere the sunrise quickened it with life once more. Who that has lived in the North will ever forget the charms, the witchery of those midnight skies, where the fires of the sun are banked and never cold. Surely long after all else is forgotten will linger the memory of those mystic nights with all their haunting spell of weird, disconsolate solitude.

One afternoon I was working on the dump, intent on shovelling in as much dirt as possible before supper, when, on looking up, who should greet me but Locasto. Since our last interview in town I had not seen him, and, somehow, this sudden sight of him came as a kind of a shock. Yet the manner of the man as he approached me was hearty in the extreme. He held out his great hand to me, and as I had no desire to antagonize him, I gave him my own.

He was riding. His big, handsome face was bronzed, his black eyes clear and sparkling, his white teeth gleamed like mammoth ivory. He certainly was a dashing, dominant figure of a man, and, in spite of myself, I admired him.

His manner in his salutation was cordial, even winning.

"I've just been visiting some of my creek properties," he said. "I heard you fellows had made a good strike, and I thought I'd come down and congratulate you. It is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "not quite so good as we expected, but we'll all have a tidy sum."

"I'm glad. Well, I suppose you'll go outside this fall."

"No, I think I'll stay in. You see, we've the Gold Hill property, which looks promising; and then we have two claims on Ophir."

"Oh, Ophir. Well, I don't think you'll ever take a fortune out of Ophir. I bought a claim there the other day. The men peddled me, so I gave him five thousand for it, just to get rid of him. It's right below."

"Why," I said, "that's the claim I staked and got beaten out of."

"You don't say so. Well, now that's too bad. I thought it from a man named

Spankiller; his brother's a clerk in the gold office. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have it for the five thousand I gave for it."

"No," I said, "I don't think I want it now."

"All right; think it over, anyway. If you should change your mind, let me know. Well, I must go. I've got to get into town to-night. That's my mule-train back there on the trail. I've got pretty nearly ten thousand ounces over there."

I looked and saw the mules with the gold-packs slung over their backs. There were four men to guard them, and it seemed to me that in one of these men I saw the little wizened figure of the Worm.

I shivered.

"Yes, I've done pretty well," he continued; "but it don't make any difference. I spend it as fast as I get it. A month ago I didn't have enough ready cash to pay my cigar bill, yet I could have gone to the bank and borrowed a hundred thousand. It was there in the dump. Oh, it's a rum business this mining. Well, goodbye."

He was turning to go when, suddenly, he stopped.

"Oh, by the way, I saw a friend of yours before I left. No need to mention names, you lucky dog. When's the big thing coming off? Well, I must congratulate you again. She looks sweeter than ever. By-by."

He was off, leaving a very sinister impression on my mind. In his parting smile there was a trace of mockery that gravely disquieted me. I had thought much of Berna during the past few months, but as the gold fever took hold of me I put her more and more from my mind. I told myself that all this struggle was for her. In the thought that she was safe I calmed all anxious fear. Sometimes by not thinking so much of dear ones, one can be more thoughtful of them. So it was with me. I knew that all my concentration of effort was for her sake, and would bring her nearer to me. Yet at Locasto's words all my old longing and heartache vehemently resurged.

In spite of myself, I was the prey of a growing uneasiness. Things seemed vastly different, now success had come to me. I could not bear to think of her working

in that ambiguous restaurant, rubbing shoulders with its unspeakable habitués. I wondered how I had ever desisted myself into thinking it was all right. I began to worry, so that I knew only a trip into Dawson would satisfy me. Accordingly, I hired a big Swede to take my place at the shovel, and set out once more on the hillside trail for town.

CHAPTER XX

I found the town more animated than ever, the streets more populous, the gaiety more unrestrained. Everywhere were flaunting signs of a plethoric wealth. The anxious Cheechako had vanished from the scene, and the victorious miner masqueraded in his place. He swaggered along in the glow of the spring sunshine, a picture of perfect manhood, bronzed and lean and muscular. He was brimming over with the exuberance of health. He had come into town to "live" things, to transmute this yellow dust into happiness, to taste the wine of life, to know the lips of flame.

It was the day of the Man with the Pike. He was King. The sheer animalism of him overflowed in midnight roisterings, in bacchanalian revels, in debauches among the human debris of the tenderloin.

Every one was waiting for him, to fleece him, rob him, strip him. It was also the day of the man behind the bar, of the gambler, of the bary.

My strange, formless fears for Berna were soon set at rest. She was awaiting me. She looked better than I had ever seen her, and she welcomed me with an eager delight that kindled me to rapture.

"Just think of it," she said, "only two weeks, and we'll be together for always. It seems too good to be true. Oh, my dear, how can I ever love you enough? How happy we are going to be, aren't we?"

"We're going to be happier than any two people ever were before," I assured her.

We crossed the Yukon to the green glades of North Dawson, and there, on a little rise, we sat down, side by side. How I wish I could put into words the joy that filled my heart. Never was love so happy as I. I spoke but little, for love's silences are sweeter than all words. Well, well, I mind me how she looked: just like a

picture, her hands clasped on her lap, her eyes star-bright, angel-sweet, mother-tender. From time to time she would give me a glance so full of trust and love my heart would leap to her, and wave on wave of passionate tenderness come sweeping over me.

It may be there was something humble in my stilted adoration; it may be I was like a child for the pleasure of her nearness; it may be my eyes told all too well of the fire that burned within me, but O, the girl was kind, gentler than forgiveness, sweeter than all heaven. Carelessly she touched my hair. I kissed her fingers, kissed them again and again; and then she lifted my hand to her lips, and I felt her kiss fall upon it. How wondrously I tingled at the touch. My hand seemed mine no longer—a consecrated thing. Proud, happy me!

"Yes," she went on, "doesn't it seem as if we were dreaming? You know, I always thought it was a dream, and now it's coming true. You'll take me away from this place, won't you, boy?—far, far away from this hideous life. I'll tell you now, dear, I've borne it all for your sake, but I don't think I could bear it any longer. I would rather die than sink in the mire, and yet you can't imagine how this life affects me. It's sad, sad, but I don't get shocked at things in the way I used to. You know, I sometimes think a girl, no matter how good, sweet, modest to begin with, placed in such surroundings could fall gradually."

I agreed with her. Too well I knew I was becoming calloused to the evils around me. Such was the insidious corruption of the gold-camp. I now regarded with indifference things, when a year ago I would have shrunk from with disgust.

"Well, it will be all over very soon, won't it dear? I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the rough miners. They've been so kind to me. When they saw I was straight and honest they couldn't be good enough. They shielded me in every way, and kept back the other kind of men. Even the women have been my friends and helped me."

She looked at me archly.

"And, you know, I've had over so many offers of marriage, too, from honest,

rough, kindly men — and I've refused them ever so gracefully."

"Has Locasto ever made any more overtures?"

Her face grew grave.

"Yes, about a month ago he besieged me, gave me no rest, made all kinds of proposals and promises. He wanted to divorce his 'outside' wife and marry me. He wanted to settle a hundred thousand dollars on me. He tried everything in his power to force me to his will. Then, when he saw it was no use, he turned round and begged me to let him be my friend. He spoke so nicely of you. He said he would help us in any way he could. He's everything that's kind to me now. He can't do enough for me. Yet, somehow, I don't trust him."

"Well, my precious," I said, "all danger, doubt, despair, will soon be over. Locasto and the rest of them will be as shadows, never to haunt my little girl again. The Great, Black North will fade away, will dissolve into the land of sunshine and flowers and song. You will forget it."

"The Great Black North.—I will never forget it, and I will always bless it. It has given me my love, the best love in all the world."

"O, my darling, my Life, I'll take you away from it all soon, soon. We'll go to my home, to Garry, to Mother. They will love you as I love you."

"I'm sure I will love them. What you have told me of them makes them seem very real to me. Will you not be ashamed of me?"

"I will be proud, proud of you, my girl."

Ah, would I not? I looked at that flower-like face the sunshine glorified so, the pretty, bright hair falling away from her low brow in little waves, the silv'ry throat, the delicately patrician features, the proud poise of her head. Who would not have been proud of her? She evoked all that was divine in me. I looked as one might look on a vision, scarce able to believe it real.

Suddenly she pointed excitedly.

"Look, dear, look at the rainbow. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it beautiful?"

I gazed in rapt admiration. Across the river a shower had fallen, and the clouds, clearing away abruptly, had left there a

double rainbow of matchless perfection. Its twin arch was poised as accurately over the town as if it had been painted there. Each hoop was flawless in form, lovely in hue, tenderly luminous, exquisite in purity. Never had I seen the double iris so immaculate in coloring, and, with its bases resting on the river, it curved over the gold-born city like a frame of ethereal beauty.

"Does it not seem, dear, like an answer to our prayer, an omen of good hope, a promise for the future?"

"Yes, beloved, our future, yours and mine. The clouds are rolling away. All is bright with sunshine once again, and God sends his rainbow to cheer and comfort us. It will not be long now. On the first day of June, beloved, I will come to you, and we will be made man and wife. You will be waiting for me, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, waiting ever so eagerly, my lover, counting every hour, every minute."

I kissed her passionately, and we held each other tightly for a moment. I saw once into her eyes that look which comes but once into the eyes of a maid, that look of ineffable self-surrender, of passionate abandonment. Life is nigh, and such moments, yet can our lives be summed up in them.

She rested her head on my shoulder; her lips lay on mine, and they moved faintly.

"Yes, lover, yes, the first of June. Don't fail me, honey, don't fail me."

We parted buoyant with hope, in an ecstasy of love. Yes, she was for me, this beautiful, tender girl, for me. And the time was nigh when she should be mine, mine to adore until the end. Always, would she be by my side; daily could I plot and plan to give her pleasure; every hour by word and look and act could I lavish on her the exhaustless measure of my love. Ah! life would be too short for me. Could night in this petty purblind existence of ours redeem it and exalt it so: her love, this pure sweet girl, and mine. Let nations crumble, let Mammon triumph, let pestilence o'erwhelm: what matter, we love, we love, O proud, happy me!

I got back to the clinic. Everything was going merrily, but I felt little desire to resume my toil. I was strangely tired, wearied, worn out somehow. Yet I took up my shovel again with a body that rebelled in every tissue. Never had I felt like this before. Something was wrong with me. I was weak. At night I sweated greedily. I cared not to rest.

I went down to the Forks to buy some kind of a tonic. In Dawson they used to say: "Well, this town of ours has got everything that ever was beaten for liveliness; but if you want to see real high life, go to the Forks. It's the limit."

And surely that little town at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado was exactly the limit. Right in the heart of the treasure valley it was the first of the amazing outlet of dust and gold stream that inundated the larger city. Here was no cruder, more untrammelled, without any redeeming feature of refinement. The sirens of San Francisco were the harpies of Dawson, and the harpies of Dawson were the harpies of the Forks, demure of the most abandoned type. No men, and with success, crazed with liquor, mad with excitement, and lust, gave themselves up to the wildest orgies. It was a saturnalia of sin. I have seen the wine flowing over the thresholds of doors, sluicing out the gold that was in the sweat of the saloon floor.

That night I saw something I will never forget, something that seemed to me to typify the whole hideous aftermath of the gold greed. I state it starkly and plainly.

It was in the Gold Hill Saloon. The place was crowded with drunken revellers. Gramophones were in full blast, men shouting, women singing. It was hell let loose.

Suddenly there was a vast roar, and every one cleared a space. Then into that fierce ferment of excited revelry there walked a drunken miner, a grey-haired old man. In each hand he held a poke of dust worth maybe about five thousand dollars, and hanging upon each arm was a naked woman. They paraded up and down the floor to the tune of a popular march, amid roars of laughter, hilarious merriment.

To me it has always seemed to sum up the whole situation, that drunken old

miner, the gold dust, the two naked haridians.

"Well," said the Prodigal, "it's all over but the shouting. From my calculations we've cleaned up two hundred and six thousand dollars. That's a hundred and three between us four. It's cost us about three to get out the stuff; so there will be, roughly speaking, about twenty-five thousand for each of us."

How jubilant every one was looking—every one but me. Somehow I felt as if money didn't matter just then, for I was sick, sick, sick.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the Prodigal, staring at me curiously. "You look like a ghost."

"I feel like one, too," I answered. "I'm afraid I'm in for a bad spell. I want to lie down awhile, boys . . . I'm tired."

The first of June, I've got a date on the first of June. I must keep it. I must . . . Don't let me sleep too long, boys. I mustn't fail. It's a matter of life and death. The first of June . . .

Alas, on the first of June I lay in the hospital, raving and tossing in the clutches of typhoid fever.

CHAPTER XXI

I was lying in bed, and a heavy weight was pressing on me, so that, in spite of my struggles, I could not move. I was hot, insufferably hot. The blood ran boiling through my veins. My flesh was burning up. My brain would not work. It was all cobwebs, murky and stale as a charnel-house. Yet at times were strange illuminations, full of terror and despair. Blood-red lights and purple shadows alternated in my vision. Then came the dreams.

There was always Berna. Through a mass of grinning, greed-contorted faces gradually there formed and lingered her sweet and pensive one. We were in a strange costume, she and I. It seemed like that of the early Georges. We were running away, fleeing from some one, I thought. For her sake a great fear and anxiety possessed me. We were eloping, I fancied.

There was a marsh to cross, a hideous quagmire, and our pursuers were close. We started over the quaking ground,

then, suddenly, I saw her sink. I rushed to aid her, and I, too, sank. We were to our necks in the soft ooze, and there on the bank, watching us, was the foremost of our hunters. He laughed at our struggles; he mocked us; he rejoiced to see us drown. And in my dream the face of the man seemed strangely like Locasto.

We were in a bower of roses, she and I. It was still further back in history. We seemed to be in the garden of a palace. I was in doublet and hose, and she wore a long, flowing kirtle. The air was full of fragrance and sunshine. Birds were singing. A fountain scattered a shower of glittering diamonds on the breeze. She was sitting on the grass, while I reclined by her side, my head lying on her lap. Above me I could see her face like a lily bending over me. With dainty fingers she crumpled a rose and let the petals snow down on me.

Then suddenly, I was seized, torn away from her by a man in black, who roughly choked her screams. I was dragged off, thrown into a foul cell, left many days. Then, one night, I was dragged forth and brought before a grim tribunal in a hall of gloom and horror. They pronounced my doom—Death. The chief Inquisitor raised his mask, and in those gleaming features I recognized—Locasto.

Again it seemed as if I were still further back in history in some city under the Roman rule. I was returning from the Temple with my bride. How fair and fresh and beautiful she was, garlanded with flowers and radiantly happy. Again it was Berna.

Suddenly there are shouts, the beating of drums, the clash of cymbals. The great Governor of the Province is coming. He passes with his retinue. Suddenly he catches sight of her whom I have but newly wed. He stops. He asks who is the maid. They tell him. He looks at me with haughty contempt. He gives a sign. His servants seize her and drag her screaming away. I try to follow, to kill him. I, too, am seized, overpowered. They bind me, put out my eyes. The Roman sees them do it. He laughs as the red-hot iron kisses my eye-lids. He

mocks me, telling me what a dainty feast awaits him in my bride. Again I see Locasto.

Then came another phase of my delirium, in which I struggled to get to her. She was waiting for me, wanting me, breaking her heart at my delay. O, Berna, my soul, my life, since the beginning of things we were fated. 'Tis no flesh love, but something deeper, something that has its source at the very core of being. It is not for your sweet face, your gentle spirit, my love, that you are dearer to me than all else: it is because—you are you. If all the world were to turn against you, flout you, stone you, then would I rush to your side, shield you, die with you. If you were attainted with leprosy, I would enter the leproshouse for your sake.

"O Berna, I must see you, I must, I must. Let me go to her . . . Now dear! She's calling me . . . She's in trouble. Oh, for the love of God, let me go . . . let me go, I say. Damn you, I will. She's in trouble. You can't hold me. I'm stronger than you all when she calls . . . Let me . . . let me. . . Oh, oh, oh . . . you're hurting me so I'm weak, yes, weak as a baby. . . Berna, my child, my poor little girl, I can do nothing. There's a mountain weighing me down. There's a slab of gold on my chest. They're burning me up. My veins are on fire. I can't come. . . I can't, dear. . . I'm tired."

Then the fever, the ravings, the wild thrashing of my pillow, all passed away, and I was left limp, weak, helpless, resigned to my fate.

I was on the sunny slope of convalescence. The Prodigal had remained with me as long as I was in danger, but now that I had turned the corner, he had gone back to the creeks, so that I was left alone with only my thoughts for company. As I turned and twisted on my narrow cot it seemed as if the time would never pass. All I wanted was to get better fast, and to get out again. Then, I thought, I would marry Berna and go "outside." I was sick of the country, of everything.

As I was lying thinking over these things, I became conscious that the man in the cot to the right was trying to sit

tract my attention. He had been brought in that very morning, said to have been kicked by a horse. One of his ribs was broken, and his face was badly smashed. He was in great pain, but quite conscious, and he was making stealthy motions to me.

"Say, mate," he said, "I piped you off soon's I set my lamps on you. Don't you know me?"

I looked at the bandaged face wonderingly.

"Don't you spot de man dat near let youse down de shaft?"

Then, with a great start, I saw it was the Worm.

"Taint no horse done me up," he said in a hoarse whisper; "twas a man. You know de man, de worst devil in all Alaska, Black Jack. Bad luck to him! He knocked me down and gave me de leather. But I'm goin' to get even some day. I'm just laying for him. I wouldn't be in his shoes for de richest claim in de Klondike."

The man's eyes glittered vengefully from beneath the white bandages.

"Twas all on account of de little girl he done it. You know de girl I mean. Black Jack's dead stuck on her, an' de farder she stands him off, de more set he is to get her. Youse don't know dat man. He's never had de 'treat'."

"Tell me what's de matter, but don't say."

"Well, when youse didn't come, de little girl she got worried. I used to be de choir choron de restaurant, an' she asks me to take a note up to you. So I said I would. But I got on a drunk dat day, and for a week after I didn't draw a sober breath. When I gets around again I told her I'd seen you and' given you de note an' you was comin' in right away."

"Heaven forgive you for that," I said.

"Yep, dat's what I say now. But it's all too late. Well, a week went on an' you never showed up, an' meantime Locato was pesterin' her cruel. She got mighty peaked like, pale as a ghost, an' I could see she cried most all her nights. Den she gives me anudder note. She gives me a hundred dollars to take dat note to you. I said she could lay on me de time. I was de hurry-up kid, an' I starts off. But Black Jack must have cottoned on, for he meets me back

of de town and takes me wid takin' a message. Den he sets on me like a wild beast and does me up good and proper. But I'll fix him yet."

"Where are the notes?" I cried.

"In de pocket of me coat. Tell de nurse to fetch in me clothes, an' I'll give dem to youse."

The nurse brought the clothes, but the little man was too sore to move.

"Feel in de inside pocket."

There were the notes, folded very small, and written in pencil. There was a strange faintness at my heart, and my fingers trembled as I opened them. Fear, fear was clutching me, compressing me in an agonizing grip.

Here was the first.

"MY DARLING BOY: Why didn't you come? I was all ready for you. O, it was such a terrible disappointment. I've cried myself to sleep every night since. Has anything happened to you, dear? For Heaven's sake write or send a message. I can't bear the suspense."

"Your loving
BERNA."

Blankly, dully, almost mechanically, I read the second.

"O, come, my dear, at once. I'm in serious danger. He's grown desperate. Swears if he can't get me by fair means he'll have me by foul. I'm terribly afraid. Why ain't you here to protect me? Why have you failed me? O, my darling, have pity on your poor little girl. Come quickly before it is too late."

It was unsigned.

Heavens! I must go to her at once. I was well enough. I was all right again. Why would they not let me go to her? I would crawl on my hands and knees if need be. I was strong, so strong now. Ah! there were the Worm's clothes. It was after midnight. The nurse had just finished her rounds. All was quiet in the ward.

Dizzily I rose and slipped into the frayed and greasy garments. There were the hospital slippers. I must wear them. Never mind a hat.

I was out in the street. I shuffled along, and people stared at me, but no one delayed me. I was at the restaurant now. She wasn't there. Ah! the cabin on the hill.

I was weaker than I had thought. Once or twice in a half-fainting condition I stopped and steadied myself by holding a sapling tree. Then the awful thought of her danger possessed me, and gave me fresh strength. Many times I stumbled, cutting myself on the sharp boulders. Once I lay for a long time half-unconscious, wondering if ever I would be able to rise. I reeled like a drunken man. The way seemed endless, yet stumbling, staggering on, there was the cabin at last.

A light was burning in the front room. Some one was at home at all events. Only a few steps more, yet once again I fell. I remember striking my face against a sharp rock. Then, on my hands and knees, I crawled to the door.

I raised myself and hammered with clenched fists. There was silence within, then an agitated movement. I knocked again. I wondered if the door was ever going to be opened, but at last it was, with a suddenness that precipitated me inside the room.

The madam was standing over me where I had fallen. At sight of me she screamed. Surprise, fear, rage, struggled for mastery on her face. "It's him," she cried, "him." Peering over her shoulder, with ahy, horrified face, I saw her trembling husband.

"Berns," I gasped hoarsely. "Where is she? I want Berna. What are you doing to her, you devils? Give her to me. She's mine, my promised bride. Let me go to her, I say."

The woman barred the way. Suddenly, from the darkness of the inner room, I saw a face, the fiendish rage-distorted face of my dreams. It was Locato.

Then all at once I realized that the air was heavy with a strange odor, the odor of chloroform, and at the same instant

I heard a low moan of agony.

Merciful Christ! what were they doing to her? What horrible thing was happening? Frenzied with fear, I rushed forward.

Then the Amazon roused herself. With a cry of rage she struck me. Savagely both of them came for me. I struggled, I fought; but, weak as I was, they carried me before them and threw me from the door. I heard the lock shoot; I was outside; I was impotent. Yet behind those log walls I knew a ghastly outrage was being done to the one I loved best on earth. Oh, it was horrible! horrible! Could such things be in God's world? And I could do nothing.

I was stronger once more. I ran round to the back of the cabin. She was in there, I knew. I rushed at the window and threw myself against it. The storm frame had not been taken off. Crash! I burst through both sheets of glass. I was cruelly cut, bleeding in a dozen places, yet I was half into the room.

There, in the dirty, drab light, I could see a little limp, unconscious figure lying on the bed, and, standing by her, Locato.

He turned at the crash. He saw me. His face was devilish in its rage. With a curse he came at me. Then, as I hung half in, half out of the window, he clutched my throat. Using all his strength, he raised me further into the room, then he hurled me ruthlessly out onto the rocks outside.

I rose, reeling, covered with blood, blind, sick, speechless. Weakly I staggered to the window. My strength was leaving me. "O God, sustain me! Help me to save her."

Then I felt the world go blank. I swayed; I clutched at the walls; I fell.

There I lay in a ghastly, unconscious heap.

I had lost! I had lost!

(To Be Continued.)



The Assassin in the House

By

Roden Kingsmill

ONE of the last acts of Earl Grey as Governor-General was to warn the Canadian people against the ravages of the fly. Not the black fly, or the deer fly, although Lord Grey probably had some personal experience of what these blood-suckers can do, when he was on his fifteen hundred mile canoe trip through the Hudson Bay County last year. His Excellency referred to the common house fly—*musca domestica*—as the flyologist call him. Health Officers Hastings, of Toronto, and Laberge, of Montreal, agree with Earl Grey and Moses—who must have had some realization of the danger from flies, for he witnessed their dreadful ravages among the Egyptians at the time of the captivity of the Israelites. But probably even before, and certainly many times since, have thinking people suspected the malevolence of this plague. It was not until very recent years, however, that specific evidence has been gathered which has convicted the fly of guilt beyond a doubt, and only during his recent trial have the extent and enormity of his crimes been established.

The chief specialties of the fly are now known to be the transmission of intestinal diseases, typhoid fever, cholera and diarrhoea. It has also been pointed out in recent studies by the Local Government Board of London that he may very possibly carry tuberculosis, anthrax, diphtheria, glandular, smallpox, streptococcus infection, swine fever, tropical sore, and the eggs of parasitic worms.

Hence, the vigorous campaign now being carried on against the house-fly by civic associations and health boards throughout the country. In many cities placards have been posted warning the people in terse text and graphic pictures

of the danger from flies, and giving rules for protection against them; lectures on the subjects are also being widely given, and even that new popular fad, the morning picture show, has been brought into service to educate the public to the dangers of the *musca domestica*, as the house-fly is scientifically termed, or, as Dr. L. O. Howard has aptly named it, the "typhoid fly." Over 98 per cent. of the flies that visit our homes and surroundings belong to this dangerous species.

MILLIONS OF BACTERIA ON A SINGLE FLY.
The form and character of the fly's body is particularly adapted for carrying the infectious material, and as it breeds in fecal matter almost exclusively and at the rate of thousands of each individual fly, the consequent facility for the spread of disease-breeding germs is apparent.

To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried, analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South Street, New York, last summer, was found to be carrying in his mouth and on his legs over one hundred thousand (100,000) fecal bacteria.

In fact, it has been shown that the number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from 250 to 6,600,000. This fact becomes even more startling when one considers how rapidly this insect multiplies. It is estimated that one fly laying 120 eggs at a time, will have a progeny amounting up to the sextillions at the end of the season.

More to be feared is the common house-fly. This so-called harmless insect is one of the chief sources of infection, which in New York City causes annually about 650

deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other intestinal diseases. The statistics in cities show a marked rise in the number of deaths from typhoid fever and intestinal diseases during the fly season.

In cities where flies are the chief cause of intestinal epidemics, the other seasons of the year show comparative freedom from the disease, while in cities where water and milk epidemics exist, these epidemics may occur at any season of the year. The milk epidemic, however, often takes place during fly season because of the infection of milk by flies at the farm or in the local milk depots.

The danger to health is greatest in parts of the city where sanitary precautions are most neglected, but even if you live in a comparatively well-cared-for part of town do not receive the fly into your home as a harmless visitor, for he may come in a carriage or on horseback from the filthiest spot in the city.

Hitherto the fly has been regarded complacently as a harmless nuisance and considered to be an annoying creature with great persistence and excessive familiarity. REGARDED IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT KNOWLEDGE, THE FLY IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE TIGER OR THE COBRA. Worse than that, he is, at least in our climate, much more to be feared than the mosquito, and may easily be classed, the world over, as the most dangerous animal on earth.

THE DEADLIEST ENEMY OF THE CHILDREN.

The fly which you remove from your milk picher may or may not have had a life history connected with all or any of the diseases named at the beginning of this article; but, depend upon it, he has been wallowing in filth before he took his milk bath. The falling of infected flies into milk on the farms or in the dairies has made possible many a local epidemic of typhoid fever. This same propensity of the fly for milk baths has made the child's "second summer" a thing to be dreaded by all mothers. How few parents realize that were it not for the fly the child's second summer would be no more to be feared than his second winter. The very high death rate of children from diarrheal disease abruptly rises and falls

with the prevalence of flies. This great mortality among young children from diarrhoea and enteritis comes a greater decrease in the human span of life than does any other preventable disease.

Governor Grey has aptly said that "our most valuable natural resource is our children." When we consider that the fly is the chief disseminator of the disease to which children are most susceptible, and which heads the list of preventable causes of death, the necessity for a relentless warfare upon the domestic pest is apparent.

It is conservative to estimate that the diseases transmitted through the agency of the house-fly cut short the average span of human life by at least two years. (Insurance companies take notice.) During a generation this means a loss of 170,000,000 human lives, or 4,000,000 lives of the present average length, or a money loss of \$20,000,000,000.

FLIES KILL MORE THAN BULLETS.

Enormous as these figures seem, they are only a part of the story. We have not figured the cost of sickness produced by the flies. The pay of the doctor, the nurse, and the druggist has not been reckoned, nor has the loss of time through illness been considered. The Boer war taught what a powerful agent of death the fly could be when open latrines were accessible to flies; for it has been estimated that out of 2,197 deaths in that war, 1,924 resulted from typhoid fever communicated by flies. The large number of deaths caused by unsanitary conditions in military life has thus led to a more careful study of similar conditions in civil life, resulting in the discovery that accumulations of filth in open city lots, alleys, and about school yards, as well as in exposed country outcrops, are the source of typhoid fever, and of intestinal diseases of children through the agency of the fly. The chief health officer of one of our large southern cities recently informed me that he was satisfied that 90 per cent. of the cases of typhoid fever contracted in his city had been transmitted by flies.

Several specific instances of fly infection have been here-titled where the seat of the infection was an unscrupulous patient or a vacant lot containing infected feces. In such instances the source of infection

was shown by the actual isolation of the *vacillus* of typhoid fever directly from the flies.

HOW MANY FLIES CARRY TYPHOID.

In Montreal, a number of cases of typhoid fever occurred which seemed to radiate from one point. The original case occurred at this point, and the flies were found to be traveling in and out of the open and unscrubbed windows in large numbers. A fly cage was placed in the room and the specific germs of typhoid fever isolated from a number of these flies. There is no question whatever as to the source of the secondary cases, and there is also no question but that further cases might have been prevented had proper screening and disinfection been originally employed.

In New York City over one hundred cases of typhoid fever occurred almost within the limits of one block. This block was a model tenement, with the proper plumbing and up-to-date sanitation, but close to the block were two stables—one in a filthy condition—and two open lots, each at the beginning of the outbreak containing many accumulations of objectionable matter, much of which harbored disease germs. These deposits were swarming with house-flies, and the same flies were going in and out of the tenement house windows and lighting on the exposed foods of adjoining shops.

The attention of the health department was called to the condition of affairs, and it was recommended that all exposed filth in this neighborhood be disinfected continuously until the epidemic had ceased. The department, still believing that the probable source of the epidemic was water or possibly milk, did not disinfect the open lots, so far as could be learned, and the epidemic continued throughout the fly season.

Inasmuch as the milk supplied to this section was the same as in several other sections of the borough where little or no typhoid occurred, and also, inasmuch as the water was from precisely the same source as in the rest of the borough where the conditions were normal, it seems al-

most incredible that any other source of infection than flies could have been even considered. A canvass of the neighborhood showed that the people were all boiling their drinking water, and most of them boiling their milk, but that none of them had been in any way instructed to guard against flies.

The Merchants' Association of New York, in a vigorous campaign against the house-fly, has gathered a large body of convincing testimony from physicians and health boards all over the country, citing specific instances, as to the direct transmission of dangerous diseases by means of house-flies.

HOW TO FIGHT THE FLY.

What are we going to do about it? Are we going to wake up to the fact that all this can and shall be stopped? With a full realization of what it means we should certainly take care of our own nuisances and see that our neighbor does the same.

In hospitals and at homes flies should be kept away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases.

We should abolish open privies and properly dispose of our sewage and other waste products.

Our sanitary inspectors in cities should be instructed first to disinfect and then remove all exposed filth wherever found.

Stable manure should be thoroughly screened or kept in tight, dark receptacles and removed at regular intervals.

Laws should be passed in all provinces, as they have been recently passed in several, requiring the thorough screening of all public kitchens, restaurants and dining-rooms. All food—particularly that which is eaten uncooked, exposed for sale during the fly season—should be screened. The same care should be taken with all the food in the home. Dealers who allow their good products to be exposed to flies should be carefully avoided.

By rigorously following these precautions much can be done toward removing the conditions which breed the house-fly, thus helping materially in the extermination of one of the most dangerous pests in the world.



A WOODLAND VISTA

In an Ancient Wood

By

Jaycy Colby

THE fare is nine-pence from Slough and a shilling from Windsor. The stage-coach, or as they call it in England—the Brake, runs three times a day. Or if you do not wish to spend the time bowling along the Buckinghamshire roads behind homes, you may travel by train to and from Windsor for the very moderate rate of three shillings return. Whichever

means of transportation you may have chosen does not matter. The journey is short in either case and the end of it as beautiful.

I do not mean that you shall have found wonderful old castles or scenery any more beautiful than you may find in a thousand other places in England. Or that you shall find anything more than seventeen



"PUMPKIN HILL."

Greenwell's junction are charged with having rubricated these trees.

hundred acres of famous trees and park, and a little flat place where the poet Gray is buried. Yet, as a Canadian, just to see the gnarled trunks of Burnham Beeches, to wander over the leaf-treen paths and marvel at the names of the inn, is a sufficient reward for the few shillings expended. For, in Canada, which is a land of great trees, we do not know how to respect them; and when we have thousands of square miles of open spaces we are frantic to fall them, quickly, with trucks and motor or imported gangs of citizenship, whereas in crowded England they have enterprise—or need—enough to maintain such places as Burnham Beeches.

But this is not a discussion of public playgrounds.

We came from Windsor by train. It was the poet Gray we sought, for one of us had an affection for him. We knew

that the Beeches at Burnham were closely associated with him and that before one visited Stokes Pogis, where close beside the quiet little country church, Gray lies buried, one would do well to see the great woods in which he may have drawn some inspiration, and in which to this day stands one tree, named in his memory. But a grave in a country that is not your own, among people that do not live just as you do, and containing a shell you have not seen, is not satisfying. One's imagination toils to create the image of the man as he might have looked. One tries to make for it colors and a form that fit in with the atmosphere in which—for the locality cannot have changed much since his death—he lived. But it is a vague work.

It was Sunday when we visited the place. We had hoped to arrive at the little



BURNHAM BEECHES AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

The oldest and best known pleasure ground in "Mosses England."

old church in time for the service, but ere we found it, having walked from the inn, we were too late and heard the drone of the responses going on within. A brown ribbon of path led between the graves to the open church door. The air was full of the droning of bees, drunk with plenty. Here and there butterflies fluttered in zig-zag courses, captive to the promptings of their wayward desires. The very essence of summer was in the atmosphere. Every bird note was a psalm; every living thing an ecstasy. In the very shadow of the Church a young woman was lingering over a grave covered with a sarcophagus-like stone. After peering here and there to see if perhaps we could find Gray's grave unaided, I stepped close to her and asked if she could tell us where the poet Gray was buried.

"Here," she said, simply, indicating the stone beside which she and I were standing.

One could not help but wonder which of his verses had brought her there.

It is not under the stone that Gray is to be found, but throughout the countryside in the neighborhood of Stokes Pogis. I mean that one can better imagine him passing down this stretch of green, walking by this ploughed field, or observing yonder flight of pigeons wheeling home in the evening, than dead. It lies in a part of England where each little way is as nice as the other; where one is intoxicated with the multiplicity of the lanes, and their charm; where clustering red-roofed villages look as though they had lost themselves in the midst of woodland hovers and settled down, despairing ever to find



THE POST GRAY'S BEECH AT BURNHAM BEECHES

their way out again, but quite content. Every Inn has a name and every name its quaint conceit—as for example: "The Elephant and the Castle," "The Jolly Butchers," "God Begot" and "The Little Dustpan."

A sheet known as the "Burnham Beeches Advertiser," contributes not a little interest to the traveller newly arrived. Reading it, one learned, for instance, that Mr. Herbe Sharp is hired by the village corporation to photograph groups in any part of the Beeches; that "Hall and Son" are Family Butchers and Fly Proprietors, with superior close and open carriages which meet all trains, to order; that the "King of Prussia Inn," on the border of the Beeches, lets traps and furnishes cottage apartments; that at "Macroe's" large or small picnic parties can be accommodated and crockery is "lent on hire;" that at "The Tent" sweets, toys and teas are licensed to be sold; and

that visitors to the park who are interested in antique furniture, old China, *Ex Libris* Plates, or rare and curious books would be repaid by a call at the "Old Curiosity Shop."

It would not be fair to the Beeches themselves to attempt to set upon paper a list of their charms. For trees are, after all, no more than wood in a natural state, and a woods is no more than a collection of trees—or so, one might put it—jumbled together upon uneven ground, if possible, so as to get a maximum number of combinations of light and shade, color and distance and so on.

These beeches must have been saplings in the time of Julius Caesar, but they cannot have shown any signs of the enormous growth which was to be theirs later; or if they did, Caesar must have missed seeing them. For could he return to Britain in modern times he would alter his impression that "timber of every kind found in

Gaul grows in Britain except the Beech and silver fir." He cannot have been a careful observer nor a man of accuracies when it came to trees, for the Beech takes kindly to English soil and grows spontaneously in several counties, although in no section does it attain such varied and interesting forms as at Burnham Beeches. Weird likenesses to animals may often be traced upon the crabbled boles of these ancient trees. In the evening, when the light is changing, or in the early morning when the sun first touches the tops of the woods, the forest is no longer forest, but an army of grotesque Giants, some fierce, some benign, some stupid and some like leaders, halted, as though, perhaps, they waited for the light of day, to wake and advance again.

But when the light is higher in the sky the Beeches become again merely a pleas-

ant wood, wherein a poet you admire walked and pondered once. Some of the trees are scarred and misshapen. They are the ones which, according to tradition, Cromwell's soldiers ruthlessly pollarded. Among some of the clusters of trunks are yet to be seen traces of old Roman or Saxon camps. Different generations have left different marks upon the great pleasure ground.

"What I remember," said an Englishwoman, whose birthplace was in the vicinity of the Beeches, "are the donkey rides, the sweet-meat man, and the games of hide and seek we used to have among the tree trunks when we were children."

The sweet-meat vendor and the ice-cream man never goes out of fashion in this old pleasure ground. It is an ideal place for picnics. Thousands of "all



THE LION BEECH

Wild likenesses of animals may often be traced upon the crabbled boles of these old trees.

sorts and conditions' of men, women and children have enjoyed relaxation from toil beneath the green-roofed trees. We found only one man with a grievance. He was a local photographer and his plaint was that the picture-post card business was

ruining him, for the reason that people now obtained ready-made views of the park for next to nothing—and worth next to nothing—while his work, conscientiously done, and really worth having, was in less demand.



WHERE AN OAK AND A BIRCH HAVE JOINED COMPANY

The Sweet-Grass Basket

By Karl von Kraak

I REMEMBER seeing it—the sweet-grass basket—thirty years ago, when first, a little lad, I visited Rose Lady in company with my Mother. And just yesterday I saw it again. Only this time I understood, while on that earlier day my childish heart could only wonder.

Rose Lady she has always been to me, boy and man. Then, she wore roses like early dawn-blush constantly in her bosom or in her graying hair; roses paled and glowed in the creamy texture of her cheeks, for even the hand of fifty years had left none but loving traces there. And, yesterday, Rose Lady, at four-score just passed, still wore her badge of beauty—though this time the roses were white like her heaven-kissed brow, white like the abundant snows of the head now resting on its last pillow.

The little oval basket, diffusing a faint perfume as of something lovely yet undefined, lay on the bureau in Rose Lady's small dressing-room, where she received us intimately that day. I had almost said, "on that far-away day," but as I look back a span of thirty years seems not so long as it seemed then—for Rose Lady had just whispered to my Mother that the sweet-grass basket had been undisturbed from the day she was twenty, and a bride—thirty years ago.

I remember wanting very much to satisfy my curiosity by opening that little basket when the two ladies left the room, but either my rigid training, or something of awe for the glistening eyes of Rose Lady as she had spoken to my Mother, restrained me, for I did not touch it. However, neither of these considerations deterred me from asking quite frankly what it contained.

"Only a little piece of lace, my dear," answered Rose Lady with a smile, which even my boyish nature discerned to be not far removed from tears.

Yesterday my aged Mother told me the rest of the story, as I tell it to you.

Sixty years ago Rose Lady was married. No marvel that the joy in her cheek matched the delicate hue of the roses at her breast, for in the old-fashioned way she had wedded for love. Just above the roses was fastened an exquisite point lace handkerchief, sent as a bridal gift by my Mother, a young wife whose recent happy motherhood made attendance upon King Baby more important even than joyance with her girlhood's friend in her wedding hour.

On the marriage night Rose Lady took from her bosom the creamy film and laid it with her bride roses in the oval sweet-grass basket, whispering only to her own secret ear that there it should rest—against that day when it might be fashioned into a tiny lace cap. Like Mary Madonna, already she pondered these things in her heart.

And so Rose Lady began to live with her beautiful Dream.

When, thirty years later, I as a boy saw the sweet-grass basket lying on the bureau, it still enshrined the yellowish lace. The Baby had wandered off somewhere among the star-fields, and had forgotten to come to the breast all gentled and ready to pillow his downy head; he couldn't have known how Rose Lady's arms ached with the heaviest of all weights—the weight of emptiness; he couldn't have known, because so many babies come even to breasts and arms quite reluctant to receive them.

So the years past, and Rose Lady lived with her beautiful Dream, until at length it would have ceased to be a hope to anyone else, but I think she always knew that the Baby was hers, even when certain at length that she would have to find him herself, off there among the star-fields where he had wandered. But her Dream made her tender to all little children, to whom she became The Mother, and loving to all who bore children, for Rose Lady lived beautifully with her beautiful Dream.

And now, out of the gates of four-scores she has passed to the star-fields—to realize her Dream. At length the sweet-grass basket is empty, for my Mother knew right well that the ancient lace must lay upon Rose Lady's bosom once more as it had lain sixty years ago, so that it may be ready for the little child who had wandered away among the star-fields—for Rose Lady has found him now.

Rules of Health for Automobile Tires

By

Pierre St. Quentin

AMONG the numerous amusing pictures dealing with the subject of motoring, one of the most ludicrous ever published is the one depicting the last remains of a car lying at the edge of a ditch, with the few remaining drops of gasoline in its tank burning out. In the foreground the unlucky chauffeur is seen stretched upon the ground in a most desolate position, studying a book of rules, "Tips to Drivers," and as he turns the pages exclaiming, "Now, let us see what I have to do in this case."

This pathetic scene is not intended, as one might at first suppose, to illustrate the uselessness of books of rules or rules in general. It rather shows the futility of waiting until an accident happens before taking steps to inform oneself of the right thing to do in an emergency. Text books about the automobile and rules for the guidance of motorists should be studied beforehand with a view to the prevention of accidents or breakdowns, rather than after the mischief is done.

Particularly in the case of tires it is advisable for the owner of an automobile to acquire the knowledge which will enable him to take those precautionary measures which will prevent extra wear or the infliction of needless damage. The item of expense alone should convince him of the importance of this. And yet it is reasonably safe to say that the average man knows far more about his engines and the actual running of his car than he does about the care of his tires.

Unlike almost every other accessory to the automobile industry, every part of a tire is hand-made and absolutely no

machinery is used except the frames in which it is cured. The process is an interesting one. First a ply of sea island cotton, frictioned with rubber so that every pore is absolutely filled, is tightly wrapped on a heavy and solid iron core. Over this is wrapped a ply of what is called "skim," made of the best rubber. The object of the "skim" is to have it fill every interstice in the tire when it has been finished and is in process of vulcanization. Under the heat and pressure of this process the "skim" flows and performs its functions. After the first ply of fabric and the first ply of "skim" come alternately other plies of fabric and "skim" to the number of three. Then the bead, the part of the tire which fits under the rim of the wheel, and which is made of hard rubber thoroughly cured, is placed on the core on top of the projecting ends of the three plies of fabric. These are then turned up and over to protect the bottom and side of the bead. Then three more plies of fabric and "skim" are stretched over the tire, lapping over the top and side of the bead, thus protecting it from injury in the rim and securing it firmly to the fabric, cushion and facing of the tire.

The tire is now ready to receive the cushion and the facing which together make the tread or wearing surface. The cushion is placed on top of the last ply of fabric and is made of the very best obtainable quality of rubber, because to a great extent adhesion of the facing is obtained only by this means and the tire's longevity depends upon the right kind of a cushion properly put on. Above this

is placed the tread or facing, a very heavy sock of rubber, calculated in its compounding to withstand the greatest possible shocks and blows. After the tire has received the facing it is put in a mould, and this mould is put between two shelves of a heavy press in which the cure or vulcanization takes place. This requires considerable time under immense steam pressure and heat.

In purchasing a car it is imperative that the tires should be of the proper dimensions. A tire intended for a certain weight of car cannot under any circumstances be used on a car heavier than the weight for which it was intended without giving unnecessary trouble and being a source of expense to the owner. The matter is up to the manufacturer of the car, most people say, but the question of economy sometimes plays a great part in the initial equipment. A manufacturer may save thousands of dollars, and incidentally increase his profits by skimping in his tires. Then when trouble comes the blame instead of being laid at his door is charged up against the maker of the tires. This can only be obviated by insisting on having tires of the proper dimensions fitted to the car in the first place.

A second essential is to see that the tires are correctly inflated. This sounds very simple and obvious, and so it should be. But where is the man yet born who will pump a tire to a hundred pound-pressure per square inch who can get along just as well with eighty pounds, provided it does not cost him anything by so doing? It is a well-known fact that some chauffeurs obtain a commission on tires, and it is to these gentlemen's advantage to underinflate rather than over-inflate the tires. Try as hard as they can, they cannot do the latter with an ordinary hand pump, and the owner is surprised at the persistently large tire bill.

In pumping by hand, the barrel of the pump gradually becomes hot, and allows a great deal of air to pass the plunger instead of going into the tire, owing to the expansion of the metal of which the barrel is made, and the wear on the leather plunger. Then the air which does enter the tire goes in in a heated condition, and as it cools it contracts, reducing the pressure. On the other hand, mechanical

pumping obviates this, and if carbonic acid gas is used it even expands when the tire is running, due to the heat generated by the friction. The man who drives and looks after his own car has only himself to please. Being his own master and having to pay his own bills, it only remains to point out that he will probably get better service from his tires if he resorts to mechanical pumping, thereby reducing his repair bills.

Procrastination in filling up a tire which is beginning to sag is to be shunned. If a tire should happen to blow out or puncture on the road late at night or in a crowded street, it doesn't pay to wait until you reach the garage. It is in just these few blocks that the damage is done that will likely cost the autoist money for repairs that would be otherwise unnecessary. If a handpump is used, a few drops of oil in the barrel occasionally will greatly help the leather to retain a good bearing on the barrel, and will prevent it heating and drying up. Such small things as these appeal to everyone, but how few remember to practise them? The methods employed by some drivers in pumping a tire make the work doubly hard, and the amount of air which finds its way into the tube is generally gauged by their physical endurance rather than by other factors. The plunger must be pushed home to the bottom of the stroke, otherwise only a small quantity of the air will go into the tire, as the pump acts in the same manner as the engine on its compression stroke. The air becomes compressed in the bottom of the barrel and this compression must be higher than that in the tire to overcome the valve; otherwise it is useless to go on pumping to the distraction of nerves.

Defective alignment is another cause of excessive wear in tires. Cars are often seen on the road where either the front or rear wheels are obviously out of true alignment, and one wonders why the owner of the car does not notice it and rectify it. Rear wheels are not so bad as they used to be in this respect, thanks to the solidity of the up-to-date rear axle, with the wheels well supported on long ball-bearing sleeves. But defective front wheels in the matter of alignment are still frequently met with on modern cars. This is often the result of careless driving,

such as running the wheels hard up against a curb. In other cases it is due to the set of the steering arms, which are connected by their tie-bar, being wrong. A small inaccuracy here makes a lot of difference not only in the steering, but also in the wearing of the tires. In taking a curve it will be easily followed that the inner wheel has to describe a smaller circle than the outer one, and it entirely depends on the angle of the steering arms being exactly right whether the wheel will strike its true circle relative to the other wheel or run more or less crabwise; in fact, simply scrape along the ground, instead of progressing with a true rolling motion. As a result the tire shows undue wear. Any defect in the tie-bar as to its length or setting will have the same effect, so that it is certainly worth while having the setting of the steering wheels tested when any undue wear of the tires becomes apparent.

Then as to punctures, the horror of the motorist, not much can be said that is not already known. It is astonishing to see how many drivers there are whose only concern when a puncture occurs is to get on the road again as quickly as possible, and who will in consequence overlook the most important rules. Leaving the work half done is worse than doing nothing at all. If after the tube has been punctured you do not take the simple precaution of minutely examining the cover, if you make no attempt to find and remove the nail or other object which has caused the trouble, you may be quite certain that sooner or late it will bring about another puncture and another and another until it is removed.

Some drivers are under the impression that they have done all that is necessary when they have examined the outside of the tire. But it is more than probable that the trouble has been caused by a headless nail or some other object which has gone right into the tire, leaving no trace of its presence on the outside surface. Accordingly, after the outside of the tire has been examined, the inside should be inspected also. Press the hand over every part of the interior, and don't rest the

cover until you are absolutely certain that the nail is not in the cut.

The use of French chalk as a lubricant between the inner tube and the cover of a tire sometimes leads to trouble. Its use is necessary to prevent the inner tube from adhering to the cover or the rim and becoming torn when being removed; but too much chalk is a bad thing. When too much chalk is applied, it accumulates here and there. During inflation, and while the tire is in motion, these accumulations become very tightly compressed, and the light powder works its way through the canvas and loosens it. A peculiarity about this loosening is that it never occurs on the running portion of the cover, but always just beside it, on the most dangerous place, seeing that when the wheel is in motion, the flexion of the tire is greatest just beside the tread. Another and a more serious result, however, is that the chalk gradually becomes so compressed that it is transformed into a hard mass, the first act of destruction of which is to cut the canvas. The cut edges are stiff and hard, and it will not be long before the inner tube is nipped by them. Even if the chalk is spread with perfect regularity all over the interior of the cover, if the amount applied has been at all excessive, one or other of these troubles will visit the tire.

Non-skid attachments which are not part of the tire are to be avoided. The best is made for the clutch and the clutch for the bend, and anything interposed not only damages the bend, but lets in water and dirt, which ~~soon~~ plays havoc with the tire.

In laying up the car for the winter, the tires should be removed and thoroughly overhauled. All small holes should be cleaned out with gasoline, and dirt and small stones removed with a pointed instrument. If there are any large holes they should be immediately repaired. The tubes should be wiped over with gasoline and slightly inflated and well covered with French chalk. Then insert in the tires, wrap up in cloths and lay them flat on a shelf.

"What You Want"

By

O. Henry

NIGHT had fallen on that great and beautiful city known as Bagdad-on-the-Subway. And with the night came the enchanted glamor that belongs not to Arabia alone. In different masquerade the streets, bazars and walled houses of the occidental city of romance were filled with the same kind of folk that so much interested our interesting old friend, the late Mr. H. A. Rashid. They wore clothes eleven hundred years nearer to the latest styles than H. A. saw in the old Bagdad; but they were about the same people underneath. With the eye of faith, you could have seen the Little Hunchback, Sinkad the Sailor, Fibbed the Tailor, the Beautiful Persian, the one-eyed Calenders, Ali Baba and Forty Robbers on every block, and the Barber and his Six Brothers, and all the old Arabian gang easily.

But let us revenue to our lamb chops. Old Tom Crowley was a caliph. He had \$42,000,000 in preferred stocks and bonds with solid gold edges. In those times, to be called a caliph you must have money. The old-style caliph business as conducted by Mr. Rashid is not safe. If you hold up a person nowadays in a bazaar or a Turkish bath or a side street, and inquire into his private and personal affairs, the police court'll get you.

Old Tom was tired of clubs, theatres, dinners, friends, music, money and everything. That's what makes a caliph—you must get to despise everything that money can buy, and then go out and try to want something that you can't pay for.

"I'll take a little trot around town all by myself," thought old Tom, "and try if I can stir up anything new. Let's see—it seems I've read about a king or a Cardiff giant or something in old times who

used to go about with false whiskers on, making Persian dates with folks he hadn't been introduced to. That don't listen like a bad idea. I certainly have got a case of humdrumness and fatigue on for the ones I do know. That old Cardiff used to pick up cases of trouble as he ran upon 'em and give 'em gold—sequins, I think it was—and make 'em marry or get 'em good Government jobs. Now, I'd like something of that sort. My money is as good as his was even if the magazines do ask me every month where I got it. Yes, I guess I'll do a little Cardiff business to-night, and see how it goes."

Plainly dressed, old Tom Crowley left his Madison Avenue palace, and walked westward and then south. As he stepped to the sidewalk, Fate, who holds the ends of the strings in the central offices of all the enchanted cities, pulled a thread, and a young man twenty blocks away looked at a wall clock, and then put on his coat.

James Turner worked in one of those little hat-cleaning establishments on Sixth Avenue in which a fire alarm rings when you push the door open, and where they clean your hat while you wait—two days. James stood all day at an electric machine that turned hats around faster than the best brands of champagne ever could have done. Overlooking your mild impertinence in feeling a curiosity about the personal appearance of a stranger, I will give you a modified description of him. Weight, 118; complexion, hair and brain, light; height, five feet six; age, about twenty-three; dressed in a \$10 suit of greenish-blue serge; pockets containing two keys and sixty-three cents in change.

Do not misapprehend because this description sounds like a General Alarm that James was either lost or a dead one.

Alfon!

James stood all day at his work. His feet were tender and extremely susceptible to impositions being put upon or below them. All day long they burned and smarted, causing him much suffering and inconvenience. But he was earning twelve dollars per week, which he needed to support his feet whether his feet would support him or not.

James Turner had his own conception of what happiness was, just as you and I have ours. Your delight is to gad about the world in yachts and motor-cars and to hurl ducks at wild fowl. Mine is to smoke a pipe at evening, and watch a badger, a rattlesnake and an owl go into their common prairie home one by one.

James Turner's idea of bliss was different; but it was his. He would go directly to his boarding-house when his day's work was done. After his supper of small steak, Bessmer potatoes, stoned (not stewed) apples and infusion of chicken, he would ascend to his fifth-floor-board hall room. Then he would take off his shoes and socks, place the soles of his burning feet against the cold bars of his iron bed, and read Clark Russell's sea yarns. The delicious relief of the cool metal applied to his smarting soles was his nightly joy. His favorite novels never palled upon him; the sea and the adventures of its navigators were his sole intellectual passion. No millionaire was ever happier than James Turner taking his ease.

When James left the hat-cleaning shop he walked three blocks out of his way home to look over the goods of a second-hand bookstall. On the sidewalk stands he had more than once picked up a paper-covered volume of Clark Russell at half price.

While he was bending with a scholarly stoop over the marked-down miscellany of cast-off literature, old Tom the caliph countered by. His discerning eye, made keen by twenty years' experience in the manufacture of laundry soap (save the wrappers!), recognized instantly the poor and discerning scholar, a worthy object of his philanthropic mood. He descended the two shallow stone steps that led from the sidewalk, and addressed without hesitation the object of his designed munificence. His first words were no worse than salutary and tentative.

James Turner looked up coldly, with "Sartor Resartus" in one hand and "A Mad Marriage" in the other.

"Best it," said he. "I don't want to buy any coat hangers or town lots in Hankipoo, New Jersey. Run along, now, and play with your Teddy bear."

"Young man," said the caliph, ignoring the flippancy of the hat cleaner, "I observe that you are of a studious disposition. Learning is one of the finest things in the world. I never had any of it worth mentioning, but I admire to see it in others. I come from the West, where we imagine nothing but facts. Maybe I couldn't understand the poetry and allusions in them books you are picking over, but I like to see somebody else seem to know what they mean. Now, I'd like to make you a proposition: I'm worth about \$40,000,000, and I'm getting richer every day. I made the height of it manufacturing Aunt Putty's Silver Soap. I invented the art of making it. I experimented for three years before I got just the right quantity of chloride of sodium solution and caustic potash mixture to curdle properly. And after I had taken some \$9,000,000 out of the soap business I made the rest in corn and wheat futures. Now, you seem to have the literary and scholarly turn of character; and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay for your education at the finest college in the world. I'll pay the expense of your ramming over Europe and the art galleries, and finally set you up in a good business. You needn't make it soap if you have any objections. I see by your clothes and frazzled necktie that you are mighty poor; and you can't afford to turn down the offer. Well, when do you want to begin?"

The hat cleaner turned upon old Tom the eye of the Big City, which is an eye expressive of cold and justifiable suspicion, of judgment suspended as high as Human was hung, of self-preservation, of challenge, curiosity, defiance, cynicism, and, strange as you may think it, of a childlike yearning for friendliness and fellowship that must must be hidden when one walks among the "stranger bands." For in New Bagdad one, in order to survive, must suspect whosoever sits, dwells, drinks, rides, walks or sleeps in the adjacent chair, house, booth, seat, path or room.

"Say, Mike," said James Turner, "what's your line, anyway — shoe lanes? I'm not buying anything. You better put an egg in your shoe and beat it before incidents occur to you. You can't work off my fountain pens, gold spectacles you found on the street, or trust company certificate house clearings on me. Say, do I look like I'd climbed down one of them missing fire-escapes at Holborn Hall? What's vitiating you, anyhow?"

"Son," said the caliph, in his most Harounish tones, "as I said, I'm worth \$40,000,000. I don't want to have it all out in my coffin when I die. I want to do some good with it. I seen you handling over these here volumes of literature, and I thought I'd keep you. I've give the missionary societies \$2,000,000, but what did I get out of it? Nothing but a receipt from the secretary. Now, you are just the kind of young man I'd like to take up and see what money could make of him."

Volumes of Clark Russell were hard to find that evening at the Old Book Shop. And James Turner's snarling and aching feet did not tend to improve his temper. Humble but cleaner though he was, he had a spirit equal to any caliph's.

"Say, you old faker," he said angrily, "be on your way. I don't know what your game is, unless you want change for a bogus \$40,000,000 bill. Well, I don't carry that much around with me. But I do carry a pretty fair left-handed punch that you'll get if you don't move on."

"You are a blamed impudent little gutter pup," said the caliph.

Then James delivered his self-praised punch: old Tom seized him by the collar and kicked him thrice; the hat cleaner ruffled and clanked; two bookbinders were returned, and the books sent flying. A cop came up took an arm of each, and

marched them to the nearest station house. "Fighting and disorderly conduct," said the cop to the sergeant.

"Three hundred dollars bail," said the sergeant at once, asserverating and inquiringly.

"Sixty-three cents," said James Turner with a harsh laugh.

The caliph searched his pockets and collected small bills and change amounting to four dollars.

"I am worth," he said, "forty million dollars, but——"

"Lock 'em up," ordered the sergeant.

In his cell, James Turner laid himself on his cot, ruminating. "Maybe he's got the money, and maybe he ain't. But if he has or he ain't, what does he want to go round butting into other folks's business for? When a man knows what he wants, and can get it, it's the same as \$40,000,000 to him."

Then an idea came to him that brought a pensive look to his face.

He removed his socks, drew his cot close to the door, stretched himself out luxuriously, and placed his tortured feet against the cold bars of the cell door. Something hard and bulky under the blankets of his cot gave one shoulder discomfort. He reached under, and drew out a paper-covered volume by Clark Russell called "A Sailor's Sweetheart." He gave a great sigh of contentment.

Presently to his cell came the doorman and said:

"Say, kid, that old gambler that we pinched with you for scrapping seems to have been the goods after all. He 'phoned to his friends, and he's out at the desk now with a roll of yellowbacks as big as a Pullman car pillow. He wants to bail you, and for you to come out and see him."

"Tell him I ain't in," said James Turner.



ERECTING SALMON RIVER VIADUCT
(This is the biggest bridge on the N.E.R., exclusive of the Quebec bridge.)

Building Bridges on the G.T.P.

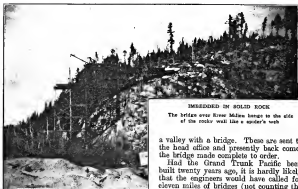
By

W. Arnot Craik

AWAY back in the rugged interior of Northern Ontario and Quebec, and down through the no less wild and hilly regions of eastern Quebec and New Brunswick, the bridge builders of the National Transcontinental are at work

erecting the two hundred and forty permanent steel structures that will carry the road through from Moncton to Winnipeg. It may seem matter-of-fact and inevitable that these twelve score solid and substantial bridges should be built, but





IMBEDDED IN SOLID ROCK
The bridge over River Miles hangs to the side of the rocky wall like a spider's web

a valley with a bridge. These are sent to the head office and presently back comes the bridge made complete to order.

Had the Grand Trunk Pacific been built twenty years ago, it is hardly likely that the engineers would have called for eleven miles of bridges (not counting the Quebec Bridge) in a distance of 1,805 miles. They would certainly not have provided for permanent structures throughout. The old style of railroad construction was to build as cheaply as possible, using the maximum grade and curvature. When a bridge was necessary it was built of wood. The result of this system was a road difficult to operate and expensive to keep in repair. Such old roads, where the traffic warrants it, and the finances justified the expenditure, have expended large sums in betterment. For instance cutting down the grades and reducing curvature so that heavier and larger trains may be handled; renewing wooden bridges and trestles with steel or permanent embankments; and too renewing iron bridges with steel structures designed to carry the increased weight of engines and cars.

The engineers of the Transcontinental were, however, instructed to secure a line with the medium possible grade and curvature. That they have been able to do this and to keep the grade down to 21 feet to the mile, was only possible because they were authorized to order bridges whenever they deemed it necessary. When for instance in their grade development they encountered a valley over two hundred feet high and a mile long, they did not have to sacrifice their low grade, or

there is the old element of romance, even of magic, in the bridge-builders and their work, in the way in which the steel is strung aloft over rivers and valleys, where yesterday the faces of white men were unknown and where even to-day no civilized habitation is to be found, save only those of the construction gangs themselves.

A novice might imagine that the bridge engineer proceeds to the point where a bridge is required, takes up his residence there, sends for the materials he needs and erects his bridge. This may have been the method of construction in the old days but it is the way no longer. The bridge engineer nowadays does not need to leave his office in Ottawa. He is simply furnished with the necessary figures and data, secured by the engineers in the field, and with these at hand, he designs the requisite structure. A contract is then let to some bridge company, who construct the bridge in their manufacturing plant down in civilization, and send it in sections to the far-away valley, where it is erected by their own men, under the supervision of the resident engineer at that point. It is in reality nothing more or less than a magnified form of mail-order tailoring in steel and concrete. Certain measurements are taken for the fitting of

avoid it by adopting a cheaper round-about route, but went straight ahead and called for a steel viaduct to span it. Roughly speaking, steel trestles were ordered in every case where the height of the valley was over fifty feet. The G. T. P. will have an expensive road-bed if it is true, but one which can be cheaply operated and maintained.

The first phase of bridge building as carried on in the construction of the National Transcontinental, is the securing of measurements and other data by the engineer resident in the district. These enable the bridge engineer at Ottawa to design the structure. They consist of a profile of the crossing, drawn 20 feet to the inch, a contour plan, elevations giving extreme flood level of the river, low water mark, alignment, "elevation of sub-grade" and "base of rail," suggested length of span, direction and velocity of current at high and low water and indications of "scour." Then, too, borings are required to give the character of the sub-soil. If the engineer has not the necessary machinery with him to do the boring or is unable conveniently to get it, he is sometimes placed at his wit's ends for means to get over the difficulty. One ingenious engineer once hit upon the happy expedient of harnessing dogs to a turn table in order to obtain the necessary power for his drill. In addition to borings, it is sometimes necessary to drive test piles from which the bridge engineer can de-



THE SALMON RIVER BRIDGE

With the double boom of the derrick extended in the air, it looks like a giant spider overlooking the valley



THE ABITIBI BRIDGE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

This bridge is of steel construction and is erected on false work, which is removed on completion of the spans.

termining the extent to which each pile may be loaded and therefrom the number of piles required to support the superimposed load.

With all this information before him the bridge engineer and his staff set to work and in due course the plans for the required structure are ready. The engineer in the field is supplied with all the necessary plans to enable him to lay out the work, including piling plan and a separate working drawing for each pier and abutment, to which the contractor can work and order his material. Drawings are sent to the bridge companies on which they can tender. It should be explained that owing to the fact that all the bridges are standardized, tenders are submitted at so much per pound. Thus, for instance, the Cap Rouge viaduct, which contains 9,146,000 pounds of steel was contracted for at 3.94 per pound. After the tender is awarded the bridge company prepares the detailed shop drawings, which are examined and approved by the engineer and returned.

The erection of the bridges proceeds of course as circumstances permit. Not until steel is laid to the vicinity where a bridge is to be built is it possible to bring along the material and even then the foundations and piers which are always laid by the railroad contractors, must be in readiness for the bridge gang to set

to work on them. As a rule it takes from six to nine months to build the average bridge. Of the two hundred and forty bridges between Moncton and Winnipeg, probably three-fifths are now complete.

Bridge building is confined to no particular season and just as much work is done in the depths of winter as in the height of summer. It is in fact desirable that the erection of the steel bridges should be hurried along, so that in the time of spring floods, no damage will be done to temporary structures, thereby delaying not only the work on the bridges but on the other parts of the railroad as well. Many of the concrete foundations of the bridges spanning northern rivers have consequently to be put in through the ice, as shown in the illustration of the driver at work in the St. Maurice River shows.

If the bed of a river is solid, it is scoured off and the foundation laid on the boulders; if it is soft, wooden piles are driven until they "bring up." In the case of the foundations for the Abitibi bridge, piles were driven to a depth of sixty feet before they met with sufficient resistance to hold. The cement is then poured into the foundation without a break, as any delay in the setting of the cement would cause a crack.

The foundation prepared next comes the bridge gang from the bridge factory,



THE ABITIBI BRIDGE ELEVEN DAYS LATER

Note how the truss has been almost completed in the interval.

with a derrick car and the sections of the bridge following on flat cars. If all the arrangements have been properly made and if there are no delays in receiving material, it does not take them long to swing the various pieces of steel into place and rivet them. This is the spectacular part of bridge building and it is best described by referring to the illustrations, where bridges in various stages of erection are shown.

Excluding the Quebec bridge, which does not come within the jurisdiction of the National Transcontinental Railway Commissioners, the biggest bridge on the line is the Salmon River Viaduct in New Brunswick, which is 4,000 feet long and 200 feet high. The Cap Rouge viaduct near Quebec has a length of 3,335 feet and is 153 feet high, running right over a small village and rising high above the little church spire.

One extremely interesting phase of the work is the elaborate system of inspection which seems to overlook nothing and follows the building of the bridge from start to finish. The cement for the foundation work of which over four thousand car loads have already been used on the G. T. P. is subjected to rigid tests before it even goes to the works. Each car is sampled at the mill and then sealed, pend-

ing orders for shipment. The samples are sent to headquarters at Ottawa, where at least five different tests are made, covering, time of setting, the presence of cracks in the set, adhesive power, specific gravity and fineness. If the cement passes the high standard set in all these tests, it is accepted.

The steel which is to be used in the construction of the bridge is examined and tested both chemically and physically at the mills before it goes through to the bridge works, while at the factory itself there is an inspector employed to see that the bridge is being built according to the specifications. Finally, when the steel is being erected, another inspector watches everything and sees that each section is properly placed and that each rivet is firmly driven.

With all these inspectors the chief engineer keeps in constant touch, and to him they send weekly reports. The inspector on erection is required to furnish weekly a photograph showing the progress that has been made on the bridge which he is inspecting. With these photographs before him, the bridge engineer is able to watch just what work has been done on any particular bridge in the course of a week and to have at hand an indisputable record of the progress of construction.

When the traveler of the not far distant future is whirled along the new transcontinental railway through the scenic beauties of northern Quebec and over the abundant rivers of New Ontario, his thoughts may pause for a moment, as his train rolls across some lofty viaduct, and consider the work of the bridge builders, who have made the construction

of such a low-grade railway possible. The level-headed iron workers riding high in the air on beams suspended from the derrick arm have done their share; the riveters theirs; the concrete men theirs. But perhaps the greatest is the man at Ottawa who sits designing them for valleys he has not seen.



ERECTING MISTONGO VIADUCT

The derrick is swinging an eight-foot girder weighing 81K tons into place.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Detective Burns' Great Cases

A MAN by the name of Burns has been making himself famous in the United States, and in fact, all over the world, as the man who claims to have captured the dynamitards who wrecked the Los Angeles Times Building. The labor unions claim that Burns is an enemy of organized labor, and that his case against the McNamara brothers is "faked." At all events, the following by Dana Gatlin in *McClure's*, is intensely interesting.

"Did I ever tell you about Charley Ulrich?" Burns asked. "Charles F. Ulrich was the greatest counterfeiter the world ever knew until the advent of Taylor and Bredell at Philadelphia. But Ulrich was, perhaps, the most versatile counterfeiter that ever operated. The government itself adopted his method of engraving a national bank note, and has used it ever since. Up to this time, the government had been engraving a complete plate for each bank. Ulrich engraved only one plate, leaving out the title line; he then engraved separately the title lines of the different banks, and combined any one that he wished with the plate of the note. The government at once utilized Ulrich's ingenious device.

"Ulrich came to this country from Germany in 1853. He was a raw young German then, but a real artist. When I knew him he was one of the finest-looking men I ever met—six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with long, curly hair. He was one of the pleasantest and most genial companions in the world, one of the most interesting fellows to talk with on any

subject—one of the best posted men I ever knew. He was a gentlemanly fellow, and his principal fault was that he was the best counterfeiter that ever lived.

"There has always been a good deal of mystery about Ulrich's early life, but the criminal records of the day bear out his account to me of his movements after he came to this country. Though he was still only a boy, his fame had preceded him here. After he landed in New York he soon became known as a very talented artist. It was not long before his work caused considerable comment among steel-engravers. They called him the 'young Dutchman.'

"A counterfeiter named Jim Colbert put a shadow on Charley and, finding where he lunched, sat at the same table. He finally got well enough acquainted with him to take him to the theatre and show him about the town. At last he induced him to engrave a State bank note, having convinced him that there was a fortune in it. Charley did fine work on the note, but they were both caught and sent to prison for a short term. When Ulrich got out, the Crimean War was just on, and, falling in with some English recruiting officers, he enlisted in the English army. Charley went to England and joined what was known as the British Foreign Legion, from which he and a few others were selected, on account of their superior bodily and mental equipment, as cavalrymen in the famous body known as the Light Brigade, and he was in the celebrated charge at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson.

"He was struck over the head with a mallet by a Russian soldier, his skull was crushed, and he was bayoneted in the side. He was left for dead on the field: but thirty-six hours after, when the English came on the ground, they found him still alive.

"After his recovery he returned to this country; but the counterfeiters soon got hold of him again. He finally went in with a fellow by the name of Jimmy Courtney, one of the smartest fellows in the business.

"Charley became acquainted with Jim Courtney through a couple of German girls, Kate Gross and Mary Braun, both criminals and associates of counterfeiters. Courtney persuaded Charley to leave New York and go with him to Cincinnati. Courtney had a partner named Stewart, a noted counterfeiter from Pittsburg, who put up a part of the money to buy Ulrich into this deal. But Courtney threw Stewart down at the last moment and took Charley off by himself. He installed him in a little cottage on the Colburn Pike, and there Charley engraved a plate for fifty-cent 'shin-plasters.'

"Stewart found out where Charley was, and put up a job on his old partner. He sent four men out to Cincinnati, who waylaid Charley and Jim Courtney as they were coming into town one day, held them up, told them they were Secret Service officers, and showed them their stars. The bogus sleuths then took the counterfeiters back to their plant, grabbed their plates, took twenty-five hundred dollars away from them, and then let them go. It was a smart job.

"Charley had his share of grit, though. He set right to work and engraved a hundred-dollar-note plate, printed eighteen thousand dollars, gave the counterfeit bills to Kate Gross and Mary Braun, and told them to go out and pass them. The girls acted like a couple of fools. Instead of traveling about, getting the bad money changed for good money in various places, they stopped off in Philadelphia, and bought fourteen thousand dollars' worth of bonds from a woman named Emma Cole, who was the wife of the famous 'Dutch' Cole, a notorious counterfeiter promoter. Mrs. Cole deposited the entire fourteen thousand dollars in

counterfeit notes in a certain bank in Philadelphia.

"Of course, when the notes were discovered to be counterfeits, they were traced as coming from this bank, and from there to Emma Cole, who admitted that she had bought them from Kate Gross and Mary Braun. After the girls had been caught and locked up, they promptly confessed. They said the notes had been made by Charley, who was then in Cincinnati under the name of Henderson, and that they were just about to ship twenty-eight hundred dollars to him by express. So the Secret Service officers went to Cincinnati, and one of them was installed as clerk in the express office.

"When Charley came into the express office for his money, he saw a strange clerk there. He said to himself, 'Not for me,' and turned and walked out. He stayed away for ten days; but when he came back the new clerk was still there. Ulrich looked in at the office occasionally for six weeks, and, as the new clerk was always there, he finally lost patience, and went up to the desk and asked for his money.

"Just wait a moment," said the clerk; "we would like to talk with you about this shipment of money."

"Charley saw that the game was up, and replied: 'I understand the situation thoroughly.'

"He was immediately taken to New York, and placed temporarily in Crow Hill Penitentiary, Brooklyn, where he was put in a cell with a Frenchman, who was also under arrest for counterfeiting.

"Even in jail Charley didn't go to sleep. Every day he watched the turn-key lock and unlock his door, until he got every notch in the key fixed in his mind. Then, with a common shoemaker'sawl, he cut out a piece of iron from around a wash-place, made a key, opened the door, let himself and the Frenchman out, and they both skipped to Canada.

"In the meantime, his first pal, Jim Colbert, was a fugitive from justice, and had already escaped to Canada. Charley found him there, and the three sat around together in the saloons every night. They were not anxious, for there was no extradition in those days. His old pal knew that the officers were wild over Charley's escape, and he decided to turn his partner to good use and ease himself up a bit. He

wrote to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked what could be done for him provided he'd tell where to catch Charley. The Chief wrote back that he'd be allowed to come back to this country. Colbert wrote the Chief to come on over, which he immediately did, taking six or seven men. They rounded Charley up while he was watching a game of billiards. Colbert pointed him out. Charley gave them a good fight, and the result was that the police came running in and arrested them all.

"So there were Charley and the Frenchman in prison again, waiting for their case to be heard, and Charley figuring how he could beat the cell. He did it. They got up on the top corridor, and climbed from there to a little window, pushed the bars aside, and dropped into the yard. Then they found they had a wall to scale. There were a lot of buckets in the yard, and Charley piled them up and held them until the Frenchman got up; then the Frenchman held them down while Charley got up.

"The soldiers outside were searching back and forth, and when they saw Charley and the Frenchman, they fired at them. But the escaped prisoners got to the railroad track, and there they did a very smart thing. They went along the track a good piece, and Charley threw his bag on the ground to put the guards on the wrong scent. Then they sneaked around back the other way, and crossed the river in a rowboat that they stole just above Niagara Falls—they didn't dream how near they were to the Falls.

"They went to Buffalo, and there Charley made the Frenchman good-by, and wrote to Jim Courtney at Cincinnati. Courtney had been under arrest for making the hundred-dollar note, but was out on bond, and had all the papers made for getting back into business. He wrote to Charley to come on and meet him in Cleveland. They met there, and Courtney arranged for Ulrich to come on to Cincinnati and get into the business with him.

"At Cincinnati Courtney took Charley to the house of a Mrs. Roberts, where Courtney boarded. Courtney then went straight to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked him what he would do to learn the whereabouts of Ulrich. (Poor Char-

ley was the most unfortunate man, in his friends, that I've ever known.)

"I'll let you off," said the Chief.

"All right!" said Jim. "You can get him at noon to-day. Come to my house and pretend you are searching for him. I will hide him in a chest, so that he won't suspect anything. Then I'll take him down to the C. H. & D. Railroad, and you can nail him just as he's going to get on the train."

"So, at noon, when Charley and Jim were sitting in a room at Mrs. Roberts', in walked the Secret Service officers. Before they got to this room, Jim had Charley in a chest, and when the Chief came in he was told that his bird had not been there. The officers left.

"We'll have to clear out in a hurry," said Jim. "We'd better try to catch the C. H. & D."

"They hustled for it, and, just as Charley reached the depot he was grabbed. He seemed to know instinctively that he'd been betrayed again, and he was heartbroken. Charley was, as I've said, one of the most generous fellows I've ever known.

"If you'll let everybody else go, and wipe the slate clean," he told the officers. "I'll plead guilty and turn over my plates." The officers agreed to this.

"Ulrich was tried, and sent to the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, for fifteen years. He was a model prisoner, and he was allowed to have a little shop in the prison yard. One day he picked up an old circular saw-blade in the yard, and engraved on it a portrait of William Allen, who was at that time the Democratic candidate for Governor. It was one of the most perfect portraits ever engraved.

"When Ulrich had been in prison for seven years, President Hayes pardoned him through the intercession of the warden, Colonel Innis, who thought it a shame that such a clever artist should be shut up. Innis then set him up in an engraving shop in Columbus.

"I was a boy living in Columbus then, and used to watch him go up and down the street, for I'd heard his history and it fascinated me. At times I used to go over to see him, and I little dreamed then how much I was to see of him later.

"When Charley was pardoned, I'm convinced he intended to do what was right.

He married, and worked hard. But all through his life his friends were his undoing. After a while old 'Dutch' Cole of Philadelphia came to Columbus to coax him to go to Philadelphia and to engrave a hundred-dollar note. Finally Ulrich was persuaded to go. He took his wife with him. They went to a place outside Philadelphia called Oak Lane, and here Ulrich began to engrave his note, while Cole sat by and jollied him on.

"One day Charley came into town to buy some supplies. A Secret Service man recognized him, followed him home, and made a report. The Chief sent a man out to nail Charley; but, as he was more anxious to get Cole than Charley this time, they agreed to give Charley a suspended sentence, provided he'd help them catch Cole. Charley thought he might as well try the personal-profit game himself, and he arranged to hide two officers in his house, so that, the next time Cole came out to visit him and jolly him up, they might hear the whole conversation. But one day, when they were to be there, Cole came out unexpectedly. Mrs. Ulrich was preparing dinner, and had set the table for four people. The minute she saw Cole, she had enough presence of mind to grab the table and upset the whole thing—dishes and all—on the floor. Of course she did not want Cole to get on to Charley's relations with the officers."

"What on earth's the matter?" said Cole, entering.

"I was trying to fix a creaser, and upset the whole thing," she explained. A little later the officers stepped out and arrested Cole. He was sent to the penitentiary, and died there.

"Charley was given a suspended sentence, and for a time tried to lead an honest life. He went to Trenton, New Jersey, where he was the first man to introduce into this country the painting of pottery. Up to this time it had been done only in Germany. This industry at Trenton has grown to wonderful proportions, and some of the finest pottery is now made there.

"Charley, however, finally drifted back to the old gang. Old Bill Brockway and his crowd got after him, and wanted him to engrave some railroad bonds and drafts. Charley refused; but they were so persistent that, rather than mix up in their

scheme, he left the country and went back to Germany. This was in the early '80's. While there, he opened a bogus commission house, and a large amount of goods was assigned to him to be sold. He sold the goods and kept the money. He told me he got together nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and was just about ready to leave Germany when they got on to him and sent him to prison. His wife returned to this country, settled in Cincinnati, and took in washing to support her family.

"Our government had determined to keep an eye on Charley, and the German government had promised to let us know when he was released. But they failed to do so, and Charley came to this country unannounced. Then, when we got word—I was in the service by this time—that he was among us, there was a scurry to locate him.

"Schuyler Donnelly was the man who did it. He was watching Mrs. Ulrich's movements. One day she did not go to work as usual. She excused herself later by saying that her husband had just got home. Donnelly found this out and reported it to Washington, and I was picked out to go to Cincinnati to work on Ulrich.

"I went to Cincinnati and found out where he was living. There happened to be a little flat for rent directly across the street, but I knew well that Charley had that flat spotted. If a man were mysteriously to move in and live low, wise Charley would move out the next morning; or, if he did not go, he would behave himself. I was not in Cincinnati to watch Charley behave himself. The very fact that Charley did not report his presence to the government indicated that he didn't intend to keep straight.

"About the first of November, Mrs. Burns and I moved our unpretentious belongings into the flat. The next morning, at six-thirty, I was out with my working-clothes and dinner-bucket, all ready for the eyes of Charley and his wife. I went down the street about two blocks and around the corner, and was thus disposed of for the day for the Ulrich neighbors. But I came in the back way, changed my clothes, and watched for Charley. When he came out I went out with him—by the back way.

"Charley and his wife watched me each morning as I went to work, and Mrs. Burns watched them. About the fifth morning they did not watch any more. Every morning I'd pick Charley up. He'd walk around the street for blocks, testing to determine whether he was being followed. An old friend, a woman living in Vine Street, received his mail for him, and he'd walk around there and get it. The shadowing had to be done with the greatest care because Charley was unusually crafty. Moreover, he was experienced in the game. He knew most of the tricks of shadow work. However, by patient watching, I was able to find out most of his plans.

"So things went on for a long time," Burns continued. "I began in November, and all through November, December, January, February and March I took Charley up in the morning and put him to bed at night. Nothing doing. One day I was sitting by the window, armed with my cap, and a sandwich in my pocket, when Mrs. Burns called to me.

"I wish you'd bring in some coal," she said. We had an extra room in the rear that we used only to keep coal in. So I told her to watch that gate across the street, between the two buildings and giving entrance to both, and I took the bucket and went back. I had dropped just one lump in when I heard Mrs. Burns call:

"There he goes! Just going away!" "I dropped the scuttle, and ran down through the back way to the alley, and then to the next corner; from there I could go down the street and catch him. I didn't see Mrs. Burns again for four months.

"Charley walked around a dozen squares and down an alley, testing things thoroughly. Finally, he went to the Chesapeake & Ohio ticket office, and I saw him buy a ticket. Just as he stepped out, I ran up to the window.

"I promised to meet my uncle here—right now," I said. "He's a big tall man!"—here I gave an accurate description of Ulrich. "Did he get his ticket?"

"Yes," said the agent.

"Give me one just like it."

"He gave me a ticket to New York. I took a car, and got to the station before Charley, who walked down. I boarded

the train that left at twelve-one, and took a seat. Charley never saw me at all, but I could see him standing out there, watching everybody who got on the train. Finally, when it was coming time to close the gate, he went over to the guard.

"I'm expecting a friend who was to go out with me; he was going to meet me here."

"Well, he'll have to hurry. We're going out right away. You'd better get on."

"Charley walked in, and the guard slammed the gate. Charley got on the train, absolutely certain that he did it without anybody knowing it.

"For the first couple of hours he sat very close; then he walked out into the smoking-car to smoke his pipe. I managed to look over his baggage—a paper suit-box,—and found a complete outfit for engraving plates. I left them as they were, and wired to Chief William F. Hazen, who arranged to have Operative W. J. McManus meet the train at Philadelphia and go on to New York with me. On the way we determined on our course of action. We concluded to nail Charley, and give him a choice of going to Jersey and taking his fifteen years of suspended sentence, or helping us catch Brockway and his gang.

"I've mentioned Bill Brockway to you before," digressed the detective. "He cut quite a wide swath in government criminal circles. For thirty years he had been a counterfeiter; he took some special courses in Harvard to fit himself. A doctor named Bradford was doing ten years in Sing Sing for malpractice while Jim Courtney and Brockway were doing ten years there for forgery, and they all got acquainted. This gang later got together in New York and had Sidney Smith engrave a five-hundred-dollar gold certificate. Then they thought it better to have Charley engrave it, and he was on his way to meet them.

"When we arrived, Charley went into a telegraph office and sat down to write a telegram, commencing with the body of the message, without writing the name of the person to whom it was to be sent.

"Have just arrived," he wrote, and then realized that somebody was looking over his shoulder. He looked up at me; I looked down at him.

"Are you interested in this?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," he said, "maybe you had better write it."

"All right; I will." I took the pen and wrote in the name and address of the fellow the message was to, and signed it with Ulrich's name.

"Charley sat back, looking at me. 'You are interested, aren't you?' That was all he said.

"Yes," I replied. "And I want you to come with me."

"May I ask your name?"

"Burns is my name."

"Burns?"

"Yes—Burns."

"William J. Burns?"

"Yes, William J. Burns."

"Well, Mr. Burns, I'm very glad to meet you—but not under these circumstances. I know of you, but have never seen you before."

"Are you quite sure that you never saw me before this?"

"Never in my life."

"Do you remember engraving a picture of Governor William Allen on a circular saw-blade in Columbus?"

"Yes, I remember that very well—very well."

"I used to live in Columbus, and I used to go out to see you there." And we shook hands.

"Now, Charley," said I, getting down to business, "the situation is this. Away back in '66 they landed you and 'Key Jim'; and in an effort to get himself out of it, Jim told who the engraver was. You got two years."

"Yes, that's so."

"You got out, went away to war, came back, and Jim Courtney took you to Cincinnati and gave you up."

"Yes, that's so."

"You bent it and went to Canada, and were given up there."

"By Gott! That's right! That's history."

"You bent it again, went to Canada, were given up again, and bent it again. You got back to Cincinnati with Jim, and he gave you up. It was a succession of betrayals, one after another, Charley. There never has been a man who has profited by your work who has ever helped you out. The man who let you do the work has always got big money, while you went to

prison to live. Your wife had to come from Europe alone, and wash clothes early and late. When you came home, you found that she had worked hard, had made good friends, and brought up your children well. You, like a big loafer, were willing to sit around and allow your evil friends, who are not friends at all, to get you into trouble again and put you in prison. You never take a thought of those young girls, just becoming women, that your wife has worked so hard for. You don't mind their being pointed out as the daughters of Charley Ulrich, the notorious counterfeiter." I handed talk like that out to Charley until the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"What's the use of reminding me of all that?" he cried.

"Because you need it. I want to ask you a question. Do you want to go to New Jersey and take the fifteen years that's coming to you, or do you want to come in with us,—help us round up these crooks that have never done anything but play you false,—and live right with God and man and your family?"

"By Gott! I want to go with you. Mr. Burns, I'll be absolutely loyal to you."

"We put him in a carriage and took him up to the St. James Hotel. When the Chief heard of my proposal to Charley, he didn't like it. He didn't mean to let Charley out of his sight. But I pointed out my view of the matter to him. The Chief was the responsible man, and he agreed to take the chance.

"I let Charley roam around and meet the fellows we were after. He and Dr. Bradford had quite a time together. At last I got a letter from Charley telling me that he was with the gang at a place on Ann Street, West Hoboken, and that that was the place to find what I was after. So I went right ahead.

"When we raided the Ann Street place, Charley was there, and they were eating lunch—Charley, Abbey Smith, and a fellow named Wagner. Wagner and Mrs. Smith made the paper for the counterfeit notes by taking two pieces of paper the width and size of the note and putting silk threads between them. Poor Wagner was eating heartily when he caught sight of me.

"Don't let me disturb you," I said politely. But his appetite was gone.

"What do you want?" demanded Mrs. Smith.

"We're government officers," I replied. "I want to notify you that your house is under arrest."

"Charley kept right on eating. I looked at the woman.

"What is your name?"

"Mrs. Abbie Smith."

"What is your name?"—I turned to Wagner.

"Johnson."

"I looked at Charley. 'What is your name?'"

"Schmidt."

"You are a German, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm a German."

"What are you doing here?" I then asked him.

Before he could answer, Abbie spoke up:

"He is my uncle and is visiting here."

"That's peculiar," said I. (The Smith and the other Schmidt.)

"No," said Abbie; "Schmidt is the German for Smith."

"Haven't I seen you before?" I asked Charley.

"Perhaps you have. I live in Boston."

"Then we began a search. Upstairs we found a complete printing outfit, over two million dollars in counterfeit gold certificates and hundred-dollar notes, and one oil-cloth printing-press. Perhaps that seems a trifling to you, but it resulted in the conviction of Brockway.

"Well, before we got through we had Jimmy Courtney, Dr. Bradford, and, as you know, Bill Brockway. For a whole year, during the time of arrests and trials,

I kept Ulrich right with me, day and night. The whole story of the chase after these clever men is too long to tell now. It was the first time the government had ever got Brockway. Before that he had always escaped punishment by turning up the engraver and surrendering the plates.

"This time Brockway was sentenced to ten years in a New Jersey prison. He served his time and is still living. Dr. Bradford got five years in a New York State prison, but he died before his time was up. After his death \$80,000 worth of securities were found in his cell. Jimmy Courtney escaped a sentence on the Brockway case, but we found an indictment against him in Detroit, Michigan, thirty years previous, and he had to stand trial on this. He was convicted, and, after serving a part of his time, he was pardoned. Then he disappeared, and no one has heard of him since.

"To go back to Charley, I must say that he played square with me. As a matter of fact, I became very much attached to him. He stuck close to me, because he knew that was his best protection against his former friends. I took him with me down to Florida, where I had to investigate some Cuban filibuster cases. He lived an honest life from this time on until his death about three years ago.

"So there you have Charley Ulrich's story. He was a fellow of wonderful talent, and one of the best counterfeiters in history. If he had turned his skill and ability to any honest business he might have gone far in the world. With all his cleverness, he'd taken the worst possible way of 'making money.'"

Ye Gentle Art of Troutling

TO defend angling against the views of a non-angler is about as satisfactory, says Edwin L. Sabine, writing in *Recreation*, as recommending marriage to a confirmed bachelor. He sees only the outside. You can't lend sentiment. There are men who see in a stream only something wet, purring and dashing poetically, or else persistently blocking the way when one wishes to pass; others will step into

that stream at sunrise, pipe in mouth, inhale a puff as they make the first cast and remember to exhale it only when they step out at sunset.

For the rabid fisherman is a creature intense—which makes him the more difficult of comprehension. If he would put half as much concentration upon ten-thousand-dollar deals as he puts upon an eight-inch trout he'd never care even

when he tore his new rubber boots. He'd have his own private boot factory, and could wear a fresh pair of waders every day.

In confuting the discredit cast by the incident which heads this brief we cannot but admit that the shield of the angler, like other shields, has its reverse side. Yet there certainly must be something in fishing, and particularly in fishing for that elusive aristocrat of our inland piscatorial democracy, the stream trout. And I call to witness that at this writing I may look across a field, and can deary a bride and groom following a trout stream opposite. He is casting, she is fondly present to be shown how well he can do. And now I note that they have begun to take short cuts, through the brush, from pool to pool; the farther they progress the more is she left behind. Bless my heart, but she could tumble in and he never would know (until hotel time), unless she floated up-stream and disturbed his flies. He evidently is a born fisherman, he has on his best clothes and he will get muddy and stained and she will not understand; but I can prognosticate that he will control the vacations, hereafter.

Therefore without fear of displaying any weaknesses may we admit a basis for some of the canards in the non-fisher's arraignment. Of course, flies do catch on trees and bushes. Candidly, I confess that I myself am the blindest, and double-blinded, bush and tree multiplier that ever threw a fly. I am the champion hack-caster. I will guarantee (for personal expense) to stand in the middle of Sahara Desert, and casting before me, catch a pine on Pike's Peak, Colorado, behind me. I will stand in any meadow, and with one flit of rod and line raise up out of the open, behind me, a dense forest; there will be trees where never had been trees.

Naturally (this does not invalidate the case of defence at all), it is rather disconcerting to cast for a two-pound trout before and catch a thirty-foot tree behind, especially when the tree is government timber. But in just such surprises lies one of trout-fishing's manifold charms. After having been wading and slipping and sliding and dodging and crawling and leading a strictly amphibious life, part out of water and part in, and waving a

rod, industriously wig-wagging at unseen fish, it is pleasing to change the role, temporarily, to that of ape, and in hob-nailed waders to climb to the top of said tree, be it pine or spruce or willow or alder.

Or you can try to pull the tree over. That is excellent exercise for the back. To pull over a large tree, when your last leader is at stake, requires much address—chiefly verbal. One-man shore strength of muscle avails little, and you must resort to strength of mind. When fortune smiles instead of grins, then you may gradually haul down to you (by hand or by line) the sagged bough—to have it tear through your grip and flip up into place again just as you begin to detach the ingenious clove-knots and half-hitches with which it has been decorated. Quite frequently this little flip-up deftly snaps the leader or buries a fly in your thumb; which furnishes excitement.

Consequently, in admitting the possibility of tree and bush catching, it is admitted not as a detriment to trout fishing, but as a diversion. Merely to deliver a fly and to receive a trout, all-day long, would be very monotonous. That is the beauty of trout fishing on a stream; the constant variation.

As to the snags, in the stream—yes, flies do catch snags, by which are included rocks. This is another source of entertaining surprise: to forge majestically up the mid-current, line behind ready for a quick cast, and to be brought up, with a jerk, all standing, thus notified that your trailing flies have firmly embedded themselves in a twig projecting a hundredth of an inch from a mile of surface.

For know that the artificial fly is a great study. Whether the trout think it alive or not has been a matter of conjecture to scientists and naturalists. I don't care what the trout think. I have found out. It's alive, and most devilishly alive, too. You can strain a trout stream through a wire mosquito-mesh, and then rake it with a fine-tooth comb; and you can give your flies a moment's license thereabout with the absolute certainty that they will hook around some stick or twig or rock. Why, I have floated my flies down the current, and turned my head an instant, and had them catch a piece of railroad iron three feet under. I have started them down-stream, and had them sneak

up-stream, into a tributary a half-mile above, and anchor to an old root in the best hole of all.

And these aren't eyed flies, either. They seem to get there by instinct.

Similarly, in casting into a particularly likely swirl or pool the flies always search first, not for the trout, but for anything else that may be sequestered. One never may foresee whether he is throwing artificial flies or grappling hooks. To splash on, gaily, and floundering in that holy of holies like a merry hippopotamus release the grappling-hooks (if such have proved to be) from their clutch upon hanging branch or couchant snag, much reduces the odds of uncertainty under which the angler operates. He suspected there were trout, big ones, in that appealing spot. Now he knows that there aren't; and that he may pass along without wasting more time or effort.

We now come to the art of catching oneself, by "pants, shirt, hide." This is, as defended in the summary, unimportant, although not without its value as an asset to the day's angling. To be caught in the "pants," especially in that portion facing south on a man going north, encourages agility and is an excellent limberer of rarely used muscles. I always carry a Turkish scimitar for such an occasion; the curved blade is admirable. By holding the hilt against your thigh you may saw with the blade at the fly where it has perched in the hence region which you can only see by double reflection. The same method applies to the shirt region of between the shoulders. Some persons slothfully remove "pants" or shirt, if the fly persists. But the best solution, and the one evidently proposed by the patron deity of fishers, is to wrestle about until you can get your teeth on the fly and bite it out. That is fine for the muscles.

When the fly has caught in the ear it cannot be bitten out by self, and therefore this method is some times inconvenient for what is termed "hide" catches. It must be worked out by systematic wringing of the shank; and from more accessible portions of the anatomy it can be worked out, worn out, or cut out. This incites gentleness, which is a prized attribute of angling from time immemorial; and inasmuch as for a right-handed person the fly customarily hooks

into a left-handed spot, it is a teacher of ambi-dextrousness—or ambi-dexterity, as you choose. To watch a right-handed man, even yourself, with his left hand extended a knife from his right "pants" pocket, and open it with his teeth, and from his right elbow, pendant by fly and leader taut to a willow branch, with a no-point blade, which is fitted for a can-opener only, dig out stretcher or dropper, is pathetic. Ambi-dexterity should be cultivated, at home, by every angler. This and gentleness, and suppleness of body, are, I submit, promoted by that item "Flies caught on person (pants, shirt, hide.)"

Furthermore the "hide" part emphasizes humanity, also. Ever since I first wrested a trout fly from my finger I have always killed a fish before operating on him. Besides, if he slips through your hand during proceedings he is easier regained dead than alive.

Cussing! Well, who, having acquired the rudiments of the English language, doesn't cuss, occasionally, inside or outside? Cussing can be made a great sweetener, like Epsom salts. Of course, it is understood that there are two kinds of cussing: the black and the white.

The harmless white cussing of the day's trout-fishing, sweetening to the disposition and enriching the vocabulary, must be reckoned as an inestimable concomitant of the noble pastime. It fits a man for the next day; and this result is the aim of recreation.

"Stumbling," "hush bucking," "insect fighting," what are these but hardening qualities? No trout-fisher desires to be a Simple Simon, angling in his mother's pail. Or wasn't that Simple Simon? Somebody else, maybe. However, the point is here: your true trout fisher *likes* the stumbling, when the stream bed is all rounded boulders and slanty boulders, and hob-nails are polished, and the current pretty swift, and he has about as much control of his feet as a cow on ice. It requires much physical address (with some mental address, too) to balance, make a cast, and strike without landing the trout high and dry in some of those omnipresent trees always lurking rearward.

Any man who can take a nine or ten-foot rod, wriggling like a snake, through a willow-bush jungle, while perspiration

blinds one eye and mosquitoes the other and his hat is constantly plucked off, can raise a family or pilot any other intricate deal; and this settles another item. Stumbling, brash backing and insect fighting temper body and mind.

"Flies caught in fish, 10 mins." That is the item intended to sting more than any of the others, I presume—except possibly, the "hide" item, which also has a sting. But, confound all non-fishers, who don't and won't understand, success in angling does not lie in the weight of the basket. That is a point difficult to argue.

Not to be a born fisherman is to miss a goodly share in life's fullness; and not to be a trout fisherman is hard luck. As for me, I never can see a road winding on and on over the hills, without wondering whether it would lead me; and I never can see a stream, untried, without wondering what prodigies may await among its swirls.

To the market with the man who counts his fish, or weighs them in bulk, or who is expected thus to measure his day upon the trout stream. For the meat hunter, the fish hog, and all that blunted ilk who slay by rote, because they are fishermen made rather than anglers born, the fish, in the flesh, is the thing; and when the camp larder is bare, or you have invited your rich uncle to a meal of trout before said trout are caught, the fish is very much the thing. But the true angler is he who, trudging homeward at eventide with swinging instead of tugging basket, can answer cheerfully the hail: "Hey, mister, any luck?"

This being sub-titled a "brief," sentiment has no place in it; and sentiment is, as before remarked, an element difficult to install where the subject is not receptive. Who can reproduce for the enthusiasm of the pessimistic non-fisher the dear, familiar, yet never palling, old stream, whose every feature of bend and ripples is anticipated, as we advance, and welcomes us with harder full or empty, we never may foretell which; the old stream,

where we are ever shifting the landmarks of yesterday for those of to-day, inserting fresh red crosses, until the watery trail is one blaze of pleasant memories? Such a stream becomes ours, forever. And who can reproduce, to enthral Mr. Pessimist and Mr. Can't-Understand, the magic glamour of the dancing, beckoning new stream, where (for the stranger) there are yet no blanks nor disappointments, and every bend is likely to yield a two-pounder?

How to explain to the non-fishing seer and to the pessimist who has fished and failed, that the trout stream, old or new, is as fascinating as a game of chess; that each hole and bend and swirl and ripple demands its particular approach like a move; that the small, foscian trout are pawas, and the big, wise ones are knights, bishops, etc.; and that the angler's course up and down the stream is a veritable checker-board, retraced from yesterday, last week, last year, or planned as he goes along?

How to re-present the sunshine and the cloud flecks upon the hills, the meadows and the water; the blue, the green, the amber; the thrill which seems to coincide with all this when the trout leaps for the fly, and the instant of exultation when you are quicker than he and he is hooked, or that instant of startled chagrin when you realize that he has been quicker than you and is not hooked?

To impress all this: to demonstrate that the most essential part of successful fishing for trout is not the fish, nor the weight of the basket, looms a thankless task. But with the wading, the brush hucking, the insect fighting, the disengaging of flies from trees, snags and person, the stumbling, the dodging, the shine and shadow and water and hills and meadows and pines and sky and air, the anticipations which ever, Anteus-like, rise afresh, the consummation thereof, the disappointments therefrom, the new tricks learned, the old ones re-tried, the two-pounder who got away, at the close of his day the true angler has little room in his basket for more fish!

Moral Training of School Boys

CANADA has been stirred by the allegations made by a London woman against the morality of public school children. The resultant discussion has made it apparent that there are these evils, to which the London woman referred, among a terrifyingly large percentage of Canadian school children. Although the accompanying article by Charles K. Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, in "Education" deals with private schools, nevertheless it has its bearings on the present Canadian discussion.

The subject of this article is a little misleading. It intimates that there is, generally speaking, moral training in our private schools, an erroneous conclusion, for that is the one kind of training that is not given, except in extremely few instances, and then usually in an impractical manner, and without much effect. It seems strange that this should be so, that is, strange on the surface, for one would naturally place morality before mentality, and moral training before mental training, yet, despite what the many, charmingly written school circulars say, moral training is only conspicuous by its absence. And as it is a generally acknowledged fact that moral training is also absent in the average American home, the basic cause of the wave of juvenile vice that is sweeping the country is laid bare.

It may be interesting to study the conditions in several typical schools, so that the point which the writer wishes to make will be made clear. So eight schools will be studied in brief detail. Three of them are boarding schools exclusively, one a so-called "expensive" school, one an average-priced school, and the other an inexpensive school. Three of them are day schools, taking no boarders, and these schools are good examples of their type. The other two are schools which take both boarders and day pupils.

Boarding school number one: The school is under a denominational control, practically all the boys and a majority of the faculty belonging to this particular denomination, yet, until very recently, in this school the subject of practical morality was ignored in toto. There were religious meetings in the school, and ser-

vices of one kind or another, but neither in these, or elsewhere, were moral subjects mentioned, much less discussed. And yet, so far as one could see, all was well within the school, and the boys seemed as well behaved as boys generally are. Then it so happened that a member of the faculty, who had taken a deep personal interest in the boys, and who was trusted by them, became gradually aware that not only were things not as they should be, but that a frightful amount of vice had crept in among the boys, along with smoking and drinking intoxicants. The climax came when this teacher was able to show the head master two intoxicated boys in their rooms, and shortly afterwards, a boy of fourteen suffering with an unmentionable disease. The management of the school was awakened to the seriousness of the situation. The whole faculty was called in consultation, the result of which was that the boys were divided into a number of small groups, according to age and characteristics, and a volunteer from the faculty took charge of each group. These men talked to the boys openly, frankly, and in a sympathetic manner, endeavoring to give the boys a clear understanding of the whole question, to give them the necessary high ideals for right living, and to aid them, as much as possible, in throwing off their old ways and in beginning new and better ones. The plan was eminently successful. Within a couple of months this school was entirely cleaned up, and has remained so, the faculty having learned a valuable lesson. In all this the parents were not consulted, it being too well known that the average American parent is deeply suspicious of moral training outside of the home, just as he ignores it absolutely within the home itself.

Boarding school number two: As the school already mentioned represents the average type, so far as price goes at least, so this school represents the inexpensive variety. The tuition here is \$300 yearly. This is a dreary-looking, and rather shabby place, but then one cannot expect much for \$300. The boys seem to be well here either because their parents are unable to manage them, or because they are too dull to remain in the public

schools, with boys of their own age. These boys are required to attend church regularly, and, of course there are "prayers" at the school, and one would naturally think that with a type of boy most likely to be vicious, special efforts would be made in the way of moral training. Such is not the case, however. There is an unpleasant state of affairs in the school, but nothing at all practical or effective is done about it. One need hardly imagine what happens to the unfortunate normally intelligent and clean boys who come to a school of this character.

Boarding school number three: This school is quite opposite in almost every way to the preceding one. Its equipment is of the best, its faculty excellent and well-paid, and its boys come from well-to-do families in the eastern part of the country. It is a large school, and an expensive one. But this school resembles the cheap one when it comes to looking after the moral welfare of the pupils. That the boys come from "good old families" of means has little significance, for any one who has good powers of observation can see that with us the boys of good families are quite as bad as those in poorer circumstances. In this school there is no practical system of moral training, and the results are what might be expected. There is plenty of vice in the school, with nothing to check it but the better sense of the boys themselves. This school has also the unenviable distinction of possessing, in a very limited amount, it is true, a kind of vice that still lurks in the great English schools, as a relic of their ancient semi-monastic days. Naturally, scandals arise in this school, now and then, but they are discreetly smothered, and few are the wiser, and meantime nothing is done to get at the root of the matter.

Day school number one. This is an old, well-established school of the New England variety, in which the teaching is of a high class, and where the price is moderate. In this school the youngest boys and the oldest as well, use the same study-hall at the same time, and the same play-ground as well. All ages play and study together. In this school no attempt is made at moral education; not only so, but little observation is kept of the pupils. The teachers seem to feel that their responsibility ends with the classroom. It

is beginning to be tiresome in stating the same results. There are several visibly vicious boys among the older ones, and their influence and effect upon the younger ones is only too marked. Here the faculty and the parents figuratively wash their hands of the whole matter.

Day school number two: This also is a well-established school, and several times as large as the one mentioned above. Its price is a trifle above the average for schools of its character. But in this school there is no moral training of any kind, though plainly needed. Attempts have been made to start such a movement here, to do the school justice, but they have invariably fallen through, though not through the fault of the school, as far as I can make out. The head master himself was the first one to attempt it, many years ago, and the furious opposition of many parents nearly wrecked the school. Some years later, one of the faculty, alarmed at the conditions present in a certain class of boys, gave them a simple, earnest talk on the subject. Some of the parents voiced their approval, but, as before, so many narrow-minded and bigoted parents became incensed over such an audacious attempt to lead their sons into better paths, that the teacher who started the movement had to beat a hasty retreat, and all idea of moral instruction was abandoned for years. Then again, the impossible, or nearly impossible, was attempted. This time parents were taken into consultation, and the work was finally taken up, in a most delicate manner, with the boys of from twelve to fourteen years inclusive. For a while all went well. The approval of a great majority of the parents went with the undertaking. But the worshippers of false modesty were not dead, but sleeping, and soon they awoke with great indignation, and managed to make such a fuss, and bring such criticism against the school, that for the third time the attempt had to be abandoned in disgust, and up to the present time there has been no talk of taking it up again.

Day school number three: This school is a typical city school, and indeed is not far from a so-called business section. It is large, high-priced, and well patronized. In this school there is no pretence made of looking after the morals of the pupils, yet from its very location, one would

think that such a subject would become a necessary part of the curriculum. The result is natural. The elder boys, in no small numbers, find pleasure in wandering through the nearest slum district, after which little need be said. The boys are easy prey for both disreputable men and women.

Day and boarding school number one: This school is of the fashionable variety. It costs the average boarding pupil about \$1,200 per year. This school was very "select," catered to the "good families," and refused boys over sixteen years old. It is a curious thing, but for the very worst type of boy you must look among the sons of the wealthy. The surroundings of these boys tend only to make them hide their real natures under a cloak of good manners. The writer has had an acquaintance with several hundred boys of all classes, and the most immoral of the whole number were found to be sons of very wealthy folk of high social standing. The reasons for this cannot be gone into here; sufficient to say that the continued attention of the rich man to his business and of his wife to her "social" duties is sufficient cause for a condition of that kind. There were three or four such boys in this school, where they did immense damage among the younger boys.

The head master of this school knew about one-tenth of the truth. He took what he thought to be efficient measures. It was his belief that such boys and their followers should be shown absolutely no sympathy, and that all evil could be driven out by means of an iron discipline. This unsympathetic, iron discipline method was carried out to its full extent with all the ingenuity of a very clever man. The result was that the vice was made more secret, that it increased steadily, and that there were more little sneaks and liars among the boys of that school than the writer has had the ill-fortune to see anywhere else. Finally one of the masters endeavored to stem the tide by means of personal influence and of a sympathetic understanding of the boys' viewpoint. He began with the leaders of wrong-doing in the school, and one by one took up their most promising followers. The head master was astonished at the results and annoyed at the method. This he told the

teacher in question, who, when he found that his successful methods were not to be supported by the management, resigned forthwith. After that the immorality, which had temporarily been held in check, broke out afresh. Since then many have withdrawn their support from the school, which at this time, I believe, is heavily mortgaged.

Day and boarding school number two: At last we come to the inevitable exception that "proves the rule." In just this one school of the writer's acquaintance, is there an adequate system of moral training. This school is what is broadly known as a "church school," being controlled by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The head-master is, of course, a clergyman, and a man with many practical, if not revolutionary ideas. Of the pupils, perhaps one-third belong to the church which the school represents.

As I said, this head-master's ideas as to moral training are almost revolutionary. A majority of the parents of children in most schools would lose their senses with horror if such a system were to be generally started. This head master politely tells all protesting parents that they are free to withdraw their children if they so desire; that he believes in training boys so that they may be able to walk their ways without falling, through ignorance, into the pit-falls and mire that are on all sides. If any parent does not approve of such training, that parent may send his boy elsewhere. It is all one to the head master. The strange thing is that even the worst kickers do not take their boys away, which, after all, is quite encouraging. This, briefly, is the system used in this excellent school:

The elder boys are given lectures and studies by the school physician once or twice a week. They are compelled to study for this work as for any other lesson. They are given a practical course in physiology and hygiene, the question of sex taken up simply and thoroughly, the great value of purity, and the great dangers and damages of impurity made as clear as can be. Now, when such subjects are put on the standing of every-day lessons, and the lessons made hard, and when all the "dark corners" of existence are made bright as day, then all mystery

disappears, so does all morbid curiosity, with wonderfully beneficial results.

The younger boys are taken in hand by the head master himself, a man loved and admired by all the boys in the school. He deals just as frankly with them as the physician with their elders, only he arranges his lessons from their standpoint, so as to help them against the special temptations of the younger boys.

Then again, if a truly vicious boy is found to be in the school—and the closest kind of observation is kept—he is quietly and unostentatiously removed, and the case not announced.

The result of all this is that this school is infinitely more clean than any the writer has known, and his knowledge of conditions comes at first hand.

Now these schools may be taken as typical, I think. Only one in eight, teaches a practical morality, and perhaps only because of the exceptional courage and independence of the head master. In the others, no practical teaching is attempted along those lines, and where it has been attempted, violent opposition on the part of parents has brought it to a sudden stop.

In discussing the question with the heads of these schools and with the heads of many other schools, it was found that every head master recognised the dire need for a general awakening to the fact that immorality is on the increase among the children of the country, and that the parents alone prevent the schools from taking the matter up. Every one of these men was willing and anxious to give his boys all possible safeguards against the

evils they were bound to meet. They all desired to institute a practical teaching of good morals after the fashion of the excellent example quoted. But one and all declared that they were afraid of the parents, feeling, and perhaps knowing, that the introduction of such a thing into almost any school would mean the instant withdrawal of many of the boys, perhaps even leaving the school with a reputation damaged beyond repair.

It is obvious, then, that in order to have the schools do their duty in this respect, a different attitude must be shown by the parents of the boys affected. With the parents out of the way, it would not be such a difficult matter so to train the children of the present generation that they, in turn, would make for the still better moral education of the following generation. But the parents of this generation cannot be gotten out of the way, even for a few years, and so the old conditions continue, and will continue until the parents are made sensible of the actual results of their present indefensible attitude.

As to how a general awakening may be brought about—that is a great and difficult question. However, if the united strength of the press, daily, weekly and monthly, could be brought to bear against the present narrow view-point, it is the opinion of the writer that wonders could be done. Two or three great magazines are waging a deadly warfare already, and perhaps accomplish something. But a united stand made by all might work a miracle by freeing the hands of schools against the most persistent and insidious enemies of youth.

"What Does Germany Want?"

WHEN you see a man loitering around premises which do not belong to him; when, furthermore, you detect him looking through the windows, trying their fastenings and those of the door, it is safe to assume that it bodes no good to the owners of the property, says J. H. Manners Howe in *London*.

In precisely the same way, as soon as a nation adopts methods of political activity which are not consistent with its settled

geographical limits; when—for example—you see her building roads and railways of no appreciable commercial utility right up to all the weak spots on a neighbour's frontier, she creates a natural feeling of insecurity and alarm. This feeling habitually gives rise to counter measures and, should these fail to check the aggressor, hostilities are the inevitable result. Thus war comes.

Now Germany at the present moment, in police-court phraseology, is "loitering with intent." She is tampering with doors and windows belonging to those quiet little peoples the Belgians and the Dutch, who being themselves helpless, may very conceivably find it necessary to call on the police to deal with the intruder. This disquieting state of affairs has been continued for some time and the position is getting sufficiently serious for us to inquire precisely what it is that Germany wants. For at the present moment she seems to be hesitating between an act of political burglary and a confidence trick.

In most cases of criminal investigation, whether the delinquent be a whole nation or a single sinner, the question of motive is a material consideration, and is often of equal value in the prevention of crime. In the case before us we shall find ample evidence of motive and a proportionate reason for preventive measures. But as we are not now dealing with a police case, but with an attempt upon the integrity of the map of Europe, we must take a larger canvas and broaden our simile.

Now look again. In the middle of Europe the German Empire hangs like a big cauldron over a fire. The cauldron is beginning to boil, and its neighbors are apprehensive lest it should boil over and burn them. Especially anxious are three little nations round the western rim of the cauldron, for it is tilted in their direction, and they are likely to feel the first withering effects of the overflow.

It is a fair argument, on the analogy, that nations, like individuals, have to keep their pots boiling. But the fire beneath the German pot is of peculiar intensity. It is no mere crackling of thorns, but a fervent heat drawn from the special nature of the fuel employed; and the vigour of the stoking would seem to suggest an intention to cause the pot to boil furiously and ultimately to boil over.

Now the meaning of the parable is as old as the world itself, and in the fullness of the pot we shall find the interpretation of the whole matter, the motive for which we inquired at the outset.

We may construe or veneer Nature as much as we like, but her impulses are eternal and barbaric. And so the fuel which is dangerously heating the furnace

beneath the German cauldron is that which has inspired every young and growing nation—and politically Germany is very young—with an irresistible impulse for more elbow room.

In other words, Germany desires more room and is resolved to have it no matter at whose expense.

For forty years, ever since the days of Bismarck, when she first began to feel her new strength, she has been yielding to a great and ever-growing temptation on her western borders. With eyes of increasing desire she has looked upon the little States of Holland and Belgium, the Naboth's vineyards which she regards as essential to the rounding off of a new and greater Germany.

The German Ahab differs no whit from him of Samaria who "spoke unto Naboth saying: 'Give me thy vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs for it is near unto my house.' And the coveted States replied like Naboth of old: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give thee the inheritance of my fathers." It is well for us to realize the immutability of human nature. It will help us better to understand the rest of the story.

Now it happens to be just as clear why Germany covets the territory of the two small States upon her western frontier as to understand the reason for Ahab's desire to possess himself of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezebelite. She is in fact prompted solely by commercial and political expediency, and although her pretensions can be readily appreciated, they do nothing to justify her acts of aggression. Let us try to see the question from the German standpoint. It begins rather like the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Germans complain that Holland lies right across their most important trade route—the Rhine, the main artery of that busy and thriving region in which Germany's greatest industrial activity is centred. Here in Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces are lived more than a fourth of her total population, more than a fourth of her industries; here are produced half of her coal output, half of her chemical products, nearly all her iron and all but a fraction of her wine. The whole of this titanic industrial region is traversed by a magnificent waterway bearing an en-

omous commerce to and from the sea within two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half days.

But the ports at which this rich and growing stream of trade is shipped and unshipped are not German ports, but two foreign cities which have grown wealthy and prosperous by the toll they levy on German trade, and almost by that alone. The opulence of Amsterdam and Rotterdam—which has reduced to comparative insignificance the two German ports of Hamburg and Bremen—is in effect the creation of Germany's energy and commercial activity, her wonderful prosperity and the mighty growth of her manufacturing industries.

German wealth, lavished upon the improvement of the Rhine navigation has also gone to increase the prosperity of the two Dutch cities, and Germans consider it intolerable that anyone but themselves should profit by German outlay and German industry.

Should you question the justice of this view they will argue that your attitude would be at one with theirs supposing the industrial wealth of Lancashire were tapped by a foreign Power holding Liverpool and the Manchester Ship Canal.

As resentment against this handicap has grown, so has the feeling that it might for ever be removed and the door opened at once to a gigantic evolution of Teuton world power and wealth if Germany can but possess herself of her neighbor's vineyard. In the view of political and commercial Germany, the separate existence of the Netherlands has become an anachronism.

Arguing, moreover, on these lines, Germans claim that no heir of the old German Empire they possess the same historical right to the Netherlands as to Alsace and Lorraine. And now Professor Treitschke declares in his much-read book: "It is the imperative duty of German politics to regain the mouth of the Rhine. The inclusion of Holland in the German Customs Union is as necessary as daily bread."

How elastic is the lust evolved by conscious power may be gauged by the assertion made in Germany to-day that as the Danube, like the Rhine, rises in Germany, it is therefore a German river, whose mouth, likewise, should be wrested from

the Slav. It is merely an extension of the same principle. But to-day the Rhine comes first, and the Danube can wait its turn.

Meantime, of course, their commercial ambitions have not blinded Germans to the grandeur of the political prospect opened by the addition to the Empire of several millions of industrious people, rich and populous colonies, both in the East and West Indies, where Curaçao and Surinam would enable them to claim a vested interest in the coming Panama Canal, and lastly a strategic position of such tremendous strength that it has been well said, "the sceptre of Europe lies buried at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt."

Perhaps, measured by an ethical standard, it may be questioned whether this glittering future would justify Germany in removing her neighbor's landmark. But Germany has not scrupled to avow that her political morality is measured by expediency alone, and it would scarcely be worth questioning her action on this score were it not that Kaiser Wilhelm's persistent invocations of Heaven would nominally have us believe that the Wilhelmstrasse is a short cut for the dispensations of the Almighty, and Potsdam an ante-chamber to Paradise.

Even Ahab could be a devout man on occasion, but he coveted the heritage of Naboth and—well, Naboth died.

Our investigation thus far of the case of Naboth's vineyard has revealed the motives actuating the Teuton Ahab. We will now see what steps he has taken to gain his ends, and lastly the preparations he has made against interruption by the police.

Germany is still hoping to induce Holland to hand over her independence by means of peaceful penetration and gradually increasing economic pressure from without. German merchants have been filtering in to the Netherlands and acquiring a dominant voice on the Exchanges of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp. Trading banks, shipping companies, factories, mercantile houses are being got into German hands. And, as in the Low Countries political and commercial influence are practically synonymous, Belgium and Holland

are being led towards the lethal chamber of Germanisation without the world being much the wiser.

But the great German bogie is the fine Dortmund-Ems Canal, which the great and good Kaiser Wilhelm has built to terrify the little Dutch nation into surrender by a show of drawing away their German transit trade from the Rhine mouth to the German port of Emden. True the latter place is 200 miles further from the English and Western markets, and the transit through some twenty-eight locks require five days. But the canal is first and foremost a political weapon, though decorated with an economic label, and is run at an extravagantly dead loss and low rates in order to achieve its end—the strangulation of Dutch prosperity.

"See what you'll save by becoming one of us," says the German confidence trickster. "And see what you'll gain, for union with us will be an insurance premium against any outside attack such as that which England made upon your relations in South Africa, and may make any day upon your colonies."

Now, although Germany has successfully inspired Holland with no little alarm for her transit trade, and although the moneymaking classes—never the most patriotic—have to some extent yielded to the seductions and menaces incessantly dangled before their eyes, there are still patriotic Dutchmen as sturdy as Naboth of old. These fall to see any advantage to be gained by entering the stomach of the wolf in order to escape the problematical attack of some other hungry foe.

One of these, General Don Ber Portugal, says: "Holland is asked to secure her independence by sacrificing it to Germany, and in order to avoid imaginary dangers from outside to march into very real ones."

In fact, Dutchmen are well enough aware that Germany wants to make such exceptional and strenuous use of their territory that their separate national existence, in the gastric juices of a German Zollverein, would soon be at an end for ever.

Thus at the present time the party favoring a union with Germany, including certain subsidized writers and pamphleteers, are in a small minority. The great

mass of the people remain firmly opposed to the slightest sacrifice of their independence—commercial or political—in order that their territory may be harnessed for war and their ports turned into huge naval bases.

"Better," said a Dutch patriot, "that we should be robbed of our Rhine trade than of our independence. We could still live, even if more modestly, on our agriculture, our colonial trade, our foreign investments, and our stock-breeding; in which we can beat Germany herself."

It is the spirit which animated the old defenders of Leyden, and the same spirit that was displayed by a Dutch diplomatist who in more recent times was attending a review at Potsdam under the wing of the German Chancellor, who was anxious to impress his guest with the military might of his neighbor's empire.

But the son of Holland was quite able to appreciate the wily intention of his host. So as regiment after regiment of Germany's finest infantry swept by in magnificent array, the Chancellor, listening for expressions of wonder and admiration from his guest was surprised to hear a single phrase constantly repeated: "Not tall enough, not tall enough." At last a regiment of Imperial Guards swept past. They were the tallest men in the army and of particularly fine physique. But once more the Dutchman was heard to observe: "Not tall enough, not tall enough."

The Chancellor was a little nettled, and asked his guest with some vexation how he could possibly expect to see finer men anywhere than these last. "Oh, yes," replied the Dutchman, "they are fine enough, but when we open our dykes in Holland we can flood the country ten feet deep. So you see they would not be tall enough."

But in view of this spirit in the little people who own the coveted coast-line of the North Sea, and their possible refusal to be controlled by the confidence business or terrified by threats of commercial garroting by means of the Kaiser's canals, there is another card up the German sleeve. Naboth's inheritance was seized by force, and the Teuton whose god is Political Expediency, will not be a whit behind the King of Samaria if the chance offers.

The blessed word "Arbitration" will then no more afford a pleasing excuse for flitting with theories of ploughshares and pruning-hooks. For the Teuton will have swallowed The Hague and its peaceful principles at one gulp.

Indeed the intention already possesses concrete form in railways and roads of mysterious vacancy which have been directed towards useful points on the coveted frontier. It may also be suspected by those who are aware that a force of powerful motors is held in readiness to rush the Dutch sluices at Muiden before the Hollanders could turn the country round Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague into an impenetrable fortress by flooding it.

It is here that the question broadens from its narrower aspect to a panoramic view of international significance. For Germany pushed westward to the coastlines of Holland and Belgium would be in a position to assume a dictatorship of Europe. In the past such a contingency has always produced conflict and Great Britain has acted in the cause of freedom as the policeman of Europe.

But in the threatened era of blood and iron to which we are being driven by the inflamed ambitions of Teuton Imperialism, the established interests of France are menaced no less than our own. The two are in fact interdependent, and must stand or fall together.

Now Germany is well aware that her seizure of Holland and Belgium would tend to depress the national vitality of Britain and France in the same way that a tightened cord interferes with the circulation of blood in a limb. In this case the cord would be represented by an unending nightmare of political anxiety. Therefore, unless we are tamely to submit to the setting in of our political and economic anæmia, the only alternative is resistance to such a contingency with all the force and resolution of which we are capable.

It is because Germany herself would fight in such a cause that to-day she is quivering with the energy which she is throwing into her tremendous preparations for conflict. Though it is costing her millions she does not flinch, largely because she trusts that a display of overwhelming strength at the psychological moment may

save her the risks of a European struggle.

Let us glance swiftly at the prospect—and in passing I would add that in what follows I am supported by the opinions of many military and naval friends as well as relatives in both the German and British Services.

The mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt are the best Continental sally-ports for an attack on Great Britain. In German hands they would be transformed into the mightiest naval bases in Europe, impregnable under the covering protection of their numerous islands. In fact the Dutch maritime zone would be even more heavily fortified than the eighty miles of German coast-line from Borkum.

Emden and Wilhelmshafen would become merely subsidiary bases. An enormous German fleet backed by an immense army would be concentrated within a few hours of our shores, a perpetual menace to our security and peace of mind, and automatically dwarfing our independence of action and initiative. Forced to make gigantic counter-efforts we should be compelled to maintain a huge naval strength constantly tied to the Channel, while every man fit to bear arms would have to become a trained soldier. For the shadow of a mighty nation of seventy millions would have fallen upon our island home.

The entente cordiale could not survive so definite an acceptance of inferiority as would be involved by a surrender to German overlordship at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. For France, the prospect would be one of graduated tutelage. For Britain, ultimately—the fate of Carthage.

Now it will be evident to any student of political strategy that German's movement on Belgium is essentially aggressive and designed for the purpose of reducing France to a position of fighting inferiority. It is part of Germany's great scheme to neutralise interference, and to meet check with counter-check.

At the present moment France's open frontier between Belgium and Switzerland is well provided with safeguards. But with Germany in Belgium France's entire north-eastern line of defences would be turned.

Again, the industries of North-east France, which ship all their raw material

and products through Antwerp and the Dutch mouth of the Scheldt, would be destroyed. In fact Germany planted in so overshadowing a position, would gangrene the whole national life and defensive power of the French Republic, and gradually sink it to the level of a second or third-rate Power.

It is with this end in view that Germany has been working with much surreptitious persistence for some years. In that pretty secluded country lying between Aix-la-Chapelle and Weismes, close up to the Belgian borders, strange things have been happening.

Here live the Walloon people, a quiet stay-at-home folk, not giving to railway travel, and more than content with the little single-line railway upon which an occasional train puffed sleepily through their countryside. Lately, however, they have begun to feel terribly over-weighted by a new and formidable-looking double line, equipped with an interminable number of sidings, which has come and isolated itself in this out of the way spot. For there is nothing in the possible development of this little country-side to suggest any economical reason for this great iron road.

But if the simple Walloons, who have been ordered to exchange their ancient language for the German, feel mystified, the great General Staff in Berlin know all about it. This railway, like some others which are lying about in seeming neglect along the Belgian and Dutch frontiers, will, when wanted, enable a German Army Corps to be concentrated at Weismes in a few hours.

That, however, is not all the story. There is a little Walloon town called Stavelot across the Belgian frontier. It is closely related by sympathy and kinship to the little German Walloon township of Malmédy. A tiny light railway linked them together, but the diligence running twice a day has been the favorite means of travel.

But now, to the disgust of the quiet-loving country-folk, along come the Germans, insisting on a big double-lined railway between their Walloon town and Stavelot, cynically imposing upon the poor Belgians the onus of paying for the greater part of it. But after all, it is France, and, through her, England, that

will be most affected by the supersession of the Malmédy-Stavelot diligence, and it is from them that protests should have come.

For in plain language Germany has practically succeeded in grafting her military railway upon the Belgian main line to the Grand Duchy and the undefended French frontier.

Preparations are well advanced then for countering the possibility of French interference. To deal with the other police-man across the water is more difficult. But as long as he does not organize opposition at this stage, or encourage the small holders of the sea coast to expect help in their hour of need, it may be possible to quiet him, too, by a display of naval strength, which will keep him at a distance until the deed is done and cribs are cranked.

So for some years past the Teuton has been hard at work. Circumstances have singularly favored him. He has been building ships for all he is worth against his rival's stock of newer ones, and already he begins to see a chance of giving the slow, stinging fellow a nasty surprise.

From Emden to Kiel the Teuton's North Sea territories behind a chain of armored islands have been transformed into a vast naval base, backed by colossal arsenals and dockyards. Already Wilhelmshafen has become a first-class naval harbor. Emden, under cover of Borkum, will soon be another, while the unfortunate Dutchmen have been compelled to fortify their coastline for the special benefit of the German when he is ready to walk in.

Then the whole of the North Sea region, from Emden to the mouth of the Elbe, is being linked up by an enlarged canal system penetrating the intervening stretches of flat country. And so, when all is ready for "the day," German ships will actually, at need, be able to move from Kiel on the Baltic to Emden, under the complete cover of their land frontiers; and equally able to gain access from the sea at any point to a splendid array of docks and dockyards prepared beforehand for their seaborne and support.

But that is not all; and here again I fall back on intimate and irrefragable sources of information. Teuton Ahab has no thought of neglecting offensive opera-

tions. His great harbors are intended to be the supply-ports of his military strength. The termini of a network of military railways, they are equipped with miles of wharves from which enormous bodies of troops can be embarked with a minimum of delay. And, not least significant of all this preparedness, at Emden and Wilhelmshafen are stored, in readiness for employment, hundreds of long light landing-stages adapted for use on a shelving coast-line. They are of the identical pattern which the Japanese found so effective in their record landing at Chemulpo, and have long been used by the German naval and military authorities at their frequent rehearsals.

Nothing in all the great and ambitious programme has been left to chance. The only uncertain factor is the firmness of the opposition it is likely to encounter from Great Britain and France. For Russia there must be a long period of enforced quiescence. Will the policemen do their duty?

A hundred years ago the attempt of a single despot to trample on the liberties of Europe was frustrated by British ships. Now once more when a greater power than that of Bonaparte is threatening the liberties of nations, the sole remaining safeguard of European freedom is the margin of superiority still possessed by Britain's naval power, and her willingness to use it with the tenacity she displayed of old. True, one may hear in Germany to-day the expression, "England won't fight," or "England can't fight," but it is a creed full of danger to the world's peace, and one that has been falsified before now.

And so to-day, if, before it be too late, we convince Germany, as well as Holland, Belgium and France that the spirit of our fathers is still awake and that we will not permit a wanton destruction of the map of Europe, whether by a confidence trick or open violence, we may yet avoid the final and most calamitous issue of events.

"How I Got My Biggest Order"

WHEN the average man buys a single typewriter he feels as though he has made a big purchase, and the average typewriter salesman must find one such every day he is on the job if he expects to retain the respect of the head office. There are hundreds of men selling typewriters whose average is better than a machine a day, but when a man, single-handed, against the most fierce competition, bags an order for 475 machines all at one time, capturing a sale representing in money \$42,750, he has accomplished something that makes his competitors take cognizance of his existence.

Thus runs an article in *Business and the Book-Keeper*, and continues: Recently a big corporation advertised for bids on 100 writing machines. Roughly, they wanted visible writers, back space key, two-color ribbon, tabulator and adaptable to billing as well as correspondence. These specifications included almost any make of machine on the market. The result was that there were nearly as many sam-

ples submitted as the requirements called for and with each a bid, some complicated, with many provisos and allowances, and other straight, and without any side issues.

One typewriter company did not submit a sample. The salesman in whose territory the business originated was given a memorandum of the request for bids. He had solicited the firm many times with little success. Out of their entire equipment he had been able to place but three or four machines, and had been beaten so frequently in competition that he felt that it was useless to adopt old methods. New methods do not exist, so he decided on a compromise.

The buyer was authorized to buy after making a thorough test of all machines, and submitting a report for approval to the committee in charge. The machines were sent to the mechanical department, tested for strength of type bar hangers, rigidity of type bars, quality of steel and perfection of bearings, wearing qualities and general durability. The inspection

and tests were purely mechanical and simply tested material. This salesman knew that material in all typewriters is about the same and that the material in his machine was as good as any, and he felt that to pick a machine on this test was not only unfair to the bidders, but was no criterion for the buyer.

In his interview with the buyer he found out who headed the committee, and went straight to him. To get an interview was a hard matter, but he managed it. He demonstrated his machine to this man, but refused to submit a sample to the buyer, explaining that typewriters are bought, not as so much iron and steel, but for what they will do for the owner and user. As scrap a typewriter is worth about 90c, and the man heading the committee knew a good deal about scrap.

The upshot of the demonstration was that the salesman was asked to show the machine to several members of the committee all at the same time. This he gladly did, and made such a perfect demonstration of its good points, that he won considerable favor for his typewriter. Still he refused to submit a sample to the buyer. During the demonstration he showed the advantages of standardization of equipment and explained why a writing machine bore the same relation to the office that a milling machine did to the factory, and being factory men, they all saw it.

Finally the day arrived when the order was to be placed. The tests had been made and a report rendered. It went before the committee and a decision was reached as to the machine that had shown up the best and which was recommended by the buyer and the mechanical department. The salesman was on hand at the time the report was being made, and asked permission to address the committee. The request was granted. He repeated his statement regarding the use of a writing machine and called attention to the difference in its value as scrap and as a finished machine. His demonstration was perfect. He had practised it for weeks. He then asked that they call in their own mechanical expert and have him examine the machine before them. This they did, and when his examination and report was complete, it stood about where all the rest did, no better, no worse.

The chairman called attention, at this juncture, to the fact that a decision was about reached, when the salesman asked that the man representing the machine that had received the highest number of points be called in to give a demonstration before the committee. This was done and the two machines were placed on the table side by side. The committee asked questions of the new man about both machines, and at the most advantageous moment, the salesman for the first machine asked his opponent some questions and before he knew it, had him demonstrating his machine.

At the conclusion of the demonstration, the first salesman asked permission to say a few words, and he spoke of the advantages of standardizing the entire plant, and suggested, that, no matter which machine they bought, they seriously consider standardization. The argument drove home and both men were asked to present a proposition with this in view. Both hurried out of the room to figure what they could do in the matter of exchange and trade-in. The committee was to be in session the remainder of the morning, and before noon both men were ready with their propositions.

When the committee was ready each man presented his proposition alone. The man who had stayed out of the competitive deal was called last. He had made no figure on the 100 order, and was therefore ready and fresh with his proposition. He had no old proposition to figure against, and it took him but a few minutes to present his argument. When he started after the order he expected to land somehow, and so had had 100 machines shipped to the branch office, ready to set up. As part of his proposition he agreed to make delivery that afternoon of the first 100, and the balance within a week.

He made no excess allowances, never lost his head, followed the one line of logic, and did not permit himself to slip up. He had succeeded in demonstrating his machine to good advantage, and then had cleverly manoeuvred around so that his opponent had also demonstrated his machine, and the force of his argument backed by the fact that the opposing salesman could not find any real fault with the machine, convinced the committee of the genuineness of his proposition.

When he returned to the office that noon for lunch he had an order in his pocket for 475 brand new typewriters, at a total price of \$42,750.

Thirty-two cartons of premium china were, representing a net of \$64,000, is probably the largest order of its kind ever taken in this country. The man who took this order is the star salesman of a well-known crockery concern. He was out west selling premium china in our lots when his house wired him to go to an eastern city and attempt to land one of the papers there. Some interest had been manifested in that section in premiums as circulation builders, and the sales manager thought that the time was ripe to close in and land one of them. The instructions sent by telegraph were no more definite than indicated here, and the salesman had to find his own prospect and then close. When he arrived in the city he called on one paper after another and at last found two that showed some interest in the subject, but he also learned that four men had been in the territory within two weeks, all trying to land and every one had gone home without an order. Of the two papers he found interested, he picked the larger, and went after the high man.

When he entered the office and started to tell his story, his auditor laughed him to scorn, but he stuck and was heard out. The turn-down was cold and short. The idea of that newspaper buying china from a premium house was too preposterous to be considered for a moment. They were too big in the first place, and then they had connections so important that they could deal direct with the pottery. The salesman was not dismayed, and left an opening so that he could come back.

When he sat down after the first day's interview and figured up his expense account, he had travelled almost 3,000 miles and it had taken him three days and so many nights to make the journey. That meant money to the house and he had to get an order. He planned his campaign before he went to bed.

Next morning he went to a nearby city where there were two good papers, both of which competed in a way with the big town journal. He landed one of them for a small order, and then struck another town. In this way he sold his premium plan in several towns right around the

big city, and then went back and told the man who had turned him down what he had done. In the meantime he had been receiving advices from his home office right along as to big deals being closed elsewhere.

As soon as the china arrived at the smaller towns and began to be distributed, the big city paper heard of it. All of the time this industrious salesman was selling other papers in the same locality, and every day a bunch of cancellations reached the desk of the circulation manager of the big fellow. Again and again the salesman called, and finally one day he was offered an order for 300 sets of the 42-piece premium set. This he refused and went away. Again he called and was offered an order for 500, then 1,000, but he refused them all. He had set out for a big order and he proposed to get it.

After being on the job for over two weeks, he walked into the office of the big newspaper and learned that the man he had interviewed was out with an advertiser and would in all probability stay down at the office that night. After dinner, the salesman prepared for his final assault. He looked over his samples and found them intact, grasped his case and started for the newspaper office. He found his man all alone, for it was a little after eight o'clock.

Cancellations had been coming in thick and fast and something had to be done. The salesman knew what was causing the cancellations and this was the strongest argument he could present as to the pulling powers of his premiums. He sat down and began to explain his plan. The big man repeated that he would go direct to the potteries when he wanted china, but the salesman knew that there was no chance of getting that particular set and he had already created the demand for it and it would be hard to switch the women to anything else. The plan itself was a good one, and the big man listened. The argument lasted until midnight. At a quarter after twelve the big man said he was hungry, and the salesman accompanied him to an all-night restaurant.

The argument continued and all questions had been settled except the order. The price, delivery, scheme and everything had been decided, but the order remained to be taken. The quantity was

a matter of how many subscribers they expected to put on, and the possibilities were computed by the results obtained by the papers in the territory. Over the restaurant table they figured how many sets would be needed, and when the salesman saw that he had arrived at the closing point, he had no paper, no typewriter or other means of making a contract. He knew that the time to close was when the prospective buyer was ready to sign. Apparently he was up against it. He had fought for almost three weeks, and now had argued steadily for more than four hours.

Calling the waiter he asked for several copies of the bill of fare, and on the back of these he wrote the contract in long hand, signed it and passed it to the big man, who read the contents carefully, signed his name to the order and passed it back. When he figured up the total amount involved it was a little over \$64,000, and called for a train load of premium china—a train of 32 full cars—and delivery was to be made within three months, 10 cars to be shipped immediately. There was no reduction in the price, no concession of any kind made; the order read just the same as though it had been for \$64 worth instead of \$64,000 worth. Tact, salesmanship and persistence were what won. The salesman went there to get an order and a big one. He planned his campaign as a general would plan a battle, and when the right time arrived for the last assault on the breast-works, he closed in, trained all of his artillery on the opposing force, secured an unconditional surrender, mailed it to his office and sought other fields to conquer.

Office furniture is sold by the car load to the dealer and by the piece to the consumer as a rule, and an order for \$12,000 worth at retail is unusual. Such an order was recently placed by a big manufacturing concern as a result of the cleverness of a salesman.

Bids had been asked for, and somehow or other the man about whom this story is written hadn't heard of it. One day he happened to pass a new building, which attracted his attention. He thought it appeared to be an office building, and making some inquiries found that he was right. The walls were up and the heavy work for the partitions was being put in

and he had a very good general idea of what it would look like when done. An office building being erected suggested an order to him, and he hunted out the man who would be interested.

To his chagrin, he found that bids had been asked for and filed, and that the order was about to be placed. Undaunted, however, he asked for a chance to get in his estimate and requested that closing be held off a week. Some strong talk on his part gained him the time. He took the specifications and as he was about to depart asked for a blue print of the building and also specifications as to finish. These he wanted in order to write his bid as to stains and colors. A glance around the office showed him what furniture was in use, and he made a quick mental note of what was on the floor.

Once out of the office, he sought out an architect and, giving him the blue print, asked him to plan out the arrangement of the pieces of furniture called for in the bids. When this was done, the salesman placed in the plan all the other necessary pieces of furniture to complete the equipment. He then had the architect draw up elevations and color suggestions, with various finishes suggested for the different rooms. When the work was completed the architect had spent a whole week on the job, and had made drawings of sections and pieces of furniture, and had worked out an entire system of color scheme that was extremely attractive. The salesman had figured out the costs of furniture to fit the picture. He planned for all to match the woodwork, and as the order was big enough to go to the mill anyhow, he planned to make woodwork and furniture of the same material.

The bids asked for called for certain pieces of furniture and his price on the specified requirement was a little less than \$2,000, but he wasn't after the \$2,000 order. He did not believe that he could get it in any case, for he knew some men bidding on the job who would underbid him.

When he submitted his proposition he agreed to supply the interior woodwork, decorations, furniture and all complete, so that the builder could finish the building to the point of putting in the interior finish, and then his firm would start with the rough walls and deliver a completed office building from top to bottom. The

scheme was comprehensive in the extreme, and struck the fancy of the president. He called the young man in.

"What are you going to do with this old furniture?" he asked.

"You are going to advertise it in the Sunday papers," replied the salesman. "I will want to use it until the day you are ready to move, and I propose to have everything ready, all new furniture, filing cabinets and chairs, and when you move there will be no confusion. I propose to come down here after you close on the day the office building is ready, and with the assistance of a crew of movers, transfer all papers, desk for desk, into the new offices, and next morning you will walk into the new office, with all of your papers on the new desks, just as you left them the night before on the old. The next day we'll get rid of the old furniture by public sale."

The president scrutinized the young man for a few moments, and then said, "When will you do this?"

"Ten days after the contractor finishes the walls, giving us time to put on the interior finish and set our furniture in place," he replied.

Ten minutes later he walked out of the office with a contract for \$12,000, and the asked-for bids were never opened.

With the encroachments of various devices for doing away with detail in offices, business transactions are daily becoming more and more matters of machinery. Shorthand is seeing its own elimination by the general adoption of the dictating machines. For years girls have fought their use largely through the influence of commercial schools, which in many instances do not want to see this means of handling correspondence get a foothold.

One of the largest wholesale houses in the country has replaced shorthand with the dictating machines entirely, and the order for the initial installation amounted to \$8,860, which took with it 110 instruments and several shaving machines.

A circular letter telling of the advantages of such a device had reached the desk of the head man. He had turned it over to his buyer, who had reported back that the girls wouldn't use the machine. This did not satisfy him, and he answered the letter himself. A salesman called, and gave a demonstration of the machine. The head man could see its advantages and

had never before known what it cost him to write a letter. When he found that the average letter was costing eight cents he began to look around. He had carefully kept on a dozen stenographers from various parts of the institution and he found that eight cents was the minimum per letter, and then suggested that the salesman deliver a few machines to be used in various parts of the house as a trial, show the girls their use, and then if it worked, the establishment would be fully equipped.

The salesman knew better than to take this kind of an order. He had been fighting stenographers' prejudices too long for that. He argued that as the man had seen the advantages of the machine and had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that it would talk and save him money, the logical thing to do was to put in the equipment.

"If you adopt this the girls will use it," he argued. "If you put it up to them, they won't use it. I can't spend time trying to break down the prejudices of the individual operators in this store."

A trial seemed to the head man to be the only test, so the salesman went out and secured an operator and placed her in his office and asked him to dictate his mail. The girl handled it from the first letter with no trouble.

"You have seen what it will do with a girl who favors its use. Now suppose you send out through your store and ask several girls whether they are prejudiced against the machine or not. When you find one that is not, call her in," suggested the salesman.

The plan was adopted and several girls said they wouldn't use the machine, but at last one was found who had no preference. She was tried out and made it go. This didn't fully satisfy the head man, so he tried again, and after finding three or four girls without prejudice and seeing them operate, he decided to adopt the device. Then he ran up against the prejudices of dictators, but he had demonstrated that he could dictate to the machine, therefore believed others could do the same.

He was now ready to sign an order and offered to place a machine in each of 25 departments, but the salesman stuck out for a complete equipment, arguing the advantage of standardization, and when

he finished, he had the head man's signature to an order for 110 talking machines, which was the largest single order ever placed. He won by demonstration, recognition of the prejudices against his device and persistence in going after what he knew his customer needed.

Some time ago a certain big insurance company wanted to commemorate an anniversary by giving every agent throughout the world a suitable souvenir of the occasion. Letters were sent to every specially advertising concern in the country, and samples enough were received to fill a good-sized room. They were all arranged on tables, numbered and indexed, and the president was to go through them and make his selection.

A young man representing an eastern house called to get facts regarding the awarding of the contract. He was handed a printed letter telling what was wanted. He saw the vast array of samples and knew that the chances against a choice were too great to be taken in such a miscellaneous collection as that before him.

Next day he returned and sent in his card to the president. He was admitted and when he began to state his business, the president referred him to the buyer.

"But you don't want any stock article," argued the young man. "You want something exclusive, something all your own, unlike anything else ever put out, and that is what I want to get up for you."

The president agreed, and then the young man countered. "I would suggest a solid gold pencil with the name of the agent stamped on the side, put up in a neat package with an engraved letter to go with it, containing an engraved receipt. I will agree to get this up for you, take care of the mailing and checking of receipts and guarantee delivery on every package. I will be back in a day or two with samples."

He backed out of the place, without giving the president time to think, and set to work to execute his scheme. It took a little while to make up the sample as he wanted it. He made up the gold pencil

with the president's name on it, placed it in the package he had planned, had the letter and card engraved just as it would appear when it went out, and made the whole affair as costly as possible and as elegant as could be produced. Then he sat down to figure the price. In the quantity desired, it would cost \$62,500. This included postage and every other item.

For a week he practised saying \$62,500. Every night as he went to bed he repeated it. When he got up in the morning and all day long he said it. He stood before the glass for hours saying "\$62,500, Mr. Blank." Finally, he believed that he could say \$62,500 without catching his breath and as naturally as though he was saying \$6.25. Then he went to see his man.

The package and the plan were exceptionally good. The president was pleased. The salesman described the difficulty that would be experienced if they tried to handle the matter in their office. He showed the possibility of misdirected packages and the consequent loss, the time consumed and the impracticability of attempting to handle it with his force. His people were all busy with their regular work and if they tried to handle this scheme they could not hope to get it out in any kind of systematic order, and something had to suffer. So well did he paint the picture that the president was impressed and said that that was what he wanted, agreed to supply the list of names by a stated time, and then asked the price.

"Only \$62,500," repeated the salesman, "and I want to get started on it to-morrow."

While he was saying this he was writing the order. Mechanically he passed the order blank over to the president, who held the gold pencil in his hand looking at it. He turned about, signed his name, and then glanced at the pencil point, as if to see what effect it had had on it. The salesman hurried out, and as soon as he was gone the president sent for the buyer and told him to return the samples in the inspection rooms to their owners.

An American Gretna Green

THE *Wide World Magazine* contains an account of a remarkable matrimonial Mecca in Tennessee, whither eloping couples from all parts of the States come to be united by Mr. Burroughs, the "Marrying Parson," who has a record of over three thousand marriages to his credit. Mr. Burroughs runs an hotel especially for the accommodation of runaway couples, and has performed weddings in all sorts of exciting circumstances.—The article is by Mr. Felix J. Koch.

Sprawling across the boundary line of two States, and almost within a stone's throw of two other States, the city of Bristol, Tennessee, has long been the goal of lovers' lads and lasses, and is probably the only town in the world that maintains a hostelry expressly erected for the entertainment of eloping couples.

The invisible line dividing the two States has for more than fifty years been the cause of unique situations. The troublesome frontier line divides the electric railway in halves for the entire distance along one of the main thoroughfares, and it is possible for companions riding within a foot of each other to be amenable to the laws of different States.

The Rev. Alfred Harrison Burroughs, the "Marrying Parson," who conceived the scheme of taking advantage of the strategic position of Bristol for matrimonial purposes, and who has amassed a small competence out of the venture, has more than three thousand couples to his credit, of whom more than 85 per cent. have been runaways. The hotel became a necessity in order that he might take better care of the ever-increasing number of his guests. He has performed marriage ceremonies under every conceivable circumstance—in a carriage racing through the streets at night, with an irate mother in full pursuit, and with the couple standing in the middle of a moving street-car, the tracks of which lay in different States.

A unique suit for divorce that has just been instituted in the State of Tennessee may, in the event of the application being endorsed by the Courts, be the means of abolishing the most famous matrimonial Mecca of modern times. The suit involves the question of the maintenance of a depu-

ty marriage-licence clerk at Bristol and the charging of a license fee in excess of that prescribed by the laws of Tennessee. Mr. Burroughs is very much interested in the outcome of this case, which is one of the few that have ever resulted from a marriage performed at Bristol. The necessity for the presence of a clerk at Bristol came with the changing of the law of Tennessee making the marriageable age sixteen years and requiring Mr. Burroughs to give bond not to marry any person of illegal age.

Twenty years ago Parson Burroughs was a Baptist minister in Bristol. His services were so frequently requested for tying the nuptial knot for runaway couples, and the remuneration therefor so satisfactory, that he espoused the idea of devoting himself exclusively to this unprecedented occupation. He has since acquired considerable wealth from the business, and for years has had no other source of income, having long since resigned from active work in the ministry. Mr. Burroughs is now seventy-seven years of age, and is well in the running for the world's record as a marrying parson. His American "Gretna Green" has long since become famous.

Parson Burroughs's curious business is made possible by the stringent matrimonial laws of Virginia and West Virginia. The laws of these States require that applicants for marriage licences, unless both have the written consent of their parents or guardians, shall be twenty-one years of age or upwards. But while the laws of these two States were the basis for the establishment of the matrimonial Mecca, the marriages solemnized at Bristol have not been confined to Virginia and West Virginia elopers alone. Runaway couples from various States, including Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and California, have all sought peace and happiness in Parson Burroughs's haven. Inquiries have also reached the venerable minister from foreign countries, including England, Ireland and Mexico.

So widespread has Mr. Burroughs's fame become that it is not infrequently hap-

pens that he marries from two to four couples at one time, one ceremony and one blessing answering for all. Quite recently he was called upon to marry five couples simultaneously. He had barely completed the service when two more young couples were ushered into the reception-room, requesting the services of the man who has earned the title of "strenuous uniter of young lives."

A remarkable coincidence in connection with this wholesale marriage was that each of the seven brides had given precisely the same excuse in order to get away from home. All the couples were from Virginia, and they all arrived by the same train, but it was not until the whole party had been received by the minister, who was in waiting at the depot for the larger batch, that they realized the possibility of so unique a ceremony. Each of the young women had been excused from home upon the understanding that she was to attend commencement exercises at the historic Emory and Henry College, in Washington County. Cupid, however, had so contrived that the sweetheart of each of the girls was in waiting for her, and each couple, instead of calling for tickets to the Emory station, purchased transportation to Bristol. It was an hour of absorbing interest to the seven brides when they learned from one another that they had planned their elopements similarly. The marriages for that day united Miss Lou Ferris and Thomas Colly, of Washington County; Miss Cora Henderson and Frank Condy, of Smyth County; Miss Gaynelle Nace and R. L. Ruble, of Botetourt County; Miss Willie Morgan and William Goff, of Washington County; Miss Lucy Ellen Hancock and Asa R. Hancock, of Wythe County; Miss Nettie Ryan and William Speckard, of Marion, Va.; and Miss Kate Barker and Frank Speckard, of Montgomery County.

All the eloping couples arrive at the Union Passenger Station, which is situated within the boundary of Virginia, but within a hundred feet of the State line and Tennessee soil. Parson Burroughs invariably meets the trains upon their arrival, and it is very seldom that he is disappointed in securing a couple. In many instances the irate parents of the eloping pair telegraph to the Bristol (v.a.) authorities to arrest the couple upon their ar-

rival. In such cases Parson Burroughs usually hurries the lovers across into Tennessee, where they are safe from molestation. Always alert, when he sees an officer watching for a train, his suspicion is immediately aroused, and he invariably uses his best efforts to get to the couple first. Long experience has taught Mr. Burroughs how to distinguish possible runaways from the mass of people leaving the trains. He has the sympathy of the police, too, in his undertaking, and they have frequently been charged with not exercising due diligence in the apprehension of elopers until the "uniter of hearts" has had an opportunity to spirit them across the line into another State.

Parson Burroughs has absolutely no scruples about disparity of age between the bride and groom. He says that age is a matter to be settled between a prospective bride and her husband. If they are matched, and the bride is sixteen years of age or over, as provided by the laws of Tennessee, he will perform the rites. He has a stereotyped form of congratulation, which he sometimes improves upon, and which is calculated to make the groom feel so pleased with himself that he is only too glad to pay the parson a handsome fee. He receives many letters from the couples he has married in years past, but seldom recalls them without a reference to his ledger, in which the names of practically all the six thousand people whom he has joined together are recorded.

Parson Burroughs is somewhat reluctant to say just how old he is, but declares that he expects to marry his four-thousandth couple, which is an indication that he expects to live a few years longer. He is confidently looking forward to the time when the children of his earlier couples will themselves come to him blithely on a similar errand.

So steadily did the stream of elopers increase after the establishment of the Mecca by Parson Burroughs that when the old Nickels House, in which the minister first began his career, crumbled into decay eight years ago, he began the construction of an hotel near the Union Depot, which he had designed especially for the entertainment of bridal couples. The hotel is modern in every respect, and is situated in one of the best sections of the city. It is located directly on the State line, so that

it is possible to marry a couple in either Virginia or Tennessee, as the case may warrant, merely by walking from one room into another.

The completion of the new hotel brought to Bristol a greater number of eloping brides than ever before, and they continue to arrive—by train, on horseback, in buggies and automobiles, while now and then those of the humbler class, just as determined as the others to mate and be happy ever after, make the trip up, climbing mountains and risking the hazards of perilous journeys. Since the establishment of his business, whether his hotel guests have been few or many, Parson Burroughs has been enabled to live comfortably. It is estimated that from the three thousand couples he has married he has received in fees more than fifteen thousand dollars.

The marriages performed by Mr. Burroughs, needless to say, include many unique and romantic affairs. It frequently happens that the bride is a girl of sixteen and the groom a widower of from forty to sixty, while sometimes the reverse is the case. Irate fathers have been known to follow their fleeing daughters across mountains and over frozen snows, sometimes to capture them and take them back, but more frequently to learn that the couple had arrived at Bristol ahead of them, and that the marriage had already taken place. Hardly a week passes that does not bring to Parson Burroughs's door a pair of lovers who have journeyed over mountains on horseback for a day and a night, sometimes in wintry weather.

Some years ago a mountain boy and girl rode up to the door of Mr. Burroughs's house on a mule, the girl seated on a coffee-sack behind her lover. The love-smitten youth was clad in a suit of Kentucky jeans and wore a weather-beaten slouch hat and brogan shoes. The girl on the coffee-sack was garbed in white, with blue dots, and wore an isidia rubber engagement ring. Pulling on the reins to stop the mule, the youthful mountaineer yelled, "Hello!" and the person came to the door.

"Is this their place where yer marry folks?" queried the rustic.

"Yes, sir."

"How much do yer charge fer marryin'?"

"According to a man's purse, sir. Would two dollars and fifty cents be too much?"

"I ken best that in North Carolina."

And without waiting for another offer the youngster spurred the old mule and rode off, the girl clinging to him with both arms.

Usually, however, the grooms are willing enough to pay the marriage fee. Parson Burroughs has received as much as twenty-five dollars from a happy bridegroom, but now and then there comes a man who wants to haggle.

Whether it is legal or not, it has happened that couples have been married while standing in the centre of State Street, joining hands across the frontier line, the bride in one State and the groom in the other.

Some years ago a young man and his sweetheart were married on a moving street-car, one in Tennessee and the other in Virginia. More recently still Parson Burroughs took a couple from one coach in a train while the angry mother of the girl stepped from a coach in their immediate rear. Both parties made a break for waiting cabs, and a remarkable race through the streets of Bristol ensued. With the hack rolling and jostling, skidding around corners on two wheels, Mr. Burroughs balanced himself in front of the frightened couple and pronounced them man and wife. He received a tremendous tongue-lashing from the angry parent when she finally came up with them, but the marriage, of course, stood.

As an active advocate of the institution of marriage Parson Burroughs is entitled to some consideration. He has unquestionably done more toward fostering conjugal society than any other man in the South, if not in the entire country. He naturally feels proud of his unique distinction, and continues to labor in Cupid's vineyard with unabated interest, confident in the belief that he is rendering society a great service. With a mind rich in experiences, Bristol's veteran parson, with an hotel for the accommodation of those who come, dwelling undisturbed just across the State line from Virginia, is carrying on a perpetual business for which he would be called to account under laws that exist less than a stone's throw from his door.

Parson Burroughs is watching with interest the progress of the divorce suit already referred to, which may have the effect of breaking up his Mecca and spoiling the curious industry to which he has devoted his life. If a divorce is granted in this case, hundreds of other marriages that have been reformed under similar conditions and circumstances will be annulled. There is no denial made that an extra clerk has been maintained at Bristol, and that an excess fee has been charged for licenses in order to support the additional office. It is maintained that this was, and is, purely a matter of accommodation to eloping couples who might not otherwise have found an opportunity to achieve their desires. The fate of Mr. Burroughs's business apparently hinges upon the outcome. In the meantime he is going ahead with his marriage bureau, striving with might and main to achieve a record of four thousand marriages.

"I have been criticized," he says, "for marrying so many young people. I feel sure that the criticism is undeserved. I believe that, as a rule, those who come here and get married in opposition to the wishes of their parents turn out better than those who are married with parental consent. Of the three thousand couples I have married during the last twenty years, so far as I have been able to trace, only about half-a-dozen couples have been divorced. I do not believe that the

matches made at home will compare favorably with this record.

"When young people run away and marry in defiance of the wishes of their parents they are prompted in this course by a mutual love. It is not so often the case that the matches made at home are of this character, for it frequently happens that a girl marries to please her parents—only to bring sorrow to her own heart. It is my experience that those who marry because of mutual affection are the ones most likely to be happy in wedded life. Parents cannot command their daughters to love their husbands, but they can persuade them to marry men chosen for them.

"I am now under bond to perform no illegal marriages. Formerly I was permitted to marry persons not younger than thirteen years, but the law has been changed in Tennessee so that the youngest legal age for either bride or bridegroom is sixteen years. I must have positive proof that neither one of the couple is younger than sixteen years before my services are available. I have been criticized by the local ministry for my alleged persistency in marrying minors. All that I have to say in defence is that I never violate the law, and, with few exceptions, my record will be found to be one of happy homes established, of which true love is the secret."

Wanted—Leisure

BELOW we re-print a delightful editorial which appears under Temple Scott's name in the Forum.

Making a living is not living; making a living is only a means to living. We have not thought of this, of course. We are so tasked in the work that we have not the time in which to recover ourselves for reflection. We never do recover ourselves. Ourselves are lost, drowned in the flood of labor and the waves of competition. We are so accustomed to spend the best years of our lives in efforts to keep alive that living is come to mean working in order to be able to go on working. The wage is not the stepping-stone to inde-

pendence; it is the exchange value of the indispensable daily bread. So ingrained in us is this habit of work that we even count ourselves fortunate and think ourselves happy when we have secured a position which assures us the work. Like the negro landress who thought herself lucky in the husband who saw to it that she did not want a day's washing, we also are grateful that each to-morrow finds the work ready for our hands to do. For work means food and shelter; and food and a shelter mean life. Life, quotha! God help us!

The day's work done we go home to rest, to regain the strength lost, for the

next day's work, if we can. Perhaps anxiety about the work prevents us from resting; then we lie awake disturbed and distressed. Perhaps the work absorbs our whole thoughts; then is every other interest excluded—self, friends, wife and family, home and the duties of social life. We are machines that are run down each evening, to be cranked up again each morning. And we are glad thus to labor. Thank God for work, we cry, when sorrow or affliction visits us. In work, at any rate, we can drown our troubles. Work is the sustainer of hope, the comforter and soother in times of despair; the one remedy for the thousand heart-ills which afflict us in this Vale of Tears. Great writers have penned vibrating dithyrambs in praise of work. "Blessed are the horny hands of toil;" "Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may;" "To labor is to pray;" "To labor is the lot of man below;" "Labor is independent and proud." They write the word with a capital letter as if it were in itself a splendid and inspiring truth. They have raised a new idol for us to worship. Oh, idolatrous and Sabbathless Satans!

It is a melancholy utopian, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, this inhuman craving for work—the cry of the starving for food, the prayer of the lost for success, the petition of the condemned for reprieve. The will to live is so strong in us, and the way to live so narrow and crowded, that the market for labor is like a battlefield with the fight still going on. For we have found out but one means of living—killing the weaker and taking his place. And yet the work we get in is not for the fulfillment of the spirit; it does not ennoble us. We grasp after it with the convulsive, passionate hands of the drowning man stretching for a spar that will float him to a haven; and when the haven is reached we find ourselves harnessed to a mortar-wheel. Like stupid oxen or blind horses we go, henceforward, round and round in a daily grind. And man's free spirit is killed. "Thou toil'st for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." What a satire on living is this making a living!

Is not time we took thought a little on this business of work? I am not railing against the toil for the daily bread. I am ready to agree with all the fine things that have been and can be said of it. But

I do denounce and stigmatize as contemptible and unmanly that attitude toward the work we are compelled to do, which accepts it as the be-all and the end-all of human aspiration. This is not work, it is drudgery, and as such it is degrading and enslaving. As it is practised and understood to-day in the thousands of centres of modern civilization, this drudgery is one of the most pernicious influences that can afflict mankind. There is nothing sacred in it, nothing beautiful, nothing worthy. Go through a modern department store and tell me if the work done there by the hundreds of young men and young women is either worthy or beautiful or sacred. Examine the factories, the coal mines, the railroads, the offices of merchants and newspapers and shopkeepers, and show me there the sanctity and the beauty of labor. Oh, yes, all these creatures are earning their living. Some of them have, perhaps, found the work fitted for them and have made inventions and improvements in the enterprises with which they are associated. Some have even progressed in position and have themselves become employers. What of it all? Have they done anything more than making a living? And if they have saved money, if even they have become millionnaires, have they done anything more than work? Do they do anything more than go on working? If they do—then for what? For doing more work, and more work? For making more money and more money? And this is living!

I hear you! You are telling me that it is through work that these United States have become the leading country in the commerce of the globe; that it is through work America is richer and more powerful than any other country. I do not doubt it. But have these United States become a country in which men and women are freer, as they set out to be? Are the people of this country wiser, nobler, more sanely brotherly to each other, more intellectually honest and upright, more premeditatedly kindly and intelligently humane than the people of other civilized countries? I doubt it. Human nature is the same here as it is the world over. They had grafters in Rome and we have grafters in New York. They have vested interests in Europe and

we have politicians and trusts in America. They have debilitating armies and navies in the old world, and we have their like in the new. We have not changed much by taking a voyage across the Atlantic and founding a new republic. This new English republic is not such an advance on the old English monarchy that we need boast much about it. We had the chance to make it an advance, but we did not use it. We did not use it because we did not know how. And we did not know how because we did not understand that the difference between a republic and a monarchy is profounder than the mere superficial difference in government; we did not realize that a democracy meant not only political and legal freedom but economic freedom also.

The old feudal system was a military system. The basic assumption of the system was that men were not equal. Under it the monarch flourished as a kind of commander-in-chief of the nation as an army, and he had his generals and captains in his barons and overlords. It developed an aristocracy and class divisions. The workman took his place among the lower classes. He worked for his superior because he was a unit in an army in which the employer was his captain or lord or baron—he was his vassal, serf or slave. He is still in these lower classes, to-day, in monarchical countries. He is still there because the feudal system is still the system of business and the employment of labor. The wage-earner is part of a militaristic exactly similar to any military organization. As an individual he does not count. He counts only as a fraction of a larger unit—the factory, the brewery, the railway corporation, the mining enterprise, the store, the mercantile office. It is these larger units that are considered in examining the power and prosperity of a nation. But so considered a nation is not rich and not powerful, but poverty-stricken, crime-infested and unstable as water. It cannot be otherwise when the few are enriched at the expense of the many.

The American Declaration of Independence rejected monarchy and its attendant aristocracy and class distinctions. It declared as truth—that all men are created equal. It left no room for an aristocracy or class distinctions in government. But

it did not reject the militaristic system in business. That system is still in vogue in this country as it is in every country of the world. Under it the wage-earner is relegated to a class subservient to the employer in business and to the plutocrat in social life. So that the laborer is now in the same position, economically and socially, as the vassal and serf were under the old military feudal system. In other words, the laborer is the wage-slave. It is true, he is now free to remonstrate and combat by means of unions, but his remonstrance and opposition avail him little so long as the system under which he works compels him to devote the major part of his daily life to making a living. No wage-earner can be free in any real sense if he must labor for a wage from eight in the morning until six in the evening.

I have said that the difference between a monarchy and a democracy is profounder than the superficial difference in government. I mean by that that government, whether by a king or a president, is the same at bottom, so far as it affects the people governed. In republics as in monarchies the people are governed by officials; and it matters little whether these be elected by the people or selected by the king. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that a dictator would choose more wisely than the voters. The real difference between a democracy and a monarchy is in what I might call the soul attitude of the individuals governed, and that attitude is altogether different in a democracy from what it is in a monarchy. It is different in that in a democracy the unit, for the first time, counts. He is not merely a member of a social organization; he is not only one individual in a nation; he is not simply a number in a regiment of soldiers; he is all these, but he is also a man. It was to preserve him and his individuality; it was to safeguard him and his rights; it was to assert him and his soul that the democracy of the United States of America was founded. Otherwise the words of the Declaration of Independence are blasphemy. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Buried in foul basements and bereft of sunlight and air, hundreds of thousands of young men and young women are daily occupied in a deadly routine of employment at tasks that concern them only in so far as their accomplishment brings them a weekly wage. They are stitching garments, treading sewing-machines, pounding typewriters, inserting meaningless figures in ponderous ledgers, packing parcels, turning cranks. And they are doing these tasks from early morn till dewy eve. Without, the blue sky is effulgent in golden sunlight, and trees are blossoming, birds singing, clouds sailing and gentle breezes blowing. But the toilers see nothing and feel nothing of what is doing without. They have not the time; they are too busy asserting their God-given rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Blessed are the horny hands of toil!"

Enclosed in the storied lofts of department stores are other hundreds of thousands, standing through the liveliest day, serving customers, waiting on exacting and frowning women, scribbling bills, displaying articles for sale, anxiously glancing the while at the task-master who walks the lofts with the threat of punishment in his eye. Some of them catch glimpses through the windows of a gleaming river and purple hills; but they have no time to look long. They dream of these beautiful things on their way home in the evening when they are tired and worn out. Not for them are these pleasant places; they are too busy proving their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "To labor is the lot of man below!"

In stuffy little shops are thousands of others—husbands and wives and children—smirking, gossamering, tricking, flattering, deceiving, begging customers into buying the wares they are offering for sale. From seven or eight in the morning until seven, eight, nine and even ten o'clock at night, they are engaged in this degrading labor. They have no time for anything else; for if they took the time their neighbor storekeeper might take customers away from them. Moreover, they must, at any cost, make good their unalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the

pursuit of happiness." "Toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Digging in mines, delving the earth, spinning in mills, forging and hammering in factories are hundreds of thousands of others, two-begrimed, callous-handed, narrow-chested creatures who may be men and women, but they look like parchment-stretched skeletons. These have never even tasted joy; they are only ravenous for existence. They are the slaves of captains of industry. Their pleasures are debilitating excitements, body-racking indulgence, and soul-destroying satisfactions. And these, too, are God-endowed with rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Labor is independent and proud!"

Ask any one of these millions of wage-slaves if he is happy; ask him what he is doing and why he is doing it. This will be his best answer, even when he has succeeded, in the words of the shop-keeper, Madame Bernin, in Brieux' play, *Materne*, he will say:

"No; we have not been happy, because we have used ourselves up with hunting for happiness. We meant to 'get there'; we have 'got there,' but at what a price! Oh, I know the road to fortune. At first, miserable sordid economy, passionate greed; then the fierce struggle of trickery and deceit, always flattering your customers, always living in terror of failure. Tears, lies, envy, contempt, suffering for yourself and for everyone round you. I've been through it and a bitter experience it was. We're determined that our children shouldn't. Our children! We have only two, but we meant to have only one. That extra one meant double toil and hardship. Instead of being a husband and wife, helping one another, we have been two business partners, watching each other like enemies, perpetually quarreling, even with our very pillow over our expenditure and our mistakes. Finally we succeeded; and now we can't enjoy our wealth because we don't know how to use it, and because our later years are poisoned by memories of the hateful past of suffering and misce."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Go into the millions of city homes, or what we may call homes as a pathetic

compliment to those who live in them, and see how they fare there, these assertions of divine rights. What are these places, when they are not just bearable? The breeding grounds of crime and the farms of prostitution—poisonous weeds that spring up in a night from the soil of poverty. Ask them what God is doing for them; and if they understand your question, they will answer: "God gives us eyes—to cry with." They compel themselves to forget their state when they can weep no more. These are the women whose lives have been broken on the wheel of competition and crushed beneath the Juggernaut car of the militarist system. And they always carry with them an added source of suffering—the corpse of the woman they had hoped to be. "Yet toil on, toil on, thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Watch the farmer at his work and his family at their daily tasks. The pageant of landscape and of sky passes by them unseen. They are bowed and bent earthward. For a brief moment they look up; but their eyes are blind. For a short space they plod homeward a weary way and leave the world to darkness and themselves to brutish sleep. He is his own taskmaster, with the whip of anxiety to spur him on to effort after effort. His wife scarce knows what it is not to work; for there are "chores" to do every day, Sundays as well as week days. The grind of their toil has worn their faces to unlovely lines. They live on hope—the hope that marries the daughter, and educates the son for the ministry or fits him for the labor of the cities. They suck sustenance out of the earth with life-spending gasps. Each day's labor is a crucifixion of love on the market cross. Yet they are told that "To labor is to pray!"

See the employer at his office desk, tricking, cajoling, swindling, haggling, directing, smiling, desiring, and doing the many other worthy and unworthy acts that he calls business. He also is harnessed to the mortar-wheel. He is the blind leading the blind. He is the slave of his enterprise, the creature of his success. Listen to him, in his hours of ease, at the restaurant, in the theatre, or at his own dining-table, and he is saying, "Dollars, dollars, dollars!" If other words fall from

his lips they have reference to dollars; if he talks of art, it is in terms of dollars; if he descants of pleasure it is in the language of the market-place; if he speaks of love it is with synonyms for money. He knows no God but the Golden Calf, and no joy but the fever of desire. And he is oppressed with worry and depressed by anxiety. He makes thousands in a day and loses them in a night. He is the gambler offspring of competition and the militarist system. He is Time's slave; he is the chained driver of the competition car, doomed for life to cross and re-cross the Bridge of Sighs. And in his wake follow the groans of the hungry and the moans of the stricken. Yet he cannot help them because he is himself stricken; he is the slave of the system which compels him to do what he does. Deep in his heart he is moved to compassion and charity, but he can only talk in the language of dollars, and he knows no other mediator. His wealth has ruined his manhood and his home is a sepulchre of still-born hopes and frustrated happiness. He also may pray for grace, but it is too late to be redeemed from the passion of his low ambition. He has sold himself for wealth, and he must remain a slave to the most terrible of all taskmasters—"Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

And these are they who have asserted and fought for their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

I am not here picturing the lives of the people of a tyrannous autocracy. The people I have described are the people of an enlightened democracy, of the splendid United States. They bear the standard of freedom, "Old Glory" they proudly and rightly call it. They chant the Battle Hymn of the Republic; they devoutly honor their brave who died for liberty and emancipation; they teach their children to lip the uplifting words of their epoch-making Declaration; they have the power to choose their own leaders and the right of a great nation's might. And yet they have allowed themselves to be enslaved by an economic Shibboleth. They have defiled Competition as a Law of Nature and have become worshippers of a heartless, hopeless idol. Even if this idol were a living god, a true ideal, what are we doing that we do not compel it to

answer our demands? We compel gravitation to irrigate our deserts; we imprison the fire of heaven to move our railways; we command the force of expansion to alleviate our suffering, and employ the lightning to bear our messages round the globe. Why have we failed to subjugate this so-called Economic Law of Competition? Why? Because it is not a Law of Nature at all. It is a false god set up by our ignorance, and enthroned by our greed. We ask it for bread and it gives us a stone; we beg it for work and it tells us the labor-market is overstocked; we pray to it for leisure and it imprisons us in cells; we petition it for freedom and it sends us to get it for ourselves; we cry to it for life and it is deaf to our cry; we plead to it for happiness and it spurns us to misery; we demand of it our rights and it calls us "wage-slaves." And this is the ideal we have idolized! Natural Law! If ever a law were unnatural this is that law.

I am not now attempting a detailed examination of competition. I am concerned here with one outcome of it, namely, over-production, for over-production is the immediate cause of the wage-slave's condition. Capital has an eager eye. When it sees profits it will immediately engage itself. It can, however, only see profits when the market has already been supplied; but it is too jealous to allow one or two or three to make the profits, so it rushes into this profit-making enterprise, with the result that the market becomes over-supplied. Prices then go down and profits decrease. On the decrease the capitalists take a rest. The capitalists' rest means either the reduction of the wage-earner's wage or his discharge. Evil number one. The reduction in prices does not much help the wage-earner who is unemployed and has no money with which to buy. If he is fortunate enough not to be discharged and has only had his wage lowered he is yet the first to feel the pinch of the situation; and if he goes on strike for higher wages, both employer and employed are sufferers. Evil number two. Perhaps the surplus product is sold in foreign markets at below cost; then a new situation of danger is brought about by a retaliating tariff from the foreign country that has its own economic troubles. Evil number three. When the foreign

market is closed to the over-producer he becomes a Jingo, an Imperialist, an advocate for colonization and conquest in order to find a new market for his produce; he is the first to cry "Fight." Evil number four.

To contend that over-production balances itself and that the period of depression is followed by a period of rise, only adds insult to the injury. Is this a Law of Nature that breaks down just when it ought to work? Surely, this is but speculating with the market and taking a chance to win the race for the profit. Why should we be content to go hungry to-day, when an industrial panic is on, because we may get a meal next week when the panic shall have quieted down? Why are we to permit ourselves to be thus gambled with? We object most strongly to the gambler in industries (for the average capitalist is nothing but a gambler) staking our lives in the game of chance he is playing. We refuse to be cast on the green table as "chips." And there is danger to the gambler in this protest; for the protest is the protest of a proletarian army that will grow in solidarity very rapidly in the coming years. And if the idol of Competition be not quietly hidden away in some lumber room of discarded faiths, there will be trouble for the capitalist-gambler.

The wily capitalist, seeing the evils of over-production, set to work and elaborated a way for himself by which he could avoid them. He combined with other capitalists in the same industry, and formed the trust. He formed it peaceably where he could, but when he met with resistance he used drastic methods, strange and weird methods, that take us back to the middle ages for their like in cold-blooded implacability. What the trust is we all know. I call it evil number five of over-production, and the worst evil of them all.

To resist the tyranny of the capitalists, and to save himself from utter slavery, the wage-earner combined with his fellow wage-earners and founded the Trade Union. So that now we have the two armies of capitalists and wage-earners opposed to each other, and hating each other, and only working together in what is in reality a state of armed peace because each cannot do without the other. And the

wage-earner has become the creature of his tyrant union. Evil number six of over-production.

Yet out of all these evils good is certain to come. The evil of the unemployed has already opened the eyes of the unemployed, and a discontent is ripening into an awareness of injustice. The evil of strikes has produced the Labor Commissions and Arbitration Boards; the evil of the retaliating tariff leads to Reciprocity and will eventually bring us to Free Trade; the evil of the Jingo fighter will make good blood in a juster and more righteous cause; the evil of the trusts will be transfigured when their public utility corporations shall have been municipalized and their magnificent organizations of industries nationalized and socialized. And with the transformation of these evils the wage-earner will no longer be the wage-slave at the mercy of capital and the competition system. He will break free from the tyranny of his unions by abolishing them, for the day of their need will have passed away. And he will give his strength to a co-operative commonwealth which, assuring him of his life and liberty, will enable him to devote his free spirit to the pursuit of his happiness.

The ruins of over-production being the result of the blind catallactic force of competition, it might be well to study this blind force and see how it can be prevented or directed. This has been done; but as the result of investigations points to a *bouleversement*, to an entire reversal of present economic methods, it is too dangerous an experiment to engage the wage-earner in it, and he is not yet fit for the undertaking. It is certainly asking of the employer more than he will consent to. It will be wise for us to take a seemingly more circuitous road, especially if we desire to bring about the final result peacefully and intelligently. This road is the road of Leisure.

A signal victory over the capitalist was won by the skilled wage-earner when he secured the eight-hour day. But the advantage gained is only partial; and it is not all along the line of labor. The skilled wage-earner will have done better when he has secured the four-hour working-day; and labor will have done better still when its unskilled shall be as happily conditioned as its skilled. A four-hour working-

day will mean the employment of more labor and give more leisure to the laborer. Prices will, of course, go up; but there is a limit to the rise, and when that limit is reached capital will find that it does not pay to engage itself too insistently in competitive markets, and labor will discover its proper place in the changed economic conditions that will follow. And if capital attempt to ignore the limit, it may find its very existence threatened. Competition will decrease and over-production cease. Wages will, of course, go down; but there is a limit to the fall, for the capitalist, in an uncompetitive market, will find his profits settling to a satisfactory level, or to a level that he must eventually content himself with. The capital that is unengaged will find other fields for enterprises, which over-production has not made barren. If it does not, it will not matter, for capital is not wealth; it becomes wealth only when transmuted by labor.

But the skilled laborer forms only a small body of the industrial population of this country. There are thirty odd millions of clerks, domestics, petty tradesmen, shop-assistants, and other unskilled workers, who are still subjected to their employers' will in the matter of the length of the working day. Whether through indifference or incapacity, these have not organized themselves into unions, with the result that they are the flotsam and jetsam on the ocean of labor. They live in continual fear of being supplanted by a great army of unemployed always ready to take their places. Well, little good will be accomplished until these also combine and obtain the shorter working-day. Elements for strong associations undoubtedly exist among clerks, typists and shop-assistants, and these must be welded for a common purpose. Public sentiment will help them, for public sentiment is easily enlisted on the side of injustice done to the unprotected. They must, if they are to live decently, obtain, at any rate, the eight-hour working-day. No store should be open after four o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter; and there should be a mid-week half-holiday as well as the Saturday half day. We need not be afraid of the results of these changes. Capital can stand this strain, and it will be afraid to resist a united and determined opposition. Dislocation in business is a

thing more to be dreaded than the shortening of the working day. A definite and reasonable demand and a solidarity of front are the first requisites to an alleviation of hard-pressing conditions. Unity of purpose and solidarity of effort will, in the end, overcome every economic difficulty. And if to ask these of the unskilled wage-earner is to ask too much of him, then is he lost. It is because I think I am not asking too much of him, and it is because I believe he must be saved, that I am appealing to him to take heart and be up and doing. He has not so much to lose that he should be fearful of risking it; and he has much to gain. He has his life, his liberty, his happiness to gain, and the lives, liberties and happiness of his wife and children. He has the love of country to recover; he has his pride in his citizenship to re-establish; he has the dignity of his manhood to maintain. And he can do none of these things so long as he permits the hours of his conscious life to be at the call of a master who has no interest in him except as a possibility for profit, and so long as he accepts the wages of a slave for his life as a man.

Why do I insist so much on leisure? Because leisure is time, and time is life. Leisure alone means liberty, freedom for the assertion of self; leisure is the first requisite for making possible for us the pursuit of happiness. Give a poor man time and you enrich him. Give him time and you will empower him so that he will move mountains by taking thought. In time he will rejuvenate the earth and make it, indeed, a joyous earth. I ask for leisure because with leisure a man can recover himself and find his right place in the society which should dignify him and he it. He can grow in understanding and grow in wisdom, with leisure. He has the time in which to be a father, a lover, a friend, and a comrade. The fine sap of his humanity can mount and nourish the tender branches of his family tree. The Home will realize his dreams of Home, for it will be the joyous place where character is made, and with the making of character will be born nobler fathers and willing mothers.

Give a man leisure and you re-create him. We may not then be able to hoodwink him with our economic shibboleths, but we shall be glad that we are not thus

able. His eyes will have been opened, and he will open our eyes in turn. We shall realize our past foolishness in the splendid co-operation of this new-born friendly helper. Work will be no longer the hateful necessity it is now; it will be acceptable, and accomplished as the expression of the workers' sincerity. It will be honest work, giving in labor done one hundred cents for every dollar of wage received. It will be this because the worker will be fit, and willing, and bound in honor. He will give then more in four hours than he gives now in fourteen.

This time for which I ask would not be misused by the employer. Were we today to collect the time wasted in our many business enterprises and present it to the workers we should find we had lost nothing by the gift, and the gift would be no less than one-fourth of a present working-day. As a matter of fact, few human beings can possibly be equally efficient during every hour of the ten or twelve hours of a laboring day. Time is wasted in make-believe at work, in fawning and moving to and fro, in lifting and putting back what need not have been moved. Especially is time wasted in talk—the talk of the foreman, the talk of the manager, the talk of the employer, the talk of the schemer, the talk of the incompetent and hesitating and feeble and vain. It is a rare business that is really efficient. Indeed, much of the distaste for work is not so much due to the work itself as it is to the compulsory waste of time and consequent prolonged confinement imposed on the worker by incompetent employers and supervisors. We grudge the wage-earner a dollar rise in his wages, but we lose a dollar a day by our waste of his time. The shorter working-day will compel a wiser supervision, a more concentrated effort, a closer application and a more definite attention. Time wasted is money wasted, opportunity lost, enthusiasm dampened and the working spirit demoralized.

There has never been a time in the history of the world so stirred by social discontent as the present; and never before, not even during the years immediately prior to the French Revolution, was the discontent so deep-rooted and so fraught with danger to the community. Increases in population, over-crowding in cities, competition in the labor-market, over-

production, higher cost of living, the stupidity and the selfishness of the capitalist, the vicious remedy of labor strikes, all these have contributed to the sowing of discontent. How to allay it; how to bring about juster conditions for the mass of the population, are questions which have occupied and are occupying the minds of the best thinkers. Solutions without number, from Utopias to Co-operative Societies, have been propounded and tested, and yet the situation remains unaltered. No solution is, however, possible without the active sympathy and intelligent co-operation of the people to be satisfied. The solution must come from them, and not from the academic philosopher, be he never so well-meaning, and they cannot as yet know what is the best for them. Their sympathies are too easily engaged, because of the stress of their conditions, for any seemingly helpful schemes; and their co-operation cannot be intelligent because their outlook is narrowed by their immediate wants. Unintelligent sympathy is a terribly dangerous emotion to experiment with. Our first business is to refine their sympathy to the fineness of discretion, and cultivate their intelligence to the point of enthusiasm. It is not possible to produce either of these qualities so long as the wage-earner is the slave of his work, and so long as he is compelled to give to it the greater part of his day's life. It is to rationalize his emotion and to emotionalize his intelligence that I ask for Leisure. When he acquires an intelligent enthusiasm for service, then will his service be a vital contribution; the patient will then help the doctor. Perhaps, indeed, he will not need the doctor.

Leisure means for health, and health is an absolute necessity to the education of intelligence. The unintelligence displayed by the average labor voter is largely due to bad health brought on by drink. Drink is the salve of the tired laborer who takes it in the first instance as a spur to his jaded body. The leisured working-man will have no need for this spur. With the decrease in drunkenness the health of the community is assured.

Leisure means for character; not the character of the poverty-stricken creature of the competitive labor-market, but the character of the free man, the democratic

citizen, the gentleman in the best sense of the word. He will have time for social intercourse, for study, for invigorating and inspiring exercise. He will recapture his flown youth in play with his children, and regain his lost hopes, and relive the joyous days of his early life.

Leisure is no respecter of class distinction; it is a splendid democrat. It has been made to symbolize aristocracy, but its nature is not aristocratic; its nature is humanitarian. Ignorance on the one hand, and sentimentality on the other, have accorded it aristocratic honors; but ignorance and sentimentality are responsible for most of the mistakes we make, not the least of which is the abuse of Leisure by the so-called leisured class.

Leisure is a re-distributor of power. When Leisure shall be a common enjoyment and over-production ceases, wealth will be more evenly divided, and with the more even division of wealth will follow a redistribution of power. Moreover, the leisured man is thrown on his own resources and he will have the chance to make good. If he fails he will only have himself to blame. What he is to do with leisure so that he shall make good I must leave for a future consideration.

This being to be born of Leisure, and he alone, is the man we want for our revolutionary purpose. We want him because without him all our efforts at betterment are mere patching and tinkering. He, and he alone, will have the insight that we lack; and he alone can help us to a happy practical issue out of all the afflictions which beset us to-day. When the leisured workman comes he will show us how to do away with sweat-shops, how to clean slums and wash streets, and drain cities. He himself will reform our schools, regulate our traffic, reject our faithless servants. He will rebuild our cities, remake our homes, reform our parliaments. He will remodel our armies and re-establish our navies. He will re-elect our officials and redeem their broken pledges. He will plant gardens and people desert places and grow vineyards. He will do all these things with the enthusiasm of knowledge, and he will accomplish all these things because he will have the seeing power—the tremendous power secretly stored in the ballot-box. Look out for the working-man who shall say every day at four

o'clock with Charles Lamb, "I am Retired Leisure." You will find him in libraries and art galleries, at times; and at other times he will be resting on the grassy banks of murmuring brooks, or walking smilingly in trim gardens. *Offium cum dignitate*. He will not be the Superannuated Man who was once doggedly content to waste his soul at the wooden

desk of drudgery and is not presented with the bonus of a few twilight years in which to sun his silvered body. He is the Superlabeled Man who cannot live without his soul. He never can be superannuated because he is always wanted; and he will be a long time growing old because he has a long time in which to be young.

Weather Proverbs and their Justification

"So it falls that all men see
With fine weather happier far"
--King Alfred.

THIS thousand-year-old observation by England's wisest ruler recognizes the fact that fine weather induces good tempers, and therefore amply justifies the proverb that shrewdly bids one "Do business with men when the wind is in the northwest."

But this effect on the minds of men, says W. J. Humphreys in the Popular Science Monthly, does not exhaust the good and the evil of weather conditions, since our comfort, our convenience and even the success or failure of whatever we undertake, all depend in large measure upon clear skies and cloudy, upon wind and rain, and upon everything that renders the elements fair or foul.

Because, then, of the great influence weather conditions have over human affairs numerous rules for forestalling their coming changes have been formulated in all ages and by all peoples. While many of these rules are of general application, many others, as might be suspected, have only a local value, and owe their justification to some peculiar configuration of mountain and valley, or distribution of land and water, and, therefore, when transferred to other places commonly are misleading, if not even misleading. Nevertheless, all of them, the wise and the silly, the good and the bad, have been inherited alike from the ends of the earth; and in this way many a concise saying has become a weather nugget in that great vein of wisdom and folly called folk lore.

Some of these nuggets are as pure gold, for they correctly state the actual order of sequence, as determined by innumerable

observations, even when the cause for such an order was not in the least understood by those who discovered it; but most of them are only as fools' gold, pretty in form, but wholly deceptive. To this latter class belong hundreds of proverbs of the ground-hog and goose-bone type; some owing their origin to one thing and some to another, but, like predictions based upon the weather of saints' days, or upon the phase of the moon and the pointing of its horns, never for a moment accepted by those whose reason demands an adequate cause for every effect.

But that other class of weather proverbs, those that do have more or less to support them, is worthy of very careful consideration and study, for they embody accurate descriptions of phenomena and express the usual sequence of events.

It can be argued, of course, and apparently with good reason, that, in spite of its scientific interest, such a study can not now have any practical use, since nearly every country has a national weather service whose forecasts, for any given time and place, are reliably based upon the known immediately previous conditions all over a continent—conditions that are followed from hour to hour and day to day; that are minutely recorded and carefully studied.

It is true that when one is supplied with such information his horizon becomes world wide; that he sees the weather as it is everywhere; knows in what directions the storms are moving and how fast, and that, therefore, he can predict the approximate weather conditions for a day or more ahead. But, in general, it is not practicable officially to forecast for definite hours, nor for particular farms and vil-

lages. In the making, then, of hour-to-hour and village-to-village forecasts, though often of great value, one must rely upon his own interpretation of the signs before him. Besides, in many places it is impossible to get, in time for use, either the official forecast or the weather map upon which to base one's own opinions, and under these conditions certain weather signs are of especial value—signs which every one uses to a greater or less extent, but with an understanding of their significance that, according to such experience as only real necessity can give, varies from the well nigh full and complete to the vague and evanescent.

Thus the fisherman to-day, as in the past, will weigh anchor and flee from the gathering storm when to the uninitiated there is no indication of anything other than continued fair weather; and the woodsman, as did his remotest ancestor, will note significant changes and understand their warning messages when the average man would see no change at all, or, if he did, would fail to comprehend its meaning.

The precience of these men is phenomenal, and it is with some of the useful weather proverbs they know so well, the causes of the phenomena they describe and the relation of these phenomena to others they proceed, that the following is concerned.

SEASONS.

("A good year is always welcome.")

Naturally every one asks: "What of the coming season?" And especially is this an important question for the farmer, for a correct answer to it would tell him what crops to plant and where; whether upon hill or lowland, in light or heavy soil, and how best to cultivate them—vital points, every one, for his success. But whatever we may hope ultimately to accomplish, seasonal forecasting to-day is beyond the pale of scientific meteorology, though proverb meteorology is full of it. However, a few of the seasonal proverbs that deal with results rather than types of weather are rationally founded.

Among them we have:

"Frost year,
Fruit year."
"Year of snow,
Fruit will grow."

Or in still another form:

"A year of snow, a year of plenty."

That these and similar statements commonly are true is evident from the fact that a more or less continuous covering of snow, incident to a cold winter, not only delays the blossoming of fruit trees till after the probable season of killing frosts, but also prevents that alternate thawing and freezing, so ruinous to wheat and other winter grains. In short, as another proverb puts it,

"A late spring never deceives."

A different class of proverbs, but one meaning practically the same thing as the foregoing, and justified by substantially the same fact, that is, that an unseasonably early growth of vegetation is likely to be injured by later frosts, is illustrated by the following examples:

"January warns, the Lord have mercy!"
"If you see grass in January,
Lock your grain in your granary."
"January blossoms fill no man's cellar."
"January wet, no wine you get."
"January and February,
Do fill or empty the granary."
"All the months in the year
Curse a fair February."

There are hundreds of other proverbs dealing with seasonal forecasts, but, except those belonging to such classes as the above, they have very little to justify them. Many are purely fanciful and others utterly inane.

SUN.

"Above the rest, the sun who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies.—Virgil.

While proverbs concerning the seasons, in the most part, are built upon the shifting sands of fancy and of superstition, many, but not all, of those that concern the immediate future—the next few hours, or, at most, the coming day or two—are built upon the sure foundation of accurate observation and correct reasoning. Among these, perhaps the best are those that have to do with the color of the sky and the appearance of the sun, the moon and the stars, for we see the first because of our atmosphere, and the others through it and, therefore, any change in their appearances necessarily means changes in the atmos-

phere itself—changes that usually precede one or another type of weather.

A familiar proverb of this class runs as follows:

"A red sun has water in his eye."

Now the condition that most favors a red sun is a great quantity of dust—smoke particles are particularly good—in a damp atmosphere. Smoke alone, in sufficient quantity, will produce this effect, but it is intensified by the presence of moisture. The blue and other short wave-length colors, as we call them, of sunlight are both scattered and absorbed to a greater extent by a given amount of dust or other substances, such as water vapor, than is the red; and this effect, since it is proportional to the square of the volume, becomes more pronounced as the particles coalesce. Hence, when the atmosphere is heavily charged with dust particles that have become moisture laden, as they will in a humid atmosphere, and therefore relatively bulky, we see the sun as a fiery red ball. We know, too, that this dust has much to do with rainfall for, as was first proved more than many years ago by the physicist Aitken, cloud particles, and, therefore, rain, will not, under ordinary conditions, form in a perfectly dust-free atmosphere, but will readily form about dust motes of any kind in an atmosphere that is sufficiently damp.

A red sun, therefore, commonly indicates the presence of both of the essential rain elements, that is, dust and moisture; and while the above is not the whole story, either of the meteorological effects due to dust in the air, or of the formation of rain, it is sufficient to show how well founded the proverb under consideration really is. And also this other one that says:

"If red the sun begin his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace."

SKY COLORS.

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day."
—Shakespeare.

There are many proverbs, ranging from the good and useful to the misleading and absurd, concerning the color of the sky at sunrise and sunset.

From Shakespeare we have the well-known lines:

"A Red morn that ever yet betokened

Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherd, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds."

Besides these stately verses there are many proverb jingles that express substantially the same idea. One of them puts it thus:

"Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's sure warning;
Sky red at night
Is the sailor's delight."

But in many ways the most interesting of all these proverbs that have to do with red sunrise and red sunset is the one which, according to Matthew, Christ used in answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they asked that He would show them a sign from Heaven.

"He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red.

"And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering."

It would seem, too, that Christ sanctioned these views, for it does not appear reasonable that He would teach by illustrations which He knew to be false. Then, too, He follows the above with these words:

"O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

But whether or not Christ accepted these weather signs as being good, we feel certain that those to whom he spoke must have known and believed in them. It is, therefore, worth while to search, even though the search be a somewhat tedious one, for the physical explanation of these phenomena, and to see how it is possible, if it really is, for identically the same colors of the sky to have for the evening one meaning, and for the morning another entirely different.

To clear the way for this explanation it is necessary, first, to tell something of the composition of sunlight, and a little about the atmosphere through which it passes on its way to the surface of the earth.

We know that rain drops are colorless, and we know, too, that when we are between a falling shower and the bright sun they give us the exquisite coloring of the

rainbow. We are also aware that prism-shaped, colorless and transparent objects will receive a ray of white sunlight and emit all the rainbow's brilliant hues, from the faintest violet to the deepest ruby; and that when these are recombined the result is white light like the original. Through such experiments and observations we infer that sunlight is composed, in part at least, of all pure colors, and that they gradually merge the one into the other.

Again, it is possible to obtain two sources of light of the same color and intensity such that at certain places they produce more than twice—in fact up to fourfold—the intensity of one alone, and at certain other places intensities less than that of just one, even to utter darkness. Now this tells us that in some respects two lights behave in a manner similar to two trains of water waves, for these may combine so as at some places to produce exceptionally large waves and at others practically smooth water. Indeed, it has been shown by numerous experiments that light has several properties in common with water waves; one of these being wave-length, that is, the distance from a point in one wave to the corresponding point of its nearest neighbor, as, for instance, from crest to crest.

Of all colors, violet light has the shortest wave-length, and red the longest. Blue is next to violet, yellow next to red, and green about an average of all. The wave-length of red light is less than twice that of the violet, and yet it would take more than 30,000 of the longest waves to which the eye is sensitive to span a single inch.

Turning, now, our attention to the atmosphere, we find that at nearly all times, and everywhere within two miles of the surface, and probably much higher still, it contains, in every cubic inch, thousands of dust particles coming from fires, from plants, from the dry earth as caught up by winds, and from still other sources. Much of this dust is extremely fine and settles down with extreme slowness. It serves, as already explained, as nuclei about which the myriads of cloud droplets are formed.

In addition to this important function, extremely fine particles of dust, and even single molecules, but not the coarser portions, as shown many years ago by Lord Raleigh, both scatter and absorb light of

all colors according to the laws: (1) that the amount, both of absorption and of scattering, decreases in the same proportion that the fourth power of the wave-length increases; (2) that both increase with the number of particles per unit volume, and with the average square of the volume of the individual particle.

The refractive index of the air and of the foreign substances it contains, together with certain numerical terms, also enter into the complicated equations that deal quantitatively with atmospheric absorption and scattering of light. These latter facts, since they are not essential to what follows, are mentioned here only for the sake of completeness.

Now, scattering and absorption, acting according to above laws, combine to give us the colors of the sky, because sky light is only the residual, after absorption, of that portion of sunlight which was scattered by the molecules of the atmosphere and by the foreign substances floating in it.

Since, according to the first law, but little light of very long wave-length is scattered while nearly all of exceedingly short wave-length is absorbed, it follows that the light of maximum intensity, or the prevailing color, must have some intermediate wave-length. Hence the sky overhead is neither red (long wave-length) nor violet (short wave-length). Also, from the second law, we see that different parts of the sky at the same time, and the same parts of the sky at different times, will have different colors owing to the amount, aggregation and distribution of atmospheric dust.

When these particles are relatively few and small the prevailing color is blue. On the other hand, where the dust motes increase in size and number, as they do near the surface of the earth, or in size only, even at the expense of numbers, as happens in a moist atmosphere, because of their hygroscopic property, light of the shorter wave-lengths becomes more completely absorbed and the sky assumes some longer wave-length color. Finally, when the particles are large enough to reflect as mirrors the sky becomes whitish. Hence both the morning and the evening twilight sky often shows a series of colors ranging from red, near the horizon, through orange and yellow to a green or even blue-green with increase of elevation

and consequent decrease in the number and size of dust particles along the path of light from the sun to that part of the sky in question and thence to the observer.

When the air is filled with fog, or other particles of similar size, the whole sky becomes uniformly gray. This is because the water droplets that together make fog and cloud; though usually so small that it would take from 2,000 to 3,000 of them to make a row an inch long, nevertheless are large enough to reflect, as would little mirrors, and to refract, or transmit in a new direction, light of every color.

It remains now, in preparing the way to an understanding of the weather significance of morning and evening colors, briefly to outline the essential conditions and processes of cloud formation and rain.

Probably that one of these conditions with which the general public is least familiar is the presence, in large numbers, of some sort of nuclei about which water vapor can condense. We can safely assume, too, that in the open atmosphere these nuclei consist only of dust particles, though it is possible in the laboratory, under conditions that rarely, if ever, exist naturally, to obtain condensation without the aid of dust of any kind.

Besides the presence of dust particles, a certain relation between temperature and water content of the atmosphere is also essential to condensation. The warmer the air, so long as the temperature is below the boiling point, the greater, and, for ordinary temperatures, at a rapidly increasing rate, the amount of water vapor it can contain in the form of a transparent gas.

In reality the relation above discussed is between the temperature and amount of moisture per unit volume, a quantity which does not appreciably change with the presence or absence of other gases. But it is allowable, because of this constancy, to use the popular, though unscientific, expression, "water content of the atmosphere," provided one thinks of the atmosphere as a mixture of gases (chiefly nitrogen and oxygen) co-existing with the undisturbed water vapor, and not as a sort of sponge that mechanically holds it in suspension.

If, then, air, which always has dust particles in it, containing all or nearly all the water vapor it can hold, is cooled to a dis-

tinctly lower temperature, a corresponding amount of condensation will take place on each dust mote, and the countless droplets thus formed will appear as a fog or cloud of greater or less density.

The most efficient method of producing the cooling necessary to cloud formation is to move the moist air to a place of lower pressure, that is, lift it to a greater elevation, where it will expand and thereby do work against the surrounding decreased pressure at the expense of the heat energy it contains. This effect is well illustrated by the formation of cumuli, or thunder-head clouds, in the summer time; the process of which, in general, is as follows: The earth is heated by sunshine and it in turn heats and expands the adjacent atmosphere and thereby renders it lighter, volume for volume, than the surrounding cooler air. The light, warm atmosphere often nearly saturated with water evaporated from lakes, from moist earth and growing vegetation, and by this vapor rendered still lighter, is buoyed up by cooler and heavier adjacent air, very much as a cork is made to bob up when let go beneath a water surface. The lifted, or, as we commonly say, the rising air, remains at any particular time only at the weight of the atmosphere that is at that moment above it. But, clearly, so long as the air is rising this weight is growing less, and therefore as it passes from a region of greater to one of less pressure it expands just as a compressed spring does when its load is decreased. However, as the spring expands it must do the work of lifting the remaining weight, and so it is with the atmosphere; in expanding it has to lift the air that is above it and thereby do work. Now this work is possible only because of the heat of the active air itself, and consequently as it expands it correspondingly gets cooler. But, as has already been explained, the amount of water vapor that any given volume can hold in the form of a transparent gas, rapidly decreases as the temperature falls.

A rising mass of air, therefore, cools by virtue of its own work in expanding against pressure, and soon reaches a temperature below which it can not contain, as a gas, all its water-vapor. Hence any further rise and consequent cooling leads to precipitation—a collection of the excess

water vapor in droplets about dust particles—and the formation of clouds.

With the foregoing facts in mind it is easy to understand, in a general way, those actions of nature that give meaning to the sky colors of morning and evening, and in large measure justify the proverbs that for ages have been associated with them. Thus we see that a red evening sky means that nothing more than incipient condensation exists even at the tops of the strongly cooled convection currents that obtained during the heated portion of the afternoon (more than this would produce a gray or even cloudy sky), and that therefore the air contains so little moisture that rain, within the coming twenty-four hours, is improbable.

If the evening sky, not far up, but near the western horizon, is yellow, greenish, or some other short wave-length color, then all the greater is the chance for clear weather, for these colors indicate even less condensation (smaller particles) and therefore a dryer air than does red. Hence we can accept the following lines from Shakespeare as the expression of a general truth:

"The weary man hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

If, however, the evening sky has none of these colors, but is overcast with a uniform gray, then we know that numerous water droplets are present, and that the dust particles, in spite of the heat they absorbed from sunshine, have become loaded with much moisture. Obviously, then, to produce this effect, the atmosphere, at considerable elevations, must be practically saturated, a condition that favors rain and justifies the familiar proverb:

"If the sun set in gray
The next will be a rainy day."
"If the sun goes pale to bed
'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said."

The above discussion of color phenomena applies to the evening sky only. It remains to explain the origin of similar morning effects and to point out the differences in the processes by which they are brought about.

A gray morning sky means, just as does a gray evening one, that the atmosphere is filled with water globules which are large enough, and even the smallest of

them are, to refract and specularly reflect light of every color. The difference, then, must be in the processes that lead to the formation of the evening and the morning droplets. And these processes are not the same, for the dust of the day sky is heated by sunshine, as are also, to a greater or less extent, both the air and the earth beneath, while the dust in the night sky, as does everything else that is freely exposed, loses of the heat it possesses and cools through radiation to space. Besides, the atmosphere during the day time, and especially in the afternoon, is cooled by convection, which, as already explained, leads to more or less condensation of moisture on the dust that is present; while at night there is no strong upward movement, there being no surface heating, and consequently but little dynamic cooling of the air. The slight condensation here considered is due by day chiefly to convective cooling, by night mainly to loss of heat through radiation.

Evidently, then, the gray of the morning sky may often be caused by water droplets that have gathered as so much dew on the dust particles in the air—dew that has collected on them because of the slightly lower temperature they maintain through radiation to space, just as, and for the same reason that it collects on blades of grass and other exposed good radiators. But in order that the marked radiation, essential to the formation of the water droplets, may take place, it is necessary that the atmosphere above them be dry, for water vapor does not allow radiation freely to pass through it. Hence a gray morning sky implies a dry atmosphere above the dew droplets, and, therefore, justifies the expectation of a fair day, or even a clear one, for the droplets themselves to which the grey is due are soon evaporated by the rising sun, and convection, in this case, because it mixes the moist lower with a dry upper air, seldom causes precipitation.

A red morning sky commonly implies that the lower and heavier dust particles have been protected from excessive night radiation by a blanket of overlying moisture, else it would be grey; and at the same time it also implies the presence, in the lower atmosphere, of sufficient moisture to enlarge the dust particles through incipient condensation, else the sky would

have some shorter wave-length color, such as yellow to green. Hence when the morning sky is red the whole atmosphere, to considerable elevations, is moist, and rain, therefore, probable.

Convection in the main, as we have seen, prepares the way for the phenomena of the evening sky, and radiation for those of the morning sky. Hence the amount and distribution of moisture most favorable to any given sky color, such as a grey or red, are radically different in the two cases. There is, therefore, a real physical basis for, and much truth in, the proverbs that declare one result to follow the red of morning and quite another that of evening. There is also justification for some proverbs, two of which have already

been given, that refer to or include other colors.

Additional good examples of the latter are as follows:

"Evening grey and morning red
Make the shepherd hang his head."

"An evening grey and a morning red
Will send the shepherd wet to bed."

"Evening red and morning grey
Two sure signs of one fine day."

"Evening red and morning grey
Help the traveler on his way;
Evening grey and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."



WHO says, "I fear not," lies, for all men have fear in their hearts.

THE works of all men crumble and only thought is immortal.

SEEK a man for policy, a woman for compromise and a child for truth.

KNOWLEDGE breeds doubt.

Homes in a City's Suburbs

By
Eden Smith



SOUTH and west section of house on the corner of St. George Street and Bernard Avenue, Toronto, built for Mrs. H. C. Hammond. The material is red brick and gray stone, with stone mullioned windows. The two windows each side of the entrance are on the north side of those of the dining-room and on the south of those of the drawing-room. The large entrance on the south side opens directly from the main hall, and the drawing-room and library each side of the main hall open with wide French windows, also directly into the hall.



View in the main hall of Mrs. H. C. Hammond's house, looking south into the sun-room, with doors at the right-hand opening into the dining-room.

This floor of the main hall and sun-room are of canvas boards, all white, except the borders, into which color is correspond with the oriental rug that lies in-between. The walls roundabout the house is painted and white. This column shown are two of four carrying a dark door at the intersection of the main hall, which turns at a right angle here to the front door.



View of the dining-room of Mrs. H. C. Hammond's house. Everything but the wallpaper and furniture is painted white.





No. 1—Exterior.



No. 2—Entrance Hall.



No. 3—Billiard Room Fireplace and Entrance.

1. South side of house of J. B. O'Brien, Esq., Thoroughbred Road, Rosedale, on the edge of the Rosedale Marine. Built of gray slinker brick and gray stone, with stone mullioned windows with iron casements.

The entrance in the design is to obtain with an absolutely unsymmetrical building a focal center for the entrance, and some idea of balance and to get covered verandahs on two floors without destroying the solid masonry effect of the whole. The extension at the left-hand side is a palm or sun room opening out of the dining-room, the square bay window of which comes between it and the entrance. On the right of the entrance is the drawing-room window, and farther to the right a great verandah covering the whole of the east side of the house and looking straight down the Rosedale Marine.

2. View just inside the entrance hall of the J. B. O'Brien house, giving a glimpse of the drawing-room and of the main stairs, which lead down to the billiard and music-rooms. This hall is paneled in dark brown oak, like the dining-room, and has an elliptical grained ceiling.

3. View of fireplace at one end of, and entrance to billiard room in the basement of the J. B. O'Brien house. A room without the alcove shown is about 50 feet long and 15 feet wide, partly paneled in dark oak, with an elliptical arched ceiling. This room is under the drawing-room and library, and opens out with wide French windows along its long side directly to a flat grassy coast on the side of the Marine. The stairs in the distance are the main stairs of the house.

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

"Hook y' up? Yas'm, Ah shuah will," said Jim, of the Toronto-Burns run, to a solitary matron in the sleeper's dressing-room, who had struggled to reach around her right shoulder-blade until she was in despair. "One o' them side-winders, ain't it?" he went on, skilfully closing hook and eye. "Ah knows evah way a lady's dress goes on, jes' f'om hookin' up de ladies on dis yere run. If evah Ah loses mah joh as po'teh, ma'm, Ah tell yo' what Ah'll do—Ah'll jes' hire out as a lady's maid, wif' expe'ience."—*Canada West Monthly*.

By some twist of the election an old negro had been elected to the office of justice of the peace in a little backwoods district in Tennessee. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in, the lawyers waited for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The new justice seemed embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. He wobbled one hand into the front of his coat, calmed his voice, and said:

"Gent'm'n oh de jury, sence dis am a putty small case, Ah'll on'y charge yo' a dollah 'n' a half apiece."—*Everybody's*.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier—as he repeatedly said during his Western tour—is a great admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Wilfrid likes to tell about what happened during a campaign more than fifty years ago. In those days there was plenty of hard liquor in Canada—and plenty of men to drink it. Sir John, until middle age, had his share. One night in an Ontario town he was hooked to make a speech to a big audience. He had been meeting a good many friends and as he went on he became so tangled up that the last quarter

of an hour of his address was a mere jumble of words.

After the meeting, Sir John, when he felt rather better, sent for the Toronto reporter who had been assigned to write the speech in his newspaper. "Read what you have in your notes," ordered Sir John.

The reporter obeyed. As he proceeded, Sir John looked more and more indignant.

When the mixed-up peroration was finished, Sir John looked solemnly and understandingly at the reporter—who was a teetotaler.

"Young man," he said, "I want to give you a piece of advice: Never again attempt to take down a speech of mine when you're drunk."

Then the Premier laced himself and delivered the real speech to the newspaperman.

Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a former Governor-General of Canada, is one of the three or four richest Peers in Great Britain. But he lives unostentatiously and when traveling between London and his Scotch estates he always takes a single berth in an ordinary sleeper. One morning, just as the train was rolling into York, a stranger leaned across a seat back and enquired of Lord Aberdeen:

"May I ask whether you are Lord Aberdeen?"

"Yes, I am Lord Aberdeen," was the answer.

"You're one of the wealthiest men in England, aren't you?"

"Why," smiled the Peer, "I am pretty well off."

"Well, your Lordship," said the stranger, "Permit me to inform you that I slept next to you last night, and, if I had your money and your snore, I'd take a whole car when I wanted to travel at night."

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